

maximumrocknroll

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AN AMERICAN VALUES SPECIAL STARRING



HAIL MARY

The Victims

SHOT WELL

OUTLAST

Pressure Point



A//POLITICAL

features: consuming unamerican activities,
plus after the fall — ten years post-cold war,
is this freedom in america?

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

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BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:

Back issues 146, 149-151pt 2, 155-175, 177-197 are as stated above in subscription info. See descriptions on page after next.

DEADLINES FOR NEXT ISSUE:

Scene Reports: continuously, with photos!

Interviews: continuously, with photos!

Ad Reservations: call to make sure.

Ad Copy In: by 15th of previous month-

NO LATER!!!

Issue out: by 2nd week of following month.

AD SIZES AND RATES:

1/6 page: (2 1/2" x 5") \$25

1/3 page long: (2 1/2" x 10") \$60

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1/2 page: (7 1/2" x 5") \$100

AD CRITERIA:

Due to backlogs, we can only run new ads for music and zine releases. All other ads must be classifieds only. We will not accept major label or related ads, or ads for comps or EPs that include major label bands.

CLASSIFIEDS: 40 words cost \$3/60 words max for \$4. No racist, sexist or fascist material. Send typed if possible. Cash only!!! Expect a two month backlog!

COVER: Michelle Barnhardt

SELL MRR AT GIGS: Within U.S., we'll sell them to you at \$1.50 each ppd, cash up front. Must order 5 or more of the same issue. Need street address (not PO Box) to UPS to.

STORES: If you have problems getting MRR from your distributors, try contacting Mordam Records at tel (415) 642-6800 or fax (415) 642-6810. Also available from: Dutch East, Get Hip, Smash, Subterranean, Last Gasp, Rotz, See Hear, Cargo, Armadillo, Ubiquity, Choke Inc, Desert Moon and Marginal.

Please send all records, zines, letters, articles, scene reports, photos, subscriptions, interviews, ads, etc., to:

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

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Fax (415) 923-9617

Email: maximumrnr@mindspring.com
(use this mainly for comments & letters.
Use phone for ads & other business stuff)

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

TOP

For what it's worth (not much), here's some of the MRR crew's current Top 10 lists of stuff we review.

10

ROB COONS

SLIGHT SLAPPERS/LEBENSREFORM-split-5"

UMLAUT-Finland-6"

BLOODPACT/VARSITY-split-LP

FALL SILENT-Superstructure-LP

V/A-Anti The New Japan-US Security Treaty-EP

V/A-Bandana Thrash Vol 1-flexi

COMBATWOUNDEDVETRAN-LP

FROM ASHES RISE-EP

REDRUM-EP

CHEETAH CHROME MOTHERFUCKERS-EP

JEFF HEERMANN

CHEETAH CHROME MOTHERFUCKERS-EP

VALENTINE KILLERS-Methanol-EP

PERIOD PAINS-BBC Sessions-EP

DAILY TERROR-Andere Zeiten-EP

DRAGS-45x3-LP

PERSUADERS-LP

THIS ROBOT KILLS-Molecule-EP

RONDELLES-Safety In Numbers-EP

SCONEHEADS-Larry Grayson is a Gestapo -EP

SAINTS-(I'm) Stranded-LP

TOM HOPKINS

FORCA MACABRA/ARMAGEDDON-split-LP

FROM ASHES RISE-EP/FALL SILENT-LP

MY LAI-EP/BLOODCLOTS-LP

GUYANA PUNCHLINE-LP/DEFIANCE-LP

ZYBOTICS-EP/TONE-LP/SAINTS-LP

PERSUADERS-LP/JEWWS-10"/MOPES-LP

CHEETAH CHROME MOTHERFUCKERS-EP

COMBATWOUNDEDVETRAN-LP

CLUSTER BOMB UNIT-EP/REDRUM-EP

GOLDEN STARLET-LP/PERIOD PAINS-EP

CAROLYN KEDDY

VECTORS-10"/B-MOVIE RATS-EP

JEWWS-Heartbreaker-10"

REAL KIDS-both-LPs

KILLSWITCH-Wreck-EP

V/A-The Rip Off Early Years-LP

PERSUADERS-LP/PUT-DOWNS-EP

THE TONE-Wide Eyes & Nonsense-LP

V/A-Free Flight-CD

V/A-This is Mod-LP

SAINTS-(I'm) Stranded-LP

DULCINEA LOUDMOUTH

MOORAT FINGERS-Schlitzed-LP

VALENTINE KILLERS-EP/SCONEHEADS-EP

NUEVO CATECISMO CATOLICO-LP

B-MOVIE RATS-EP/DEXTER-Live

SKELETT-45/PUTDOWNS-EP

PERSUADERS-LP/REAL KIDS-both-LPs

VECTORS-Some Raging Rock N Roll II-10"

CHEETAH CHROME MOTHERFUCKERS-EP

PERIOD PAINS-BBC Sessions-EP

PRICKS-EP/SAINTS-(I'm) Stranded-LP

RAY LUJAN

COOTER-Looking Up-CD

GOLDEN STARLET-LP/ALLISTER-CD

RED LONDON-LP/MORONIQUE-EP

SKIMMER-EP/V/A-Best Punk Rock Friend-CD

BOMBSHELL ROCKS-EP/DRUG CZARS-EP

GAIN/CRUSH STORY-split-EP

THE TONE-LP/CROCODILE GOD-LP

V/A-This Is Mod-2xLP/NOFX-45

RONDELLES-Safety In Numbers-EP

TSOL/CHELSEA/THE STRIKE-Live

TIMOJHEN MARK

ACHEBORN-Tuesday Is Dead-LP

COMBATWOUNDEDVETERAN-LP

GUYANA PUNCH LINE-LP

MY LAI-Paper Tiger-EP

V/A-Bandana Thrash Vol 1-flexi

CHEETAH CHROME MOTHERFUCKERS-EP

FALL SILENT-Superstructure-LP

KALASTROPHOBIA-EP

RUPTURE-Righteous Apes-CD

V/A-Mandatory Marathon-EP

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

GOLDEN STARLET-Token Gadsu-LP

ACHEBORN-Tuesday Is Dead-LP

V/A-Bandana Thrash Vol 1-EP

DRUG CZARS-On Venus-EP

SKELETT-City Life-EP

THE TONE-Wide Eyes & Nonsense-LP

GUYANA PUNCHLINE-LP

THE HIDDEN CHORD-I've Blown-EP

MY LAI-Paper Tiger-EP

SCONEHEADS-Larry Grayson is a Gestapo-EP

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

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TOP

Please send us records (2 copies of vinyl, if possible—
one for MRR and one for reviewer), or CD-only re-
lease. See Records section for where to send tapes.

10

RAIMUNDO MURGIA

DAILY TERROR-Andre Zeiten-10"	THE SAINTS-(I'm) STRANDED-LP
DEFIANCE-No Future, No Hope-LP	THE PIMPS-Wicca Chicka-EP
ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN-LP	KILLSWITCH-Wreck-EP
CRIKEY CREW/NO SIDE-split-EP	SCONEHEADS-Larry Grayson is a Gestapo-EP
YARDBIRDS-For Your Love-LP	REAL KIDS-both-LPs

JAH NELL

ASTRID OTO/SPAWN SACS-Live	THE PUT-UPONS/RETURNABLES-Live
DRUG CZARS-On Venus-EP	THE CHEAPS/FEDERATION X-Live
HERS NEVER EXISTED-Shameless-LP	COOMERZ EXPLOSION-Live
THE SECRETIONS-Live	V/A-Down In Front-4xEPs
V/A-Still Hate Your Neighbors-EP	VALENTINE KILLERS-Methanol-EP

SEAN SULLIVAN

FALL SILENT-LP/ACHEBORN-LP	COMBATWOUNDEDVETERAN-LP
MY LAI-EP/DEFIANCE-LP/SCONEHEADS-EP	GUYANA PUNCHLINE-LP/HELLWORMS-EP
V/A-Mandatory Marathon-EP/SKELETT-EP	CLUSTER BOMB UNIT-EP/UMLAUT-6"
THIS ROBOT KILLS-EP/BOILING MAN-EP	FROM ASHES RISE-EP/VALENTINE KILLERS-EP
CHEETAH CHROME MOTHERFUCKERS-EP	SLIGHT SLAPPERS/LEBENSREFORM-split-5"

BRUCE ROEHRS

THE WORKIN' STIFFS-Through Thick & Thin-CD	SUBWAY THUGS-Cheers To You-EP
THE BLAST-45/FLATLINERS-EP	CRIKEYCREW/NO SIDE-split-EP
BRASS KNUCKLES/DIE PUNKROIBER-split-LP	CHARGE 69-Religion Sacrafice-EP
KLASSE KRIMINALE-LP/DISTRICT-CD	SHOCKTROOPS-LP/DEFIANCE-LP
V/A LIGHTNING THUNDERBOLT COMP. CD	TEMPLARS/WODNES THEGNAS-split-EP

MAX WARD

LIFE'S HALT-Live	FALL SILENT-Superstructure-LP
NO SIDE/CRIKEY CREW-split-EP	REDRUM-Sack Of Shit-EP
SLIGHT SLAPPERS/LIBENSREFORM-split-5"	MY LAI-Paper Tiger-EP
CHEETAH CHROME MOTHERFUCKER-EP	
V/A-Anti the New US/Japan Security Treaty-EP	

RYAN WELLS

DRAGS-45x3-LP	FU2-First Album By-LP
MOORAT FINGERS-Schlitzed-LP	REAL KIDS-"No Place Fast-LPs
RONDELLES-Safety In Numbers-EP	THIS ROBOT KILLS-Molecule-EP
VECTORS-Some Raging Rock-10"	WONLOY MONKEYS-Blood Save-CD
V/A-This Is Mod-LP	REAL KIDS-Better BE Good-LP

REMA YOUNG / KENNY KAOS

VECTORS-Some Raging RockNRoll II-10"	MOPES-Accident Waiting To Happen-LP
JET BOYS-Jumpin Jet Flash-CD	THE DOUBLE NOTHINS-Got Into A Fight-45
ZYMOTICS-(Eddies) Random Bombing-EP	SKELLET-City Life/On The Line-45
POWDER MONKEYS-Talk Softly...-10"	PERSUADERS-LP
B-MOVIE RATS-Invisible Man-EP	THE VALENTINE KILLERS-Methanol-EP

ZINE TOP TEN

FOOD GEEK #1	HOLIDAY IN THE SUN #2
READERS GUIDE TO... #11	SLUG & LETTUCE #60
ENGINE #5	FLIPSIDE #119
FLYING LESSON #3	INSIDE FRONT #12
ATR #2	SILENT WITNESS #2

ZINE SHITWORKERS

Sam Atakra	Peter Avery
Aragorn	Paul Barger
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Jerry Booth	Enrico Cadena
Brianna Chesser	Karoline Collins
Catherine Cook	Robert Collins
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Mikel Delgado	Chris Dunlap
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Gardner Fusuhara	Brian Gathy
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#146/July '95. Riverdales, Head, Bristles, Aut Aut, Schleprock, Spanakorzo, McRackins, YAPO, 10-96, Empress Of Fur, Underhand, Nailed Down.

#149/Oct '95. Manic Hispanic, Pet UFO, Campus Tramps, Joe Kidd, Bad Luck Streak, Chumpslap, Humpers, No Violence, Diferentes Actitudes, Juveniles, Richard the Roadie, "Roots Of Punk—The Sixties Pt 2".

#150/Nov '95. NY Loose, Snap-Her, Sick Boys, Splatterheads, Pipe, Pregnant Man, Final Conflict, Rawness, Stink, Goblins, Smellie Fingers, "Roots Of Punk—The Essential 1950s".

#151/Dec '95. Lowdowns, My White Bread Mom, Queen B's, Electric Frankenstein, Turtlehead, Serpico, Trick Babys, In/Humanity, Stains, Varukers, Pist, Terrible Virtue, "The Hardcore Films Of Richard Kern".

#155/Apr '96. 3rd Degree, Russy Crush, Surf-in' Turnips, Sickoids, Anti-Flag, Slight Slappers, High Plains Drifters, Cro-Mags, Hockey Teeth, "The Knights Of Malta".

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splach 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids, "Roots of Punk—Boston".

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, Sub-Rosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsnail, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal, Ussue 1, Clint Walker.

#157/June '96. Against All Authority, The Criminals, Wardance, Heroines, Brain Brats, Rudiments, Chinese Millionaires, Sons Of Hercules, Your Mother, Yellow Scab, "Roots of Punk—Sham 69".

#158/July '96. Workin' Stiffs, The Gain, Ashley Von Hurter, Haters, The Process, Brother Inferior, Judge Nothing, Break-ups, Not For Rent, "Roots of Punk—The Buzzcocks".

#159/Aug '96. Smugglers, Brand New Unit, Tone Deaf Pig-Dogs, Round Ear Spocks, David Hayes/Very Small Recs, Man Afraid, Blind Side, Vox Populi, Death Wish Kids, Fun People, Fat Drunk & Stupid, "Roots of Punk—The Dickies".

#160/Sept '96. Automatics, Boycot, Toast, Morning Shakes, Mormons, John Q Public, Sex Offenders, Ballgagger, Business, Apocalypse Babys, Good Riddance, Russia Update, "Roots of Punk—Eater".

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts, "Pioneers of Punk—Ohio '77".

#162/Nov '96. Phantom Surfers, Candy Snatchers, The Stain, National Guard, Torches To Rome, Restos Fosiles, Two Bo's Maniacs, Snuka, Redemption 87, Torture Kitty, "Roots of Punk—Los Angeles '77".

#163/Dec '96. Last Sons of Krypton, Prostitutes, Wig Hat, Boys, Let It Rock, Enemy Soil, Vulcaneers, Half Empty, Zeros, Deadcats, Teen Idles.

#164/Jan '97. Naked Aggression, Lil' Bunies, Sparkle Moore, Tab Hunter, Bar Feeders, Jabberwocky, Auto Control, the Hookers, Epileptix, Acid, "Roots of Punk—The Vibrators", "Ten Years Of Gilman".

#165/Feb '97. He's Dead Jim, Millionaires, No-Talents, Blanks 77, The Hives, The Freeze, Chris Speding/Other People's Music, Defiance, Real MacKenzie's, Savage Malignant, Sea Monsters, Dropkick Murphys, Vou Sou Nezumi, "Roots of Punk—Richard Hell".

#166/Mar '97. Walking Abortions, Hickey, '77 Spreads, Sanity Assassins, Cards In Spokes, Joey Tampon & The Toxic Shocks, Adjective Noun, Suicide King, Lenguas Armadas, Trauma, De Crew, "Pioneers of Punk—Dead Boys".

#167/Apr '97. No Fraud, Nobodys, Sloppy Seconds, The Forgotten, Thee Viceroy's, Brian/Grand Theft Audio, Gauze, Danko Jones, "Roots of Punk—Kuro".

#168/May '97. Cretin 66, Fishsticks, UK Subs, Distemper, Enewetak, Fields Of Shit, "Roots of Punk—SLF, Undertones".

#169/June '97. Hand Skin, Cluster Bomb Unit, Jihad, Purgin, Speed Queens, Remission, Halfings, The Old Man, Deface, "Roots of Punk—Clash, Ramones, Sex Pistols".

#170/July '97. Bristle, Mine, Tedio Boys, The 4 Cockroaches, Absconded, Meanwhile, Broken, (Young) Pioneers, Hoodrat, "You're Dead!", "Pioneers of Punk—The Slits".

#171/Aug '97. Strychnine, Idiots, Pelado Recs, Misanthropists, Racetractor, Violent Society, Knuckleheads.

#172/Sept '97. Withdrawals, Judgement, No Motiv, Oppressed Logic, Truents, Left For Dead, Yellowskin, Weird Lovemakers, Smash Your Face, Flatus, Straight Faced, Klaxon, X-It, web designer Vic Gedris, filmmaker Doug Cawker.

#173/Oct '97. Hot Water Music, Fat Day, Los Tigres Guapos, Les Partisans, Bristol, My 3 Scum, Space Shits, Pessimiser Recs, Reclusives, Nick Qwik, "Pioneers of Punk—GG Allin".

#174/Nov '97. Stratford Mercenaries, Lickity Split, Bladder, Piss Shivers, Barnhills, In/Humanity, Education theme issue.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes, "Pioneers of Punk—The Henchmen", filmmaker Lech Kowalski.

#176/Jan '98. Infoshops/radical bookstores, Scared of Chaka Wongs, Palatka, Voorhees, Stalingrad, Upstairs People, Squidboy, Beltones, Sky Grain, the 1,4,5's, Ducky Boys, John Cougar Concentration Camp.

#177/Feb '98. Superfly TNTs, Submachine, Drop-out, Society Gone Madd, Pinhead Circus, Ann Beretta, Blackbird, Naive, Useless ID, Quarantine, "Roots of Punk—Generation X".

#178/Mar '98. Forgotten Rebels, The Dirtys, Josh Collins, Letterbombs, Go-Devils/Gyogun Rend's/Room 41, Tone Deaf Pig-Dogs, American Steel, Economics theme issue.

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag, They Still Make Records, "Pioneers of Punk—Dangerhouse Records".

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets, "Pioneers of Punk—Patti

Smith".

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, Stiletto Boys, All Bets Off, Bonecrusher, Summerjack, Cell Block 5, DDI, Normals, "Pioneers of Punk—999", Pirate Radio theme issue.

#183/Aug '98. Lewd, Asshole Parade, His Hero Is Gone, Cee Bee Beaumont, Teen Idols, "Pioneers of Punk—X-Ray Specs", Chiapas article.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Ümlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snark-out Boys, "Pioneers of Punk—Black Flag".

#185/Oct '98. Traitors, Wimpy Dicks, Armed & Hammered, Dylan McKays, NME, Tezacrifco, Worm, Roswells, Raxola, Beatnick Termites, "Pioneers of Punk—Adverts".

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads, "On Our Doorsteps"—on homeless punks, "Pioneers of Punk—Spizzenegeri".

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, Third Party, No Class, Skabs, Lily & Lance's Holiday in the Sun, "Pioneers of Punk—Dead Kennedys".

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA, "Pioneers of Punk—DOA".

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Marauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat Recs, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita & Sister.

#190/March '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt, "Pioneers of Punk—Mechanics".

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode, "Pioneers of Punk—Minor Threat", pt 1 of Chomsky's "Propaganda & Control of the Public Mind".

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs, Willie Brown, Biotic Baking Brigade, "Pioneers of Punk—Vice Squad", pt 2 of Chomsky's "Propaganda & Control of the Public Mind".

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mulletts, pt 3 of Chomsky's "Propaganda & Control of the Public Mind".

#194/July '99. Deathreath, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts, "Pioneers of Punk—Elvis Costello".

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres, C.U.Next Tuesday Recs, "Pioneers of Punk—Silver Chalice", MP3.

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch Recs, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Time To Die—Epicenter Zone 1990-1999".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, The Gods Hate Kansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs, Holidays in the Sun report, "Pioneers of Punk—Radio Birdman".

WANNA SEND US SOMETHING?!

Scene Reports: PUNK'S NOT DEAD! It's happening out there and MRR readers want to hear about it! MRR relies on you scenesters out there to keep the pulse of what's happening in your town, write up something fun and interesting about it, and send it in to MRR. Photos and artwork are mandatory. Tell us about local bands, zines, and cool and uncool venues. Include info for travelling punks (non-US scene reports are especially welcome!) such as where to find cheap veggie eats, record stores, and strong coffee. Has your punk scene spawned any communally-run enterprises such as show spaces, cafes or record stores? Are racist or homophobic thugs threatening your scene's harmony? Enquiring punk minds want to know! See details below for format info.

Interviews: Boy, is MRR ever looking to improve the quality of our interviews (which shouldn't be hard). We'd like to get a staff of reliable people across the country and around the world who could turn in some good, probing interviews on a semi-regular basis. We're looking for people who already have some experience doing interviews (perhaps you have your own zine and would like to share some of your best stuff with a wider audience), who can challenge bands (I know, I know, most bands don't have squat to say, but a good interviewer can take them where they haven't been before) or give some long overdue support for those behind-the-scenes types who do an awful lot of the hard work in punk rock but get little of the ego or monetary rewards. Please give us a call if you are interested in covering new hardcore, punk or garage bands.

Formats for submitting stuff! We prefer things typed up on a 3 1/2" computer disk, either Mac (preferred) or IBM. Please don't type in ALL CAPS! If you can't access a computer, then typed up cleanly on paper should work, as long as it's in a fairly common and straightforward font. Graphic stuff? Send photos (B&W preferred, but color OK too), logos, etc. Thanks

Records/zines? See detailed information listed on the mastheads of the Record Review and Zine Review sections.

BACK ISSUE SALE: For every three you purchase, you get a fourth one free!! Please list alternates in case we're out of a particular issue. Price list is on previous page.

BEACH RECORDINGS

MAIL ORDER ALL CDS COST \$7.00 PPD

1. SUBINCISION S/T OLD SCHOOL PUNK
INFLUENCED
2. NOTHING COOL "DON'T TELL ME WHAT TO DO"
A FEW LEFT. PUNK POP
3. NOTHING COOL
"WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD" 1999 RELEASE.
4. DEATH TO FALSE METAL COMP. PROBE RDS.
19 SONGS 19 BANDS: RUDIMENTS, HICKEY YOUR MOTHER,
SCHLONG, KPF AND MORE! PUNK BANDS DOIN' METAL
COVERS.
5. HICKEY S/T CD ON PROBE RDS. PUNK FEW LEFT.
6. D.O.A. FROM CANADA "BLOODIED BUT UNBOWED"
THE DAMAGE TO DATE 1978-1983 GREAT OLD SCHOOL
PUNK.
7. THE SUBHUMMANS FROM CANADA "INCORRECT THOUGHTS"
OLD SCHOOL PUNK 1979-1983 OLD SCHOOL PUNK
8. LINK 80 PUNKSKA HARDCORE SEVEN SONGS
EARLY RECORDINGS ON THE SAT. MATINEE COMP.
9. THE BLUE MEANIES "PAVE THE WORLD"
HAS SIX GREAT SONGS.
10. NUCLEAR RABBIT "VICUNA" FULL LENGTH CD
FUNK.SKA. PUNK. DEATHMETAL.HIP HOP PLUS.
MORE RIFFS THAN THE AVERAGE PERSON CAN HANDLE.
BUT FOR YOU WHO CAN THIS CD IS ALL EXCELLENT.
GREAT MUSICIANS CRAZY INTENSE CREATIVE DISSENT MUSIC
11. NUCLEAR RABBIT "INTESTINAL FORTITUDE"
THE 1999 RELEASE. DEATH METAL. H.C., PUNK, HIP
HOP PLUS MORE. NO FUNK OR SKA. SEND FOR A
CATALOG AND CHECK OUT THE REVIEWS.
WWW.NUCLEARRABBIT.COM
12. THE DREAD COLLECTION. POGO PUNK VETERANS.
ALL THE 7" RECORDS ON ONE 73 MINUTE CD
HARDCORE POGO PUNK.
13. SKANK FOR BRAINS SUICIDE MACHINES
AND RUDIMENTS TEN SONGS EACH. FEW LEFT.
14. TORN APART "NOTHING IS PERMANENT"
HARDCORE FROM LIFESSENTENCE RDS. IN PRINT



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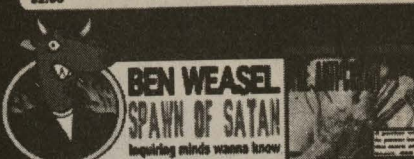
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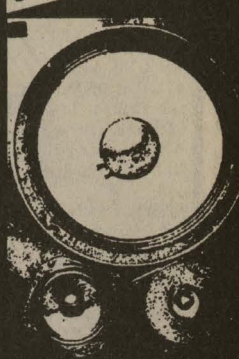
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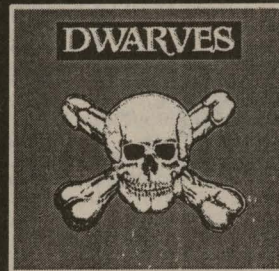
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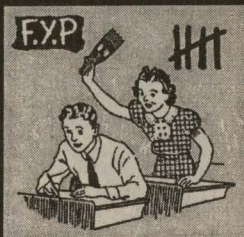
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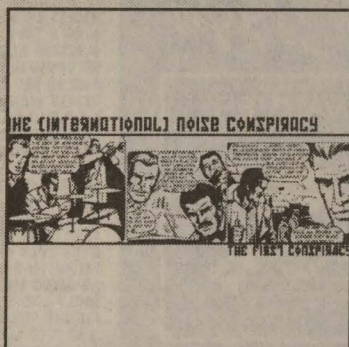
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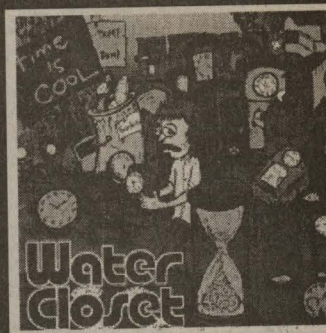
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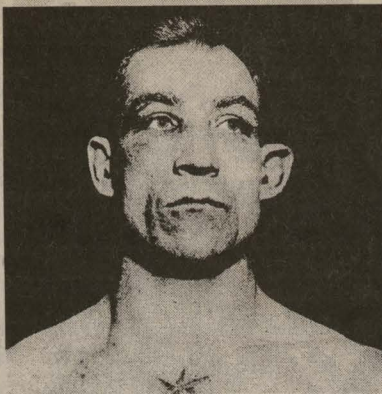
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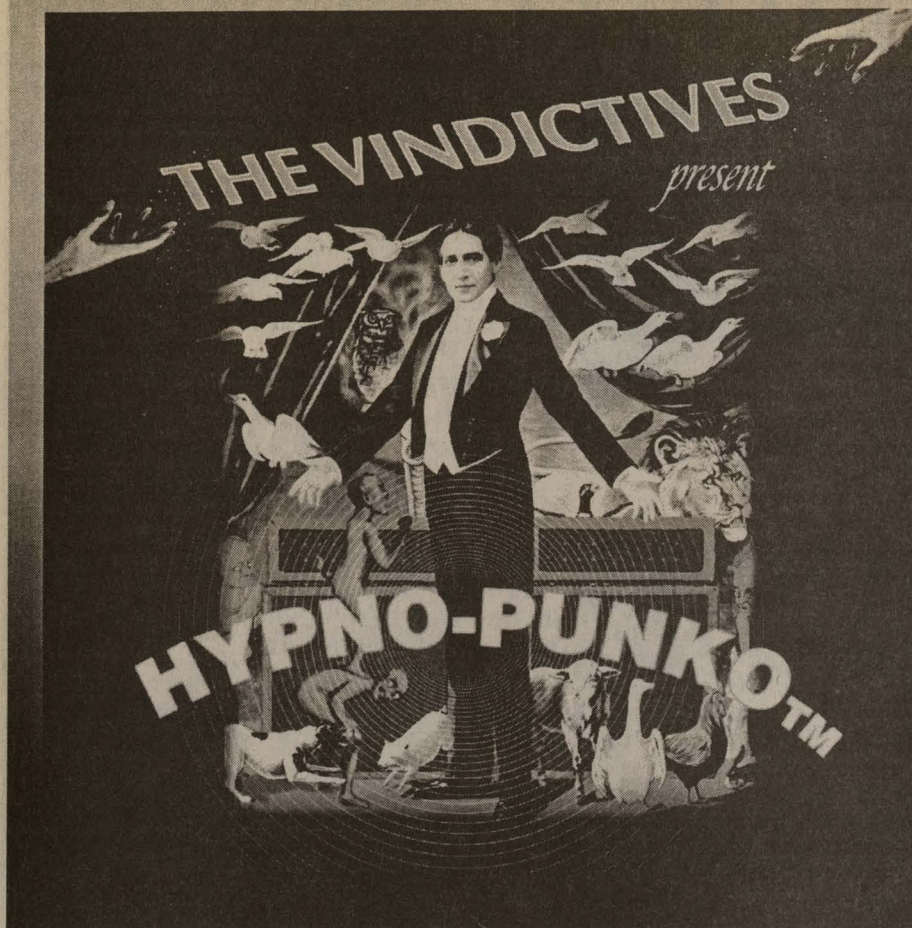
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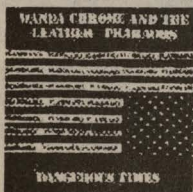


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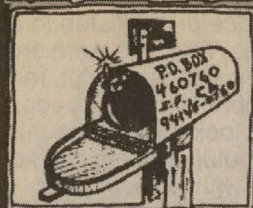
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Hey Sean - Cynic that I am, I was pretty amused by one part of your column

about the More Than Music Fest. Having been there to witness the "shit go down", I can inform you that there were some slight inaccuracies in your second hand account of the story. First of all, the "Go back to your ghetto" quote was taken woefully out of context. Granted, it's unwise to shout such a phrase at a hardcore show - someone's likely to misconstrue it or get very offended. Anyway, the person whom that comment was shouted at was *not*, to the best of my memory, a "person of color". In fact, she was a white girl who had just told the crowd to "go home to your safe, white, suburban homes". Immediately after the white girl said this, some guy shouted back "Go back to your ghetto!". Apparently, this guy knew the white girl on stage and meant to imply that she was just as white and suburban as the crowd she was shouting at. At that point a black punk kid, who had been standing off stage several feet away from the white girl, took this as a personal insult and tried to pick a fight with the guy who made the "ghetto" comment.

As for that "go to a Los Crudos show" comment, once again the person it was directed at was not, from what I could see, "Latino" in origin. I could be suffering a lapse in memory, but I believe it was another white girl who was onstage at the time. She was saying that "this weekend (the MTM fest) was the first time that women and people of color had been able to have a voice in hardcore". Someone in the crowd shouted back "What, you've never been to a Los Crudos show?". Again, this was a dumb thing to shout at an hc show, but it was completely innocuous compared to the way that the incident was depicted in your column. You'd think that there were a bunch of drooling rednecks in the crowd by your account of the fest. Maybe there were - maybe I was still suffering from the effects of the cheap whiskey I had imbibed earlier in the evening and lost touch with reality.

Isn't it odd that your source of information for the fest and I would have differing accounts of what happened that night? Oh well, the hardcore scene is a world where gossip, hyperbole, and bullshit reign supreme, so why should I be surprised? I wasn't too surprised to learn that squirting a

hardcore girl with a water pistol now constitutes "assault" in our scene. Only in the realm of "political hardcore" could pettiness be so extreme that people who are 99 percent in agreement be at each other's throats and creating "banned" lists for so-called community events. If I wanted that kind of shit, I'd join one of the various Leninist groups on my college campus. Needless to say, I'll probably steer clear of next year's MTM fest. Besides, most of the people who go there are the kind of squares who'd probably be just a little too offended by an Angry Samoans record. Knight in Satan's Service, Jeff



Maximum Rocknroll,

This summer I helped out a few bands while they were on tour putting them up for a few days, etc. (my hardcore duty). One of the bands was a band from Europe called Mainstrike. I live in an apartment building right above my landlord, who's like an 84 year-old flag-waving, deaf, jaded (more than me) dickhead. I always have paid my rent on time, kept semi-quiet, and been polite to the guy. The first night Mainstrike stayed, I left them here in my apartment for a few hours as I went off to work the next morning. They later came by the shop to visit me, and went off to check out the Equal Vision headquarters which is very close to where I live. I went home exhausted from staying up and talking "shop" all night with my European friends, and took the time by myself to take a nap. I woke to a phone call from my landlord yelling at me to get down stairs right now!

Being the nice young man I am, I went down and asked him what the problem was. He yelled for me to sit down, then started screaming about how I couldn't have seven people living in that apt. and "what, ya got people sleeping on tables and floors? You can't do that". I then explained that they were friends of mine from Europe, and he replied with "get them a hotel or something." I told him they were my friends and they were staying with me. He then said, "well, they look retarded to me". This is when I lost it, I got up and started yelling that now he'd offended me and he could fuck off! I told him I knew my rights and could have any one over I liked, even if they were retarded (he he). Then out of nowhere he starts saying that he knows that they are part of those riot people at Woodstock that burned down the show, and he asks, "why are they all wearing black?" At this point I'm like really frustrated and tell him my friends had nothing to do with Woodstock,

or the Columbine high shootings. He tells me he wants me out by the end of the month, I tell him fine! So now he's scared off my friends, who I wanted to stay with me - they feel the need to leave, after overhearing the whole discussion. I'm a bit stuck now, because I'm not sure if I should just leave, or stick it out, teach him a lesson, and show him that tenants do have rights, and go a few months rent free.

I feel bad for a band like Mainstrike who support American bands like crazy when Americans tour Europe. These people make sure bands get two meals a day, get a driver, and play great shows. The worst thing I think people do to these European bands is not offer them a place to sleep. I'm sorry, but if you've decided you are going to put on a show with a band from another country, at least feed them and let them crash on your floor. It seems so many Americans are wrapped up in their own lives that they can't step outside of it to help people from far away. Well that's about all I have to say, please email me at cryptocomx@aol.com or write, Nate Wilson/ PO Box 14253/ Albany, NY 12212



Hello Maximum Rocknroll,

This note is to correct the misinformation printed in your August issue. In that issue JH's review of 77's "Revolution Rock" CD on Elevator Music read "apparently 77 were a Portuguese punk band that were active in the early and mid '90s, and are now defunct." *That information is totally incorrect. Here is the truth:* 77 are a Portuguese revolutionary punk group fronted by Paulo Eno, an influential and charismatic figure of the European art and music scene. This group started in 1996 in Coimbra, Portugal, and just released their first CD "Revolution Rock" on Elevator Music. Paulo Eno has been involved in different punk movements in Portugal since '76 finding expression in groups performing music, theater, dance, spoken word, etc.

I'd also like to add that 77 is not to be taken lightly because their music explores socio-political issues of which individuals should be aware, including religious hypocrisy, exploited workers, the state of democracy, Cuban embargo, sexual openness, and equal rights. 77 is revolution through positive action.

Please take note that 77 are very alive in '99. A tour is now being booked for them on the East coast from Boston to DC for these dates: October 1-17. Check them out live American



punks. It's time to embrace punk from other corners of the world, especially real punk from small countries where they risk their

lives on a daily basis to speak against their deeply corrupted governments.

As Paulo Enos says: Music and other forms of expression are the weapons I choose to fight the war. Let my voice be your inspiration as 77 travels down the highways of experimentation and originality, fights commercial mediocrity and the castration of all human thought, and liberates the human spirit through music.

77 - a generation, a revolution!!! Any questions or thoughts about 77 can be sent to: Elevator Music/ PO Box 1502/ New Haven, CT 06506 USA. Sincerely,
Fernando Pinto

Okey Dokey.
Jeff H.

J Dear MRR,
I'm writing in response to the review of Kontraataque's "Luchas, Tragedias, Historias De Nuestra Gente" EP. It's described as a compilation, but really it's their EP. One of the songs was the title of Kontraataque's demo ("Dentras de un Sueno"). Regardless of this mistake I do agree that it is worth purchasing - buy it. Thank you,
Sam Thomas III

PS Hirax Max, I enjoyed your first column and the newest one. Please continue, and W.H.N. brings me back to my youth, thanks again.

Hi MRR!

T I just feel it's necessary to get rid of some thoughts which came to my mind during the last months.

1. Punk was always DIY and it will always be. So if I buy a fanzine I buy it cause I wanna get some information about bands and records - about non-major label bands and non-major label records. Otherwise, I'd look for the newest Spin issue or something. You've always been the fanzine which did it exactly that way (DIY). So it really get on my nerves when there's a zine like *Hitlist* coming up and talking shit. What the hell? They're not DIY - cause they're running ads from major related bands and review their records. Fuck! I don't wanna come across a Victory,

Revelation or Nitro ad while reading a zine which considers itself punk. I'm really glad that there's a zine out like MRR because every time I take a look at it and decide to order some records from an ad I can be almost 100% certain that it's non-major. And that's why I like this music called punk. Keep up the great work you do with this fanzine.

2. I'm also getting sick on this talk about EpiFat. An important thing people mostly don't notice is that Epitaph is major related and that Fat is independent. I'm sure Fat Mike could've sold Fat Wreck a thousand times to a big company but he didn't. He just didn't do it. And I think he treats all the bands with respect and I also guess they get their money (good money). And all those crusty punks who start yelling now that Fat is big anyway should try to imagine a situation where they were offered a shitload of money for their one-man label. Would they deny the money? I guess not. It's different with Epitaph. Yeah, you're right, it's major related, so no discussion.
Timo

PS I hope you were able to understand what I wanted to express. Excuse my English but I'm from Germany...

F Hey MRR (especially Skipard Reason, this joker!?),

We're writing this letter in response to S. R.'s "Christian Corner" column, just hoping this is a joke and then to add that it's a poor one (one time: OK; two times, we can ignore it; but more, it's not funny anymore!). And in the case that this is his real opinion: where are your punk rock ethics of no homophobic, fascist, racist, sexist, etc...., politics (read your imprint or change it and get out of the scene.) Tim Yohannon is tossing in his grave!

By the way, we as krauts are a little bit uncomfortable with this kind of patriotism that's typical for Amerikkka (your country is the greatest on earth that brought us democracy and chewing gum, equality and Coca-Cola after the second World War?), even shining through in MRR, and we cannot understand your acceptance of bands like Stars & Stripes (e.g. Taang! advert) or Anti-Heroes who are in fact just fascist crap (of course we know "good" music excuses Nazi politics and some "seig-heiling", as we are told by our lovely "unpolitical" skinhead mates, and of course a few "seig heil" shouts doesn't make someone a Nazi; and so Taang! can sell Skrewdriver and Brutal Attack live videos and no one cares about it.) We know we are ignorant and do not understand the principles of 'real' de-

mocracy and peaceful coexistence of diverging opinions. We try to learn and shake hands with all those sexist, racist, fascist, homophobic, etc...., people like you do. We look enthusiastically forward to the hopefully upcoming 'Pioneers of Punk' with Skrewdriver. It seems a little bit like you've got too much to do with keeping MRR free from major label shit and therefore you aren't able to take care of fascist tendencies. Your loving, reading, learning, obeying Yoyo-Records Collective: Jan, Yvonne, Flo/ YoYo-Records Führerbunker/ Bergstr. 24/ 74670 Sindringen/ Doiltschland

Jan, Yvonne and Flo,

Thanks for your letter. I'm not about to defend the Christian column. I'll let Reason's own column play out this saga over the next couple of issues.

As far as us taking ads for Taang and GMM is concerned, if you look in the last couple issues, you'll notice that we haven't been running ads for Taang. The complaints about their politics were noted, and as of now we're not doing business with them. We've heard no concrete statements about GMM's politics, besides your vague letter, and until we do, we're gonna keep running their ads.

We will of course continue to review, and talk shit about, all the right wing music that comes out of these labels, or any others. Thanks again,
Sean

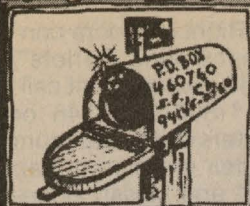
Maximum -

G I was sad to hear that Epicenter has closed down. For many years it was the only place I knew of to get punk/hardcore records around the Bay Area, especially vinyl. I bought lots of records there through the years. I guess that since "punk" hit the mainstream, it was only a matter of time.

I will miss that place, and I would like to say thanks to all the various staff who took the time to talk to me and kept the place running. Thanks also to *Maximum* for getting it going in the first place. Epicenter, r.i.p.
Eric Fortner/ PO Box 55603/ Hayward, CA 94545

PS I'm looking for a female guitarist/ singer for a three piece punk band. Joan Jett, Bangs style. Drug free please. Thanks. (925) 327-8461 pager.

h MRR,
I would like to start off by saying that Mr. Skipard Reason is about the sickest person in this country. How can



you justify putting this in MRR? I think it's a good idea to see the Christian point-of-view on issues, but you couldn't have

picked a worse person to write the column. Letting someone as right-wing as Mr. Reason write a Christian column is adding to the stereotypical view that all Christians are conservatives. And is the only way he can get his point across is to print 20 quotes by some of his fellow fascists. The man also needs to examine his words a little more closely because he comes off to me sounding like a complete hypocrite. His claims that people are bigoted against Christians are in the same column that he degrades homosexuals and women. If his comments don't make him a bigot, then what does?

Now to closely examine a few of his quotes individually: his first quote talks about how we atheists have used the constitution to destroy the country. I find this idiotic, considering conservatives have guarded their sacred second amendment so they can flood the country with guns and commit acts of violence on animals for "fun."

The second quote was very hard to follow for me, but I think the point was that non-Christians were in power in this society. Bullshit! Nearly every person in power or who has ever been in power in this country has been Christian. If we were in power, society wouldn't be quite as fucked up.

The next quote claims that the media is liberal-based, Congress is Democratic, and that these two things and those "evil" homosexuals are destroying Christianity. Well, first of all, if the media was at all liberal then it wouldn't be as censored as it is. Also, if you haven't noticed, most Democrats, like most people in this society, are Christians. And perhaps homosexuals don't like (right-wing) Christians because you mindlessly hate them. And then after discriminating against homosexuals, the quote goes on to say how Christians are discriminated against. What complete, utter, hypocrisy!

Then, Bush's words say that atheists shouldn't be considered patriots or citizens. Well, it's just fine with me if I'm not a part of mindless patriotism, but how can he say that someone shouldn't be part of a society because they have different views?

The anti-gay leader Pat Buchanan wants to make this a Christian government. Well, I'll be damned

because I could have sworn that the whole fucking point of this country was to have religious freedom.

The next quotes are about women, and I know I can't be as enraged as a woman, but it still pisses me off that these shitheads think they're above everybody. Tammy Faye Baker says that she loves to be under submission to her husband. Was she dropped when she was a baby? And who the fuck says all marriages have to be Christian? I certainly hope that all Christian women don't believe this bullshit like Tammy Faye.

And just how is Planned Parenthood teaching people to commit adultery, bestiality and homosexuality? I mean, this statement just makes no sense at all. This Pat Robertson piece of shit just likes to say nonsense that doesn't mean anything but somehow is supposed to discriminate against people in a nonsensical way. Then Robertson continues his stream of b.s. by stating feminism makes people kill their children and practice witchcraft. How did this idiot determine this?! Oh, and we wouldn't want to destroy precious capitalism which tears this country further and further apart. Feminism isn't about capitalism in the first place. It's about equal rights. Then, the great Rush speaks his mind and says feminism allows unattractive women to find a place in the mainstream. Oh, well, we wouldn't want ugly people in society. We should just eradicate all of them. Bye bye, Rush! And then killer of millions, Charlton Heston, goes on to proclaim that there is mainstream propaganda for homosexuals. And we know how much right-wingers are against propaganda! Mr. Heston is one of the most racist and sexist people in this country and yet millions respect him.

The last quote is really disturbing to me. This man is completely horrible and along with other right-wingers, is trying to brainwash good Christians into fascists. I wish that you would consider someone not as conservative to run that column. There are precious few Christians left, and I only know a handful who are not bigots like the aforementioned. What this idiot doesn't realize is that if there really were a hell, he would be going there. I would like to end my letter with a quote of my own: "A bible in one mans hand can be as dangerous as a bottle of liquor in another's." - Harper Lee. Sincerely, David Parkins



Dear MRR,

It sure seems that you have found a home for both a piece of humor and a catalyst for reader response. I write of the Christian's Corner.

I am secure in the fact that the column is a "big joke." I will not complain about Skipard Reason (clever name, folks) and his writings. They are obviously an attack on Christianity and the beliefs it holds. No sensible being could be so idiotic as Skip and his colleagues, Christian or non-Christian. Cripes, let it be a joke.

Joe Reta



MRR,

Why the hell are you printing the "Christian's Corner"??? Do you even fucking read it before you publish it? Skipard Reason is clearly a fascist - how you can let him write for you? When I first saw the Christian's Corner, I thought it was either a bad joke or a way to make a fool out of this man; apparently I was wrong. His right-wing politics are absurd! First, he tries to tell me that "Biology class provides an avenue to unleash twin liberal-humanist channels of indoctrination." That's ludicrous. Biology class provides an avenue to open our minds to the facts of science and medicine. Second, he goes on to tell me AIDS is a means for his god to "cleanse" those his god is angry with. All right, Skipard, you say it is "the perfect creation of a perfect creator", so why is it affecting millions of non-homosexuals, non-drug users, and non-prostitutes? And to top it off, he sensors the word "sex" in "The Christian's Guide to Biology"!!!

Issue 196 is even more appalling. He says he's gotten "a flood of support"? Where does it come from? And why didn't you print any of it in the letters section? He goes on to give me a list of quotes from Paul E. State that will "show you what Christians are really all about." Oh well thank you, Paul, but I think I've already figured out what you guys are all about.

Hey, guys, better watch out, because "what Nazi Germany did to the Jews, so liberal America is now doing to the evangelical Christians." But wait, I don't see six million dead, I don't see piles of dead bodies laying in pits in concentration camps, and I certainly don't see a world war. Oops, guess you fucked that one up, Pat Robertson. But wait, there's more... apparently I'm not supposed to be considered a citizen, because George Bush says "this is one nation under God". Damn, better pack my bags...

Now for the sexism... what kind of a husband thinks he's better than his wife? An abusive one, maybe? Perhaps a man who is too insecure with his own manhood to accept the fact that women play as much of a role in society as men do? Regardless, the last series



of quotes is quite fucked up. Once again we hear from Pat Robinson: "I know this is painful for the ladies to hear, but if you

get married, you have accepted the headship of a man, your husband." Well, not if you get married to me. But wait! If it was on The 700 Club it must be true! Silly me!

So here's what I've gathered from the quotes you compiled, gentlemen: I am, by your definition of atheist, a Nazi and a non-citizen. Very interesting, considering you are the ones expressing all the fascist views. I am also to be an over-zealous and controlling husband. But here's what disturbed me the most: Pat Buchanan addressing an anti-gay rally in Des Moines. You know there's something wrong with this country when presidential candidates are fascists and homophobes. How can Mr. Buchanan serve the people if he is discriminating against a large portion of the American public? Let's just hope he doesn't get elected.

In conclusion, I'd like to make something clear: Skipard, I am in no way anti-Christian. If Christianity, or any other religion, keep you sane and out of trouble, good. I am, however, against the train of thought Christians like yourself seem to hold. It, simply put, is outrageous. Take a look at your column, Skipard, then turn the page. See that flag about 3/4 of the way down the page? That, my friend, is your flag. Love,

Benny/ Pittsburgh, PA

PS If you guys down at MRR decide to keep that column going, at least include other religious columns (i.e. Judaism, Hinduism, etc.)



Friends at MRnR,

I read your zine, nearly every issue that is released, I even subscribed for a brief period. I just wanted to release a little bit of info to you all. Not only do I listen to punk music and attend shows as much as possible, I like to consider myself Christian. It looked interesting when I saw that you had a new Christian column, that is until I read the first two installments. Guess what? It is a joke, and I hope that I'm not the only person that caught on yet. I read a few of the letters and a handful of people (if not many more) are really put off by the column, including myself. Please see to it that your "Phony Christian" columnist is discharged from service

as soon as possible. That aside, the zine is still doing fantastic, and I still really enjoy reading every issue. I especially think that the Bruce Roehrs column is great, keep it up Bruce! Thanks for reading and keep up the great work there at MRnR! Cheers!
Mike Curnel



Dear *Maximum*,

Give up on this Christian's Corner crap. It's got to be a joke, right? MRR has always preached about having no fascist material, so why start now? Is it for shock value, some kind of cheap marketing strategy to keep the readers' attention? Well, homophobia is not humorous or shocking, it's just plain dumb. Besides, Christianity (and religion in general) pushes and supports the ideology of being "sheep" and "following the herd", and I don't see how that has anything to do with punk or MRR. That is just my opinion (and I know you've heard plenty) and I for one am not trying to set any kind of rules for being "punk", I am just a little disappointed.

One last thing, I don't understand why MRR is so damn supportive of George Tabb. All he writes about are his "close encounters with large breasts", not to mention the fact that he writes like a damn three-year old. "My friend Bob (who owns a punk club)" or how he ends every other paragraph with the phrase "punk rock"... etc. These are just mere examples of his childish/ ridiculous antics. Other than these things I still enjoy MRR every month. *Thanx. Love,* Harry



Dear MRR,

I have serious doubts as to whether Skip Reason is a real person, and I think most readers question pretty much anything he says. Nevertheless, I do want to correct his facts about Preven. The primary function is not to prevent the implantation of the fertilized egg. Emergency contraception has been around for 25 years and is exactly the same thing as birth control pills, a combination of synthetic estrogen and progesterone. It works exactly the same way as birth control pills do, by preventing ovulation. And just like birth control pills, they may block the sperm from fertilizing the egg or irritate the endometrial lining and prevent implantation in a few cases. These emergency contraceptives only have a 75% success rate and do not cause any birth defects or abortions of already existing pregnancies. The widespread use of these kits could actually dramatically cut down on unwanted pregnancies and abortions but it seems "Skip Reason"

and the Christian Right are more concerned with "empowering harlots", which Preven could do. I suggest calling Wal-Mart at 1-800-966-6546 or writing them at letters@wal-mart.com to tell them that their decision to ban Preven is ignorant and sexist. Hopefully they will overturn their May decision once they find out that it is hypocritical to stock birth control and not Preven just because some powerful people don't find it necessary to educate themselves before they form opinions. Thanks,
Emily



Dear MRR and readers,

I have been a reader of MRR for a number of years, yet who knows where it is headed? I wanted to write about the Christian's Corner. I believe in freedom of speech, etc; although I find that column very cynical, homophobic, sexist, radical, hypocritical, etc. To have this column in MRR is wrong. Now to say the least, going against the policy that MRR stood up for for so many years. Do you feel that Tim Yo (rip) would want this in his zine. Show some respect, and be considerate of how he would feel! At least warn every one of us, before you decide to become emo.

I would not be surprised if you went on and accepted ads from Tooth-n-Nail, plus reviewed their cheese dick garbage can bands. As well as right wing emo/punk Christian metal zines. Perhaps MRR is becoming jaded, with a new staff and all. After a while we'll be seeing a glossy slick cover, upc codes, color pages, and right wing politician columns. Let the government start sending you columns. All good things can't last forever.

anonymous/ Des Moines, IA



Dear *Maximum*,

Hi there, I just have a few things to add to the ongoing debate about "Christian's Corner". Now I know you're (*Maximum* editorial staff, et al.) probably getting a bit bored of receiving abuse, hatred and general antagonism about this but I felt I had to join in on this lively and thought-provoking "issue". I'm not normally the kind of person to write to a zine like *Maximum*, i.e. well established and doing a difficult job to the best of its collective ability but I felt I have to get a few things out. The main problem I have is the heavy reliance of Mr. Corner on quoting hardline evangelical Christians i.e. Pat Robertson for inspiration and guidance when following his chosen religious path. We all know how xenophobic and generally intoler-



ant these hardline Christians are and it makes *Maximum* hard to take seriously as a forward thinking publication

when one of its columnists seems to think that these disagreeable people walk on water (pun intended). Even in this part of the world we all know too much about Pat Robertson...

Recently, when being approached to participate in a joint business venture with the Bank of Scotland, Mr. Robertson stated that Scotland is a "dark country where the homosexuals and sodomites have the upper hand." The Bank, backed by public opinion suitably offended, pulled out of the deal. Mr. Robertson tried to put the boot in by saying the deal falling through "was the will of the homosexuals". It's laughable in a way, but what's not laughable is someone regurgitating similarly offensive gobbledegook to a group of people who really don't want to hear it. There may be impressionable young punks out there who are influenced by this vitriol (unlikely, I know but it is possible and that is worrying to me.) And don't come crying to me with that "freedom of speech" stuff. Everyone knows that *Maximum* has hardly been supportive of that concept since its inception. That is probably why we all buy and enjoy it - *Maximum* readers hear enough sexism, racism and general intolerance in our daily lives, and to open the pages of a publication we rely on to be free of these things, to find that's no the case just brings people down further. If freedom of speech is what it's all about then when can we expect a column from a member of the Klan? Over and out,

Jamie/ 1 Renton Barns Cottages/ Grantshouse/ Berwickshire/ Scotland/ UK/ TD11 3RP



Dear people at *Maximum R&R*,

OK. I'm really fed up. This whole Christian's Corner shit has been going on long enough. At first I was sort of pissed, and then I thought it over and thought maybe it would be OK to try something new for a while. Then I read the August issue and I was really fucking mad, but I decided to let other people complain because I'm a really lazy person. Now I just got the September issue and I'm reading the Christian's Corner and I got outraged. What the fuck is this? Not only does he support Wal-Mart

(which is a right-wing, conservative, capitalist corporation that censors things because of their radical thoughts and content, including music) but he's also insulting atheists and non-Christians. I'm an atheist and I have a lot of friends who are Christian and religious and I respect that. I don't ever insult them, even though I don't understand how they can believe in something they cannot see. Christians and "God" and the Pope are all part of the same system that is oppressing us. They and their church were the ones who supported the killing of so many people in Argentina's dirty war and in Chile, Uruguay and so many other places because the people thought differently. Sounds a lot like Hitler to me, yet he still has a column in *MRR*. I don't care if the guy preaches, but he's just being a homophobic, racist asshole who respects nothing but his shitty religion that is holding so much of this world and shoving it further into this shithole.

I'm a 15 year old girl and I've been an atheist all my life. I'm a lefty or commie or whatever you wanna call me, but I don't appreciate this racist asswipe fucking up everything this zine has accomplished and that's what he's doing. Don't you get it? You are letting a conservative, Republican asshole get involved in this progressive punk magazine. Don't you think that's what the government wants? Please take his column off. This stupid joke just isn't funny anymore. Yours punkfully, Sara Kozameh

PS I'm so pissed off that I feel like screaming really goddamned loud, but I'm going to control my anger, rewrite this letter so maybe it's readable and hope you guys listen.



MRR,

A few things here, first of all, for the vegans out there, do any of you attend a doctor, take medicine, shots, and or other treatments offered? I just want to know how you can justify supporting the medical field if you are against the exploitation of animals. I can guarantee that whatever medicine you do use has been tested on animals. Pretty much any advancement in the medical field would not have been possible without being able to fuck it up on a ton of animals first. The surgery that saved your mom's life was practiced a thousand times on some defenseless animal. Do you throw away your morals when it becomes convenient?

Second thing, I see so many people in the scene bitching about how the biggest problem in the scene is that it is full of so many richie poseurs who don't belong. I want to know how you can

expect a movement to grow, and gain power, when a good majority of the population is not allowed in the movement in the first place. What do you want rich kids to do, since they are not allowed amongst you? And lastly, how many times have you seen Noam Chomsky speaking adamantly about who, or what band has sold out? *Zero* times—why, you ask? Because some people have better things to do with their time than worry about stupid shit that takes up so much ink and breath in this scene. If any one has any comments at all about anything, please email me at embodiment@hotmail.com.
Joe from IL

Ted,
R

Thanks for your excellent column about divorce and all the wonderful stuff that goes along with it. I've taken to calling my dad "the sperm donor" because he pissed me off so much. After only a limited amount of child support payments, years with no new school clothes or much, no money for college - he decides to get married again and give the chick \$3,000 to take aviation classes at community college. Meanwhile I am working my ass off in factories to have money for part-time college, rent, insurance, blah blah blah. Or like my old best friend - her dad left her and her sis when she was seven and ended up remarrying and having five more kids - what the fuck? All the while *never* contacting them even though he only lives 15 minutes away! Anyway, take care, hang in there - enjoyed your input on the subject.

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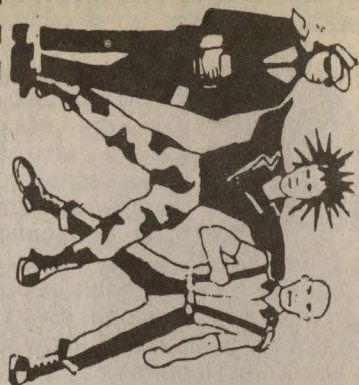
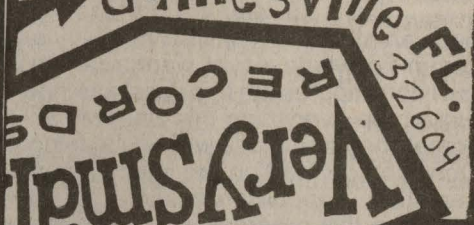
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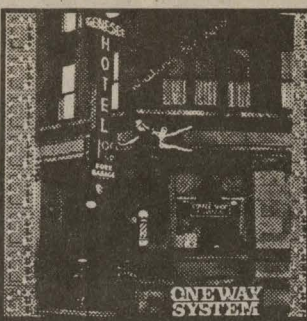
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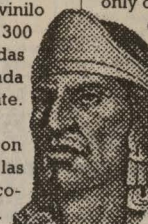
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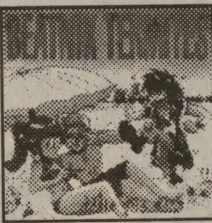
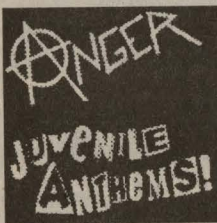
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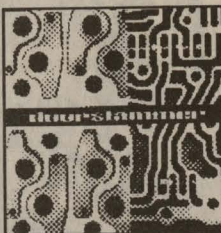
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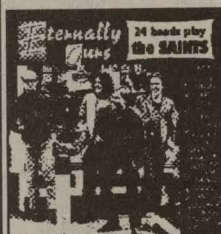
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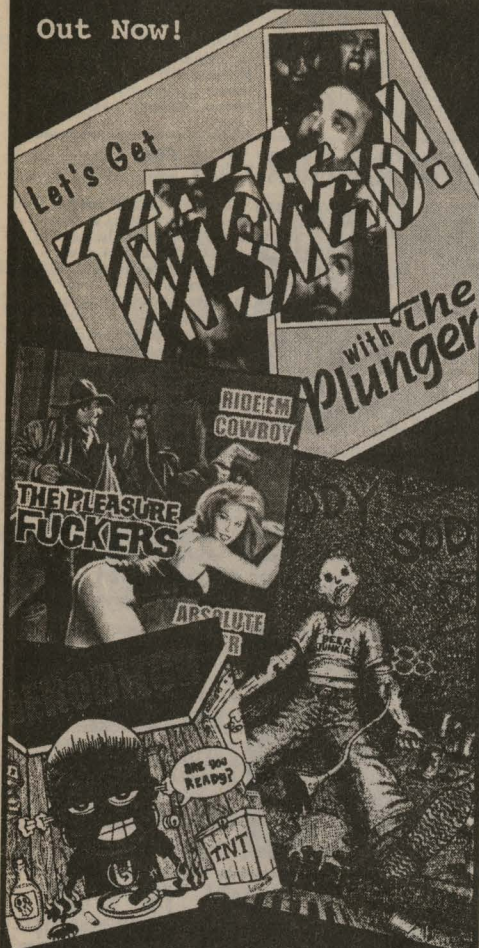
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Mykel Board sez: YOU'RE WRONG!



"Are you trying to rub against my breasts?" she asks.

"Who me?" I answer, "of course not."

"Then why are you walking into me like that?" she continues. "You're even walking weirder than usual."

We've just come from The Continental. Great show with a bunch of bands I never heard of. I'm walking back home with Hirooko.

Despite the appeal of her pert inverted teacups, that's not why I'm walking funny.

"I gotta to take this fierce piss," I tell her. "I don't think I can make it home."

"Why don't you stop there?" she asks. "Just go in and use the bathroom."

"That's STARBUCKS!" I say, "the global coffee cockroach. I'd never go in there."

"It's the only place you can piss between here and your apartment. Besides, you don't have to buy anything. You won't be contributing to their worldwide conquest plans."

"Okay," I tell her. "This is an emergency."

I enter Starbucks.

SHIFT. CHANGE. I'm not a lawyer. The way things are going, anything is illegal. They can sue you for picking dingleberries out of your ass. So from this point on, what follows is fiction. It's told about a fictional character who never existed. Get it? FICTION. Not true. Made up. Just a story. Never happened. Okay?

Of course, I don't advocate any illegal activity nor would I encourage the imitation of the hero of this little vignette. Okay Mr. FBI man and Mayor Mussolini? It's just a story.

M. walks into Starbucks, glances around to make sure no one he knows is in there. Then he scouts the mensroom, in the back on the right, and heads toward it. Entering, he finds a young man in a white shirt and tie at one of the two urinals. The guy's obviously a smarmy slummer, down on St. Marks Place to gawk at the freaks and enjoy his Starfuckin'-bucks espresso. M. would let his bladder explode before deigning to piss next to someone like that. Instead, he heads for a stall.

After lifting the lid and the seat, M. unzips and reaches inside. Grabbing what he needs, he fumbles a bit and pulls it out. Aiming carefully, a second passes as the fluid works its way from M.'s bladder up

through the urethra to the tip. During that second, M. thinks.

"Now, I'm in Starbucks, a place I hate, taking a piss. What can I do to combine the ecstasy of release with the hatred of the environment?"

Quickly, M. lowers the seat and pisses on it. Not only does he train that yellow stream on the seat, but turns back and forth, making sure the floor and back of the toilet get a good wash.

Squeezing out the last few drops onto of the closed toilet lid, M. leaves the bathroom and goes outside.

H., a female friend of his, waits for him in front.

"You've got a big smile on your face," she says. "It must've been a pretty good piss."

"The best," says M. They continue the walk to his place.

After a wild night of Oriental nookie, M. goes off to his day job—teaching Japanese businessmen how da tawk like Nu Yawkahs. When he comes back home that evening, he turns on the computer and checks his email. There's a message from P., a former pal who's recently been pissing M. off. P. has suggested the government cannot regulate discrimination in private business. M. explains the Civil Rights Act.

Rather than admit he's wrong, P. answers with jokes about M.'s thinning hair. Tonight, it's a bit different.

"You're such a whiner," writes P. "Why don't you ever do something? Why don't you take some action, make some real changes, instead of complaining all the time?"

"Fuck you," writes back M., not at the peak of articulateness, "I've helped change more than you could do in two lifetimes. Like what?"

Well, for one, I helped end the Vietnam War. That was a long time ago. Still, if it weren't for me and thousands of others, Vietnam would be a parking lot today.

Want another? How about that no punk today will claim to be "straight," without apologizing. Bisexuality is now the norm. Maybe homos can get away with it. But straight? Punks don't easily admit to that in the twenty first century. I claim at least six inches of responsibility." [Five and a quarter. —Ed]

As he presses the SEND key, M. begins thinking.

"What I said is right," he thinks, "but what have I done LATELY. Not much except pissing on the toilet at Starbucks..."

If we could peer into M.'s alcohol-enriched braincells, we'd see them start to fire. We'd hear those neurons buzz. See those sparks leaping synapse to synapse, like a match touched to the end of a row of firecrackers.

"YES," thinks M. "That's it. Something to live for. A goal. Something positive to do with my life. A soldier—no a general—in the war against global conformity. A spitball in the face of every McDonalds, Burger King, Staples, and Gap. The world needs salvation; one small step at a time."

At this moment, Target Starbucks is born. Starbucks is the perfect target. Poor people don't go there. It's expensive, aiming at the hoity toidy. It rapidly and immediately destroys neighborhoods. It puts small coffee houses out of business. It replaces intimacy with conformity. It destroys the character of neighborhoods and replaces them with shopping mallism. It's global, but not Coca Cola or McDonalds. It's achievable, but how? There's only so much pissing one man can do. Of course there are other, more severe answers.

FLASHBACK: The Gap opens on St. Marks place. POW! The next morning, they've boarded over the window. The brick flung through, makes its way to the local precinct. By the afternoon, there is a new window. The next morning, another brick. Soon the windows are replaced. Some kind of fiberglass. Bricks just bounce off.

In the old days, people used bombs, not bricks. It didn't work. Worse than not work, it made people feel sorry for the "victim" of the bombing. Sometimes people got hurt. M. doesn't want to break human eggs to fry his omelet. Besides, it's easy to get caught with a bomb—or even a brick but not with... with... what?

Momentarily stumped, M. goes to the refrigerator for a mental stimulant. He opens the door and pulls a Schlitz from its fellows in the plastic rings.

Something scurries across the sink to the wall. M. shifts his attention. It's a roach, a big one. One the natives like to call *waterbugs* because it somehow sounds less disgusting than "*huge cockroach*." This is a big brown one. As big as his thumb with saw-tooth legs. The kind that crunch if you step on 'em.

"Yes! That's it!" thinks M., cupping his hand to trap the insect beneath it. He feels it squirm, pushing this way and that against the soft skin of his palm.

Keeping one hand on the snared insect, M. stretches his other hand toward the sink. With the tips of his fingers, he reaches a plastic container. The remains of yesterday's sesame noodles still stick to the bottom.

Almost losing his balance, M. replaces his cupped hand with the plastic container. He then slides the container along the wall until he's near enough to get the lid. Sliding the lid under the cup, the capture is complete. It's only the first.

It's 2AM. M. is dreaming. He's naked and walking through a field of flowers. Instead of flowers with petals, at the end of each stalk is a tiny coffee cup. Yellow, blue, red, coffee cup after coffee cup, each on the end of a green stalk. Then comes the bee. Large, with a ferocious buzz. Hungry, attacking. M. awakens and reaches to shut off the alarm.

It takes a second or two before he remembers the plan. He reaches for the empty glass on the night table next to the bed. Without turning on the light, M. picks his way through the floor rubbish toward the kitchen. Holding the glass ready in his right

Columns

hand, he flips the lightswitch with his left. Pop!

The walls are alive with scurrying cockroaches. Big ones, small ones, running helter skelter trying to hide from the light. But there's nowhere to run. Nowhere to hide. M. scoops them up with the glass and shakes them to the bottom. At least two dozen, now held with his hand tightly over the top of the glass.

Carefully, he empties the glassful of roaches into the plastic container with the giant roach. Now he's ready.

The next day is Saturday. Perfect for a little excursion. M. takes his plastic container, crawling with vermin, and tucks it inside his pants. Balling up rewritten letters to Congressman, and discarded pages from *Inches* magazine, M. stuffs them into the bottom of his combat boots, adding another two inches to his diminutive height.

Then he puts on a short-sleeve button down blue shirt. Something left over from his days as a teacher in Japan. Adding to this, M. wears a black suit jacket, until then reserved for weddings and Rosh Hashona services. Looking the complete dork, M. heads out to Starbucks.

First, a quick visit to a mensroom stall, the same one he relieved himself in, just a couple days earlier. It's disgustingly spick and span—but not for long.

M. releases a few small roaches. Then he scoops the remainder from the plastic container and transfers them to a small film canister. The large brown one barely fits inside.

M. leaves the stall and the mensroom heading back to the large main coffee area. There, M. buys a cup of coffee for a dollar and a half and sits at a table. Nursing that coffee, he scopes out the people at the other tables. Ah, there's a likely hit. A young woman, dressed in a blue womansuit, she looks like that dorky DA who lost the OJ Simpson case.

Her Nikes feet cross at the ankle and tuck underneath her chair. On the table in front of her is half a frapachino and a piece of something white and sugary. She's reading a hard-cover book.

M. can't see the book's title. It looks like a textbook. He continues to watch her as he nurses the bad coffee. In a few minutes, she starts to fidget, pressing her knees together and shifting side to side. That's a good sign. A few minutes later, she looks over her shoulder as if she's trying to find something. Then she takes a napkin, puts it in the book to mark her place, and stands and heads for the ladies room.

M. makes his move.

Under the table, he uncovers the film canister with the roaches in it, and re-covers it with the cheek of his palm. Casually, he strolls over to the absent girl's table. Focusing his attention toward the window, as if looking at something, M. silently lets the contents of the canister fall into the frapachino. A quick glance insures that the large brown roach, nearly expired from lack of

oxygen, breathes its last in the service of a good cause. Gingerly, he puts the canister in his pocket and heads for the door. It's not until he's outside the door that he hears the scream from inside.

M. has fired the first salvo of *Target Starbucks*. A new obsession. A new purpose. A new reason to live.

For twenty years, M.'s goal was to live in Mongolia. His life focused on that seemingly impossible task. It was, he thought, why he could never die. Why he had to hang onto life with every cell of his aging body. But then he went. He lived in Mongolia. The great experience left a vacuum in M.'s life. What was there to live for? Now, that vacuum has been filled. There is a new goal. A new reason to live: *The death of Starbucks*.

Of course there are other enemies. Bigger and smaller targets, weapons of globalism, censorship, or prudity. But the fight has to be waged one huge battle at a time. Forces need to concentrate. Approaches need to be fixed. Even if it takes more than a lifetime to get to first base, it's a lifetime well-spent.

So now it's *Target Starbucks*, no stopping until there is only one left. The original, in Seattle, that's ok. But everyone else, closed. Dead.

M.'s life has meaning. A great, not-quite impossible goal. Destroy a real threat, and symbolically hit at world standardization. Not only spread the vermin, but spread the word. Recruit an army. Let it go over the internet, through zines (M. is a writer for a zine called *The Punk Bible*.), through word of mouth, through deeds.

Starbucks' motto is 2000 by Year 2000. M.'s motto is One by Year 2001.

It's a simple yet deadly plan of attack. Spread the word. Use the internet. Write. There is enough hatred to fire thousands into action. It's easy action. Anyone can do it.

What can the enemy do? How can they fight back? There's no one to buy off. *Target Starbucks* is unorganized, independent. It's an army where everyone is the general. How can they stop it? Frisk people when they enter? Will the yuppies and their secretaries put up with that? Have TV cameras in the bathrooms? How long before word gets out on that one. Besides the last thing they want is publicity on this. ... Though it's too late. Their customers have never seen a roach before, and when one ends up in their coffee. Yippie!

Since this is oh so fictional, I can use a writer's time machine to project us into the future. To move us ahead. To watch as gradually, Starbucks dies.

The branch near The Continental closes a week after the newspaper report listed a "warning" rating from the health department. In Kansas City, a lawsuit from a woman who sat on a dead mouse, closes the downtown branch. Others soon follow.

One-by-one, Starbucks shut their doors. One by one, small coffee shops, little stores take

their place. A thousand flowers bloom from the green and white carcasses. *The Wall Street Journal* does a feature on the "Rise and Fall of a Coffee Dream." Finally, it happens. There is only one left, the original, standing meekly on a street in Seattle.

The year is 2004. Missing his target date, but reaching his goal. M. and a few friends gather in the one remaining *Starbucks*. They're celebrating a victory. Only a battle, but a big one in the war against international mediocrity and culturecide.

They drink a ceremonial cup of coffee and then head outside. Suddenly a scream pierces the air. It's coming from someplace down the street. The group sees a highschool girl screaming like the one at the end of the *Blair Witch Project*. She's running out the door of a local Barnes & Nobles.

"A rat!" she screams. "I saw a dead rat. Right there, by the *Power of Crystal* books. It's a dead rat."

M. looks at his friends. They smile and continue walking down the street.

ENDNOTES: [Thanks to your protests, sit-ins, marches and church burnings, there are no longer length restrictions at MRR. All power to the people! Yeah! Still, visitors to my website: www.freeyellow.com/members2/seidboard/index.html, or subscribers (email to: MykelB@ix.netcom.com) will receive a few extra endnotes. My computer needs a lot more cleaning out.]

—> By the time you read this, I (hopefully) will have set up a TARGET STARBUCKS web-info exchange board. You can find it though my website listed above. That will be a central point for the exchange of information about Starbucks evils and for stories (all fictional of course) about attacks against the evil bean sellers.

—> Jim Munroe, My Canadian pal, who put me up, read with me, and suffered through... er... interesting roommates tells me his book *Flyboy Action Figure Gasmask Included* is not only available through Rupert Murdoch, but through Jim directly. You can get it (and you should) for \$15 (includes postage) from 10 Trellanock Ave, Toronto ON M1C 5B5 CAN-ADA.

—> Website of the month is COPSWATCH (www.specmind.com/copswatch.htm) That one takes the awful TV series COPS and uses it as an instruction manual on how cops routinely violate individual rights. It also tells you what you can do about it. One simple tip you should have learned from Nancy Reagan. *Just say no!* If a cop asks you for permission to search you or your car—say no. Be polite, but say no. If they do it anyway, you will have legal grounds to have it thrown out of court.

—> Found it dept: I found the letter from the Belgian metal homo God who sent me a Tribe 8 t-shirt!! His name is Steve Wackenier. He collects Metal t-shirts! So if you've got an extra, please send it to him. He's at (Serpent St 26A, 9000 Gent, Belgium). I wonder how much work it took for a metal-guy to find a house on Serpent Street.

I went by boat one day with a villager named John to Belize City and it is one of my fondest memories. We had a great time together after we worked on trying to understand each others words. We both spoke very slowly and clearly. If you ever go down there look John up and tell him I say hello.

columns

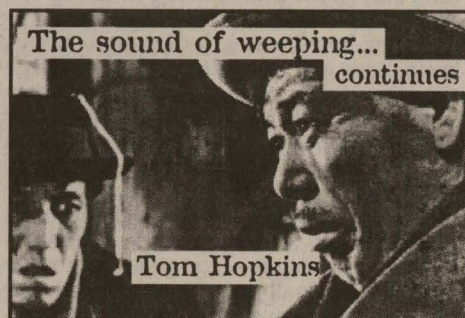
On the way back we dodged rain in the little narrow rivers. It was so gorgeous and exciting. I kept bugging him to take me to this cave he had told me about. We docked the boat on some brown, fine sand where there wasn't a building or person or any sounds other than birds. I was cold from the rain and fast boat ride and shivering with hard nipples. The water was warm and lovely on my feet as I tried to pull the boat up to tie it off to a tree. We hiked through jungle savanna with long tufts of grassland and white oaks, coconut palms, and other small bushes. John pointed out all the animal tracks of deer, picarills (sp), and jaguars. The jungle mountains are random and rise high independently from one another. They are like breasts on the horizon, not a chain like I am more familiar with. We got to the base of one of the mountains and started up a trail. I slashed my arm on a razor palm, and carefully avoided the army ants. We arrived at the cave entrance and saw bats everywhere. We climbed down a ladder into the darkness and felt bats swooshing all around us. It was a gorgeous limestone cave. We made it to the end where the water table flows through a corner and it was beautiful. It was freaky, silent, damp, darkness.

Caryn came that night and we took off for Guatemala the next morning. The villagers couldn't understand why we wanted to go to Guatemala and they told us that it was too dangerous. We went anyway and later I realized that it was a border dispute that bred paranoia in the people.

We arrived in Tikal which is in the northeastern Guatemalan jungle after a bizarre experience on the busses and a stop in Flores (a gorgeous city!!!). It is an ancient Mayan ruin site of an advanced civilization that thrived for hundreds of years, dating back to 200 BC. We had no idea this place was going to be so huge. I have many details of this part of the trip that I am going to skip over because I want to focus on the politics. One of the guards, Jose spoke with me at length about the political situation. The conversation was in Spanish and for some act of brilliance my Spanish happened to be very clear and good on this day. Usually it is atrocious. We talked about how poorly the Mayans are treated today in Guatemala and how many are not even allowed an education, let alone a decent wage. 70% of the cultivable land is owned by less than 3% of the population. Jose was Mayan and had worked in the park for 12 years. He educated us about the ruins and the civilization that had lived there for centuries. Then I asked him about the border dispute with Belize because I had heard the Belisian perspective and was itching to hear the Guatemalan perspective. He shockingly went into some racist rhetoric about how greedy the Creole people are and on and on. It was so ironic to me that he was saying these things after our initial conversation about oppression of Mayan people

that spanned nearly five centuries. This led me to the conclusion that racism is truly a global problem and very complex. That sounds really elementary and it is. I, of course, knew these two facts years before, but it never seemed so clear to me as it did at this moment. It is difficult to describe. We then spoke of the war in Nicaragua in the 70's and 80's. He made the point that when a country is at war, all of the neighboring countries will feel the effects and play them out in different ways. The way he spoke of this matter was very profound. We also spoke of how even more fucked up it gets when a 'super power' gets involved. Like in the 80's when the U.S. suspended aid. Guatemala just recently (1996) ended a 36-year civil war, which an estimated 200,000 Guatemalans were killed and untold thousands disappeared. I learned more from that man than I could have ever learned from a textbook or any bullshit professor.

I hope that you cowpokes are inspired to learn more about Central American politics and equally inspired to travel. It is a great learning experience and doesn't take too much money. It is also a good reminder of how wasteful we are in this country and certainly inspired me to take action here in the states with our own fucked up problems.



A HATED bootleg LP!!! I hold in my paws what may be the first emo bootleg. How many copies? 450. What is on it? Eleven songs, only one of which has ever been on vinyl! A PAUL SIMON cover as well as an EQUALS cover, a HATED/MOSS ICON collaboration, and some items from the Simple Machines tape. The generous soul behind this comp was growing weary of waiting for the Troubleman CD version to come out, so this bootleg on the real format was put together. The silk screened cover brings it all together. I can't thank the bootlegger enough for the record. Now, let's get a whole bunch more out there!

A quick perusal of the message board of www.bottleneck.com finds numerous complaints regarding the belt buckle that THE LOCUST has available for \$8 ppd (Three One G, PO Box 178262, San Diego, CA 92177). Moaning abounds about style this and style that, that's not what punk is about, poo poo pee pee. WHAT

THE FUCK IS THE MATTER WITH YOU ASSHOLES??? This belt buckle is one of the best things to happen in recent memory. It's fucking fun, shows at least a little bit of thought outside the standard t-shirt baloney, and is a bargain as far as belt buckles go. Almost as nifty is the CRIMSON CURSE 80's new wave style button set for \$3.

Escape Artist (PO Box 363, West Chester, PA 19381-0363) appears to be in the habit of doing a CD release first, waiting a few months, and then presenting us with a sharp looking vinyl format. The ISIS LP has all the mosquito-bitten NEUROSIS back boned tension frenzy found on the CD of several months ago. Therefore, if you can wait, who knows, the TIME IN MALTA CD might be on vinyl as well. What a wonderful state of affairs that would be...the melody infused franticness on vinyl. DROWNINGMAN would be a starting point for comparison, but that only gets the nervous pulse. What about the pretty drone of the guitar? This release demands several listens, even from the easily distracted (like myself).

DEATH OF MARAT add a pissed off edge to POLICY OF THREE and SHOT-MAKER, not that those folks were happy pop punkers. On top of those influences, imagine some of the Floridian emo-metal without the metal, and much more direction during the slower grooves. (System, PO Box 37041, Phoenix, AZ 85069)

FRAMMENTI form Italy are still at it. The new EP "Corrono Ginocchia Sbucciate" (Via Lumumba 2, 46029, Suzzara, Mantova, ITALY) is tighter than the last stuff I heard. In their native tongue with guitar picking framing and embellishing a thick bass and drum acceleration. Good use of melody which lends a lot to their darkish mood.

Hey, it's the GET UP KIDS. Hey, they play bop bop bop emo pop. Hey, they have a 10" titled "Red Letter Day" (Doghouse, PO Box 8946, Toledo, OH 43623). Maybe it's time for a follow-up comp called "How The Midwest Was Lost."

PETROGRAD has had quite the release blitz. On this split EP with ELEKTROLOCHMANN, they don't have the CRINGER pop of their LP. 50-50 between slow dissonant guitar work and rubber burning flailing instruments. ELEKTROLOCHMANN borrow some of the sparseness and meander through a tranquil song with female vocals. They have an upcoming LP on Trans Solar which is appropriate. (Skank Records, email: skanrec@pt.lu)

Long neglected in this column is the LEFT COAST/VIC-20 EP. Not fair either, considering LEFT COAST's mix up of fuzzed out distort with a smooth progression of repetition. Where did that come from? VIC-20 has a similar, in spirit, approach with slight repetitions and measured drive. At points NATIVE NOD and 12 HOUR TURN. (1333-35 W. Birchwood #304, Chicago, IL

C O L U M N S

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The EP can be such a kind format. Only so much time allowed to a band and only demanding that much time from the listener. These factors have me preferring the CASKET LOTTERY on their new EP (Undecided, 10695 Lake Oak Way, Boca Raton, FL 33498) to the CASKET LOTTERY on their recent CD. Good back and forth with the guitar and bass with the drums in between creating a thickness that I don't expect from a midwestern band anymore. Vocals are a bit MONORCHID, but not as spat.

The ASHRAM/DIM REFLECTIONS LP is from the home of the LAST MATCH, DS-13, and YUPPIECRUSHER EPs, but more of a step-child then full blooded Insect. (Postfack 58, 116 74, Stockholm, SWEDEN). DIM REFLECTIONS has a folk meets LIFE BUT HOW TO LIVE IT? sound. A bit jangly with tricky time changes and guitar tweeks. ASHRAM has more of a straight forward quality. Resonant bass with terse guitar work. If the fella who was in VERBAL ASSAULT and RAIN LIKE THE SOUND OF TRAINS had a band in between I could see ASHRAM being that band. Don't tell DIM REFLECTIONS but I like the ASHRAM side better.

The PLANES MISTAKEN FOR STARS EP has me thinking I mistook Dim Mak for college rock. This EP has a full blooded emo-core pulse with masterful vocal trades of harsh angst and tuneful crooning. Two song EP at 45 so no room for superfluity. (\$3ppd: PO Box 14041, Santa Barbara, CA 93107)

Also new from Dim Mak is The Pickle Patch CD comp. Quick background: the pickle patch was the home of several people in southern California where numerous all ages show took place, until quite recently. This CD showcases live songs of well over a dozen bands that played there and has a newsprint booklet with the writings of those who lived there, visited, and played. Oh yeah, and lyrics. Among the bands: SUBMISSION HOLD, FORMER MEMBERS OF ALFONSIN, ST. JAMES INFIRMARY, BLUE ONTARIO, and SAWPIT. (\$8ppd: Dim Mak)

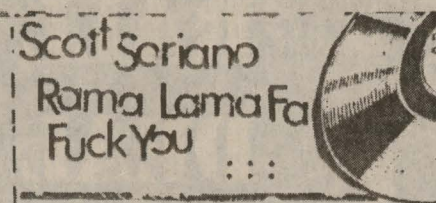
All fans of emo-violence on the non-Florida side of the Atlantic should be contacting Enslaved (PO Box 169, Forster Court, Bradford, West Yorkshire, BD1 2UJ, UK) for the European version of the END OF THE CENTURY PARTY LP. The cover is different but within still lies a spasticness that only folks from Florida seem capable of controlling so well.

I don't know that I am all that impressed by the JAWBREAKER comparisons that SMALL BROWN BIKE has been getting. I think that they have a base sound that fits on No Idea (pre-hardcore output) but with more attitude. Suppose RADON had listened to a lot of BLITZ and didn't pick up on the music influence, but did decide that nobody was going to give them

anymore crap. "Our Own Wars" LP. (\$7 ppd: No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604)

Buying guide: HATED LP, ASHRAM/DIM REFLECTIONS LP, LOCUST belt buckle, END OF THE CENTURY PARTY LP, PLANES MISTAKEN FOR STARS, ISIS LP, TIME IN MALTA CD.

All emo items of interest to: Post Office Box 170482, Frisco, California 94117. Email: dixie13@pacbell.net (no auctions).



The easiest way to start a fight is to try to throw some kind of definition on something everyone has an opinion about. A case in point is Tim Yo's dictum about what is or isn't punk rock. Five or six years ago, when Tim laid down the law on what would be considered by Maximum Rocknroll, he not only narrowed the strictures of punk, but, for a lot of folks, shifted its definition.

For a long while, punk, to MRR and others, was an adjective, like "maximum" is before "rocknroll." As close as it got to a noun was Reno's Wrecks definition: Punk is an attitude. However the shift from adjective to noun meant that MRR would now consider style over content, over attitude. As Tim argued then, there is some logic to this reasoning: Indie rock band that took up opposition politics, politics that some considered punk, were in a musical sense not punk. Fine. I thought Rain Like the Sound of Trains blew, too. However, in setting rigid rules on what is or is not punk musically, what we call punk became calcified. Instead of an adventurous, energetic, threatening music, punk has turned into a boring, play-by-numbers, contest of mimicry. What is covered in Maximum Rocknroll (and Hit List and Punk Planet and Heart Attack) is not maximum rocknroll.

My friend, Ryan Wells, and I often point out to each other that there are an awful lot of good sounding punk bands out there but, really, there are few good ones. There are hundreds of Killed-By-Death style punk bands pounding out fine sounding sets. Hundreds more good sounding Oi bands adding their chants to that subgenre. A thousand garage and instro bands turning out flawless renditions of Back-From-the-Grave punk. Superb crusty/politico groups giving us their thoughts, faster and faster, about the political issues of yesterday and today in carefully crafted slogans. And now seamless power pop/punk, glorious glam punk, halacious hard-rockin punk, and excitingly exact No Wave/Rough Trade-style outfits. All of it SOUNDS good. However if punk is an adjective, if punk means pushing the boundaries, hit-

ting extremes, taking chances: none of it is punk. Or as Ryan said to me after I played him a horrid Kim Fowley-produced psych band called St. John Green, "Hell, I'd rather listen to this than the shit that's coming out now. At least these guys had a vision."

Lest you think punk orthodoxy is not restrictive, here is a list of bands that are considered punk (or were at the time) who, if they presented themselves today, would not make the cut in tight ass world we call "punk": Savage Republic, the Birthday Party, Big Black, Black Randy, Pere Ubu, Devo, the Contortions, the Mekons, Gang of Four, Blur, Twinkeyz, 100 Flowers, the Mirrors, the Styrenes, the Normal, the Slits, PiL, the Only Ones, 1/2 Japanese, Saccharine Trust, Neu, Can, DAF, Killdozer, G'dou...and the list goes on. There's a great chance a band as important to punk as the Cramps would be ignored, shunted off to some "Oh yer rockabilly" corner. Fast forward to the present and a band like Caroliner, who is the epitome of punk, is persona non grata to the orthodox.

Punk as a noun does not challenge. It pushes no buttons. It is no threat. I don't consider revisiting No Wave or Rough Trade a challenge. Fighting for the right to use the word "fag" pushes only shallow buttons. "Walking down the street/Boots on my feet/Working class is neat/Oi Oi Oi" is not a threat. You want something that is punk, punk as in "punk is an attitude," punk as in punk as an adjective meaning extreme? You want something that is maximum rocknroll? Okay. I give you Marilyn Manson.

Marilyn Manson challenges: Musically (I'm talking "Mechanical Animals") they plunder everything from T Rex to Bowie to Alice Cooper to Sonic Youth to Nine Inch Nails to the Dust Bros. Sure a lot of it is rehashed stadium rock, but they mish mash that with everything from "Aladdin Sane" to the "Ballad of Dwight Fry" and then add their own twist. They also do it with humor: Tons of it. Manson's lyrics are no Gil Scott-Heron or John Langford but they are certainly more relevant in their subject matter (Prozac, alienation through technology, the suburbs effect of the soul/psyche) than your average pop punk or street punk band. Your mental wheels turn a bit rather than just grind to a halt while you sing along to some idiot fake-77 band's newest ode to the heroin-crazed days they never lived through. The mass media were right when they looked at Marilyn Manson after Columbine but they didn't look hard enough. If they did, they would have found, spelled out, all the reasons why school yard shootings occur.

Certainly MM pushes buttons, more buttons than any punk band in recent memory. All you have to do is look in the media, pay attention to both liberals and conservative, and you'll see that Manson is the most reviled rock star since Chuck D. With Chuck D, MM shares with Ozzie Osbourne, Sex

C O L U M B I N E

Pistols, Alice Cooper, and David Bowie the utter contempt of the mainstream society they lived in. Prior to Columbine, about one in five MM concerts were cancelled due to public pressure, usually from Christs. Certainly MM's management exploited the cancellations to pump up the bad boy status. After Columbine, MM's whole last leg of their US tour was cancelled due to death threats and city bans. Their CDs were pulled from shelves. Business ground to a halt. Their fans suffered at the hands of school administrators, parents, preachers, cops, and jocks. Thousands of kids were shipped off to shrinks because they happen to like and relate to a band. When was the last time this happened in punk? Don't remember. I'll remind you.

Punk's final outlaw days were the time right before the metal/punk crossover. Two bands, Black Flag and the Dead Kennedys, scared the shit out of parents, cops, and teachers. Both bands (and some contemporaries) had concert after concert shut down before and during performances. A right-wing shrink named Serena Dank mounted a moral crusade with her "Parents Against Punk" organization. Just like in the song, "Institutionalized," thousands of kids were shipped off for re-education in Utah and other hell holes. The anti-punk frenzy peaked with the DK's prosecution over the "Frankenchrist" poster. However since then, punk does not equal a threat. Even the side-show antics of GG Allin, elicit little more than a groan. (GG had a tough time getting shows not because he was a threat but because no one wanted to clean up his shit and vomit.) The last time punk had a chance of being a threat, when "punk broke" in 91/92, punk went for the green. (To be fair, since 1984, there have been challenges within punk most notably Bikini Kill & Bratmobile's fight for women's space within the male graveyard of punk.) But now?

Mom picks up the phone and dials. Mom: "Hello, Reverend Appleton. We have a problem." Rev: "Oh, Mrs Wilton, is it Suzy?" Mom: "No, no. Suzy is fine. I mean still has blue hair but she is now a publicity agent for a whole bunch of punk bands and record companies. She is making a lot of money and doing just fine. She even gets bands on TV!" Rev: "Richie?" Mom: "No. Richard has a mohawk but he is making a lot of money selling anarchy stickers. And he just got a contract to write a guide to punk business. I think he'll turn out to be a good Republican." Rev: "Then its little Timmy." Mom (sobbing): "Yes, Timmy wants nay-nays." Rev: "Excuse me?" Mon (voice rises): "Timmy wants BOOBS!" Rev: "Boobs?" Mom: "He's been listening to that awful Marilyn Manson and now he wants tits!"

That is where we are today: Punk rock, a barely living corpse of has-beens and copy cats, molding away in its noun-status while rocknroll moves forward scaring the shit outta parents, frightening preachers, and pissing off cops. If punk is

to truly be maximum rocknroll it has to get its head out of the past, stuck in form and genre ghettos, and try to break down some barriers.

Letters and comments to Scott Soriano/111421st Street/Sacramento, CA 95814 USA scottss@sl.net DO NOT send me your playlists, advertisements, show announcements, etc. I don't care.



Their SATs may be OK, but Columbine High School has failed basic comprehension.

Early warning signs of militant stupidity were there in June, when Littleton, Colorado officials were considering memorials to the shooting victims. No one in a community of so-called Christians thought that the two shooters, Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold, ought to be included in plans for 13 marble angels or 13 crosses. Then, on August 16th, the site of one of the worst massacres in recent memory opened its doors to its 2,000 students with, of all things, a fucking pep rally.

Massacre recap: On April 20th, Harris and Klebold, bullied repeatedly by asshole football players in a lily-white suburban school that worshipped jocks and sanctioned the systemic ridicule of the slightest forms of nonconformity, lost their minds and shot up a bunch of their classmates before killing themselves. By most accounts the killers saved their bullets for bullies while telling other kids to leave before they got hurt.

So here we are, not even four months later, and the dimwitted administration of Columbine High School and their coterie of moronic parents are cheering wildly to all the vile accouterments of jock culture. Cheerleaders waving pompoms filled the first few rows of an outdoor pep rally filled with parents and students wearing identical "We Are...Columbine" T-shirts. Parents formed a "human shield" to protect their kids from the media, which must have seriously bummed the scores of students who still have Dan Rather's cell phone number. Student body president Mike Sheehan provided evidence that annoying personality traits are fixed early in the process of human development: "It's so great to look out and see so many of you here today and to take back our school." What is this, a Take Back The Night rally?

Thank God for that three-day waiting period.

It's precisely this kind of pressure to conform that led to last spring's massacre,

but that didn't stop the school's football coach from telling CNN that jocks (he calls them "athletes") are oppressed by kids who don't dress properly.

Once the Nuremberg-style rally was over, students entered a building that has been carefully sanitized of its physical and psychic stains. The bullet holes have been plastered up, the bloodstains have been painted over and the library, the main killing site, has been sealed off by a fresh wall of lockers, its bloodied books burned.

"We want students to feel good about being back here," says Jack Swanzy, director of planning for the Jefferson County School District. "If students can walk down these halls and not cringe, we feel we've been very successful."

A little cringing never killed anybody. While keeping the school in a state of disarray would have been pointless, leaving a few bullet holes or bloodstains behind (perhaps with an explanatory plaque) might have served as a cautionary tale for future bullies and their victims. But we live in ahistorical America, where no one will blink at mounting a trophy cabinet to house the reliquaries of jockdom on walls where teenagers have died.

Those who claim that their faith is your business spent the night before the Return at a special back-to-school evangelistic rally (there's that jock thing again!) for 3,000 loud believers at an amphitheater near the school/crime scene. Speaker Bart Campolo of Philadelphia said: "You'd better believe that good overcomes evil or I don't know how you can go back to school."

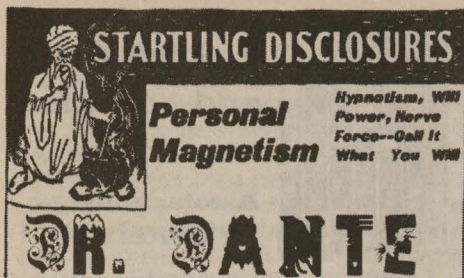
Massacre recap deux: Harris, 18, and Klebold, 17, were not the living incarnations of Ba'al, the Antichrist, Mephistopheles or his southern sobriquet, Old Scratch. They were kids—confused, angry, shortsighted, dumb kids. And their 13 victims were not the Living Embodiment of Innocence. They were kids too, with all the good and bad that that entails.

Hours after the self-congratulatory pep rally, three swastikas appeared, scrawled in the school's bathrooms. "It hurt," parent Tammy Theus said. "The rally was great. They've made changes in the dress code, like not allowing trench coats. Then I see this. It's like they are laughing in our faces, 'Ha, ha, school's back in session and so are we.'" Perhaps. Or the graffiti could be a protest against a school in denial about itself, a community incapable of admitting that its core values are corrupt, hollow and hypocritical—in the simplistic parlance of the adolescent, fascist.

Meanwhile, a state panel has been convened to help law enforcement agencies coordinate their responses to future Columbine-like tragedies in the Denver area more effectively. Based on reports from Littleton, they'll be needed sooner rather than later.

Send stuff to: Ted Rall, PO Box 2092, Times Square Station, New York NY 10108, or e-mail to: ted@rall.com.

Columns



What is it with the persistent rumors that some Hollywood Agent ("I'll be at the Millionaire's Club, on the lower level. If you don't see me, just ask the maitre d' for...the Devil, moo hoo ha ha) has clinched the deal for the supposedly "long-awaited" Darby Crash biopic?

I won't bother with my personal inability to fathom the legendary status accorded the Germs (although a large part of it no doubt stems from being impressed by how awful they were, even in comparison to the legion of awful bands I saw that year, and I suppose they were rather better by the time they had a few records out, but still...), a characteristic that has embroiled me in many an impassioned and fruitless discussion (even by my conversational standards), as even true ARTISTIC GREATNESS (accented by the crown of Apollo (haven't used that one in a while)) is no guarantee that an interesting story lurks anywhere in the vicinity (as I'm confident any persons bothering to acquaint themselves with the bios of a couple of handfuls of randomly chosen creative achievers will agree).

Of course, there may be some particulars of the little fella's life that are absolutely enthralling despite that when an article which appeared a while back in an L.A. weekly (it might have even been the L.A. Weekly) attempted to make a conundrum out of the lack of green-light interest accorded either of the attempts at making the punk rock "A Star Is Bored," all the author could offer by way of illustrating the "everything Hollywood looks for" in The Greatest Story Never Told was "gay junkie in the early punk rock scene."

Maybe I don't get out to the movies as often as I should (it was only recently that I got around to seeing "Babe 2: El Puerco Valiente" and "Candyman," both highly recommended (especially if you've got any nephews/nieces to whom you'd like to give nightmares), but I'm not aware of a great many blockbusters utilizing any of those themes. Not even attempted blockbusters, in fact (unlike that flood of cinematic sewage a number of years ago involving old people becoming young and/or vice-versa [I only saw about half of them; after "18 Again" with George Burns, I knew that I had seen the theme dealt with in as sick yet ludicrous a manner as possible]). Reading the article, I just couldn't believe that anyone would really find the lack of interest that puzzling.

But even putting aside the issue of lack of interest that the any Mega-Culture Corporations (and still begging the issues of worthiness of the cockamamie idea in the first place), why would even the biggest fan of the Germs or the L.A. punk scene care about a Hollywood version being made? Be there folks idiot enough to actually think that this is a Good Idea? I suppose that there might be somebody, somewhere, who enjoyed "Sid and Nancy" and/or the near-complete fictionalization of "La Bamba" (wherein only the names weren't changed and almost everything else was), but was anyone with half a noodle actually awaiting them? I don't know, maybe I just read too many books.

The only explanation I can offer is that some doony idiots crave the legitimacy that they think is afforded by a milieu being used as grist for the Hollywood mill and that the "Look Ma, I'm on tv!" thrill overrides any objection to seeing the distortion of history up close and personal.

By way of illustration, I can offer the following anecdote. Being ditched just before a weekend date (no need for explanation here, I'm sure) and unwilling to eat the nonrefundable round trip tickets to San Diego, I wound up spending a long (and surprisingly cold) weekend in San Felipe. While taking advantage of some happy hour drink specials, a retired something-or-other from Los Angeles struck up a conversation.

Although I generally avoid conversations with strangers (especially in bars, where I find the standard topics especially unengaging), my resistance broke down rather quickly (probably owing to the moroseness of my meditations) and I found myself going out to dinner with three gen-ts.

For some reason, the topic of punk rock came up (I certainly didn't bring it up) and I, in turn, referred to it in some oblique way as a formative adolescent influence. The youngest of the other members of the dinner party, a well-groomed longhair, said something along the lines of, "Punk rock was fucked up. It was just leeching off of what we did in the Sixties."

Since I assumed that his "knowledge" of "punk rock" was derived at great distance (maybe "Class of 1984" and "CHiPs" at best) and since I furthermore had no desire to anoint myself a punk rock apologist, I let his remark pass.

Then, in an apparent attempt to trump me, he asked if I had seen "The Doors" movie.

I was amazed that he would hold this obviously wrong-headed piece of bullshit up as the testament of the era to which he was still so strongly attached. Ready to use it as a demonstration of the dangers of using mainstream cultural representations of subcultural phenomenon (and history in general) as factual evidence (the movie was fresh in my mind as I'd seen it (for free,

mind you, and just to look for Tom Guido and Ron the Ripper as extras) just the week before), I replied, "Yeah. Did you?"

"Man, I didn't HAVE to see it, I LIVED through it."

Which certainly left me speechless. Incidentally, I wound up making up for the balance of the bill when someone (I've got my suspicions as to who) didn't toss down enough pesos.

Fuck hippies.



"Come on everybody, we're moving to Portland."

-The Dead Milkmen

It's close to the end of summer (though you could hardly tell judging by how friggin' hot it is here, or by the number of flies swarming around me right now) and it's always a weird time of the year for this area. Typically, a lot of people I'm close to are only around WI for the summer and then it's off to a different part of the world. This year, however, there's an unusually large number of friends and acquaintances leaving The Dairy State.

It seems like a long time ago when I found out that my friend Katy was leaving this fall. She went on a big adventure earlier this year and came back with word that she was moving to Portland, OR. It wasn't very long after that when Jacqueline told me of her plans to wed and move to Portland. Then, towards the beginning of summer, a group of really close friends came back from the Asylum Gathering with the announcement that they too were going to be moving to Portland. Damn, this was starting to get downright bizarre! Last night put the explanation point on the end of that sentence. We had a show at Insight (our local infoshop, for those of you that haven't heard of it) and His Hero Is Gone was supposed to play. However, they didn't play because they broke up (sniff, sniff). As it turns out, 3 of the former members are packing up and moving to (you guessed it) fuckin' Portland. What is going on up there?!

Now, I've never been to Portland (or anywhere else in the Northwest), so I don't have a single bad thing to say about it (except maybe, "Hey Portland, quit stealing all of my friends!!"). In fact, everyone I know that's ever been there usually has very good things to say about it. But the purpose of this column has nothing to do with Portland. It's about leaving.

All of these Wisconsin punks that are

leaving are very active people in our local scene. They've helped build up and run Insight which, while being far from perfect, is a beacon of positive energy for a lot of kids around here, myself included. A good portion of these folks have also been in bands, have helped in the updating (or in Susie's case—the creation) of the Wisconsin Punk and Hardcore website, etc. Keeping in mind that I'm from the bumfuck northwoods of Wisconsin, the scene here is not that large. However, with the resources that we have, I feel that we've started something big. (And, in the sake of fairness, that's not to say that there weren't others around before all of us. I don't want to make it sound like WE started everything positive around here, because we didn't.) It's kind of disturbing to realize how much of an effect it will have on our scene when this handful of people leaves.

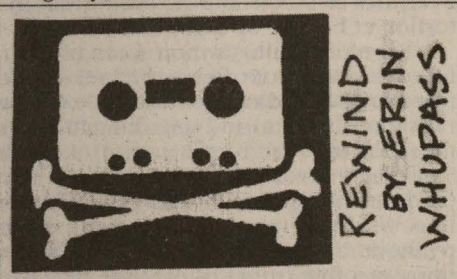
And so, naturally, this has become a serious issue for those of us left to hold the torch (sorry, I know that sounds cheesy). There has been a fair amount of backlash against these folks. In the eyes of many, they're 'ditching their scene' and moving to a 'punk Mecca.' At first, I couldn't have agreed more. I simply could not understand why all of these smelly bastards were leaving just when things were starting to pick up and get interesting. I've heard it said plenty of times that punks should quit moving to these 'hot spots' and concentrate on improving things where they're from. I definitely agree with that logic. Like I said, this 'moving to Portland' syndrome is going to leave a serious dent in our scene, mostly because a lot of these kids played such a large (and positive) role in shaping what we now have, so I was rather bummed when I started hearing about their departure. Not just because they weren't going to be around anymore but also because that their planned disappearance will leave just a little bit more for the rest of us to do.

In thinking about their decision to move, I remembered myself when I graduated from high school. The first thing on my mind was getting out of Chippewa Falls. After a brief (and vaguely memorable) stint at college, I moved to Colorado. I would end up spending nearly 3 years there and return home with a significant number of good memories and a new take on life. It was when I returned that I fell in love with Wisconsin. There's a ton of natural beauty around here and a general 'laid back,' friendly attitude towards life that I hadn't really recognized until I had spent some serious time away from it. Furthermore, Colorado (or more specifically Boulder, CO) had a much more 'liberal' way of life and that helped me gain some insights on how to go about making things better once I returned here.

So, after rolling that over in my head, my perspective has changed. I left Wisconsin, and I returned a happier person. I have no idea what my soon-to-be-distant friends'

plans are as far as ever returning here. I'm sure that they don't know either. All I know is that they will continue to be awesome people wherever it is that they're at and, if they ever do come back, they'll have all sorts of fresh ideas for the rest of us (assuming that we're all still here). Most of all, I don't want my friends to remember me as 'that guy who wouldn't stop bitching about us leaving.' I'd much rather be remembered as that guy who said "Good luck. Have fun. Enjoy yourselves. I'll miss you." **END STUFF.**

1. Goodbye Susie! Goodbye Katy! Goodbye Erik, Emily, Dawn, and Jason!! Damn.
2. Old Barn Punk fest was here and it was bizarre. Go to the News section of this mag and read my little blurb on it.
3. I don't get a whole heck of a lot of mail at P.O. Box 504 Chippewa Falls, WI 54729. I wonder why...does anyone even read this thing anymore?



Welcome to three-demos-to-review month. So here we go. **FIRST TIME FELONS** are a no-surprises pop punk band. Love songs and "I'm not in love anymore" songs. The demo includes a straightforward cover of The KKK Took my Baby Away. 7 songs, decent production, no lyric sheet. Napalm Ape P.O. Box 2510, Pt. Charlotte, FL 33949. Napalm Ape are a label, I suppose, and have put out a tape sampler. Only two of the ten bands (**CHACHI ON ACID** and **JUMPIN LAND MINES**) contribute unreleased songs. The rest are available elsewhere, which you would think would unqualify this as a demo, but it's three review month. Two review month would be even worse, so I figured why not. A range of modern punk, from the chunka-chunks guitar of **NOBODY CARES** to the straightforward anthemic basic punk **NO FRAUD** to the duel male/female vocal hardcore of **AISLE 9 COLLECTIVE**. 10 bands, 10 songs, varying production from okay to bad, no lyric sheet or contact information for the individual bands. \$2. Napalm Ape, P.O. Box 2510, Pt. Charlotte, FL 33949. **SOCIOPATH** is two guys, and a drum machine. Dirge and noise, different tempos. 12 songs, decent production, no lyric sheet. 1701 Turk St. #8 San Francisco, CA 94115. That's all for this month. Now the demos go to **KBOO** (Portland's community radio station, 90.7 FM) for the weekly punk rock radio show, **Life During Wartime**, Wednesday night 12:30 - 3 a.m. Send demos! P.O. Box 1113, Portland, OR 97207.



**1,800,000
and counting**

**A column by
Prisoners.**

"Wash you hair!" "Take a shower!"
"Cut your hair!"

This is just the beginning of the BS I hear every day. My reply is your typical "Fuck You", but what else can I do?

I am sitting in a cell in one of the many castles in the vast kingdom of the "American Justice System." Yeah, I probably deserve to be here. Let's just say I stole x number of cars and got caught x number of times and therefore I am doing x number of years.

So, I've been sitting in cells for over two years trying to get somebody to send me some **DOOM** or **Napalm Death** (or anything) and thinking. Sharing in my oppression are my two co-authors: Xac (I'm pretty sure you spelled that wrong) and Wally (Jeremy, The Brick) Wahl.

Here in Washington, the Federal Government sublets this prison (among others) to the Washington State Department Of Corrections (DOC), who does not have as strict of humanitarian standards (like water testing and regulation for prisons). This is one of many facilities we know of that have known contaminants in the water supply (that is why the Federal government was forced to give up this Island, back in the '80s).

We are lucky enough to have some people like: Families of Prisoners - Civil Rights Foundation, PO Box 196, Redmond WA 98073-0196, who are bringing a suit against the Washington State DOC on issues like the heavy taxation of all money sent in from our friends and families (if you are one of the guys/girls who are lucky enough to still have "people on the streets"). They are also fighting the outrageous telephone rates our families are charged by companies like AT&T and US WEST, who kick a percentage (millions of dollars per year) back to...yup, you guessed it, the good ol' Washington State DOC. But (I know it is bad grammar to start a sentence with but. But...) somebody needs to help fight for some water standards/testing. We see victims of lead poisoning, etc. all around us - those unfortunate enough to be exposed for long periods of time.

The levels of censorship here are extreme. All mail, incoming or outgoing, is rigorously inspected. God forbid your wife or significant other (if you happen to have one) should write you a sexy letter to keep your spirits up and they read it... We aren't just talking what you write or are written, they also censor *who* we write to. It is strictly forbidden for us to write our brothers or

columns

sisters in other institutions throughout the land, and we are only allowed to visit the family and friends that have passed the meticulous visitor's screening.

Want to hear more? How about the rejection of any and all mail sent "Bulk Rate", whether it's a paid subscription, an ordered and paid-for catalog, or a legal publication. Even those not sent bulk rate are rejected seemingly on a whim. Playboy: you're lucky to see 8 out of 12; Prison Legal News: one issue was recently blacklisted (because it talked too much smack about the Washington State DOC).

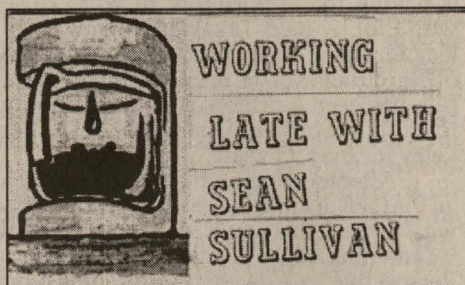
Now, we have it better here in Amerika than quite a few other countries, which brings us to the conclusion that someone should probably stand up for those peoples' rights as well. Are we thinking Amnesty International, or what? You tell us. If we are right, please send an address and/or information for them or any foundation, faction or collective who is likewise motivated/active.

There are almost 2,000,000 people in prison in the United States alone. Now, many of these people deserve to be here, but a small percentage do not (us, for instance). Of the ones that deserve to be here, a small percentage is taking action to change their lives. These people need your support and correspondence to make these changes possible. Without that support, these people will stay bound by the racism, gangs and drugs (among other things), that got them here in the first place. So, write your brothers and sisters [or even adopt a con (check out www.prisonpenpals.com)!]

For those of us that want to escape into a world of music, little relief exists. There are only two companies we can order tapes from (no CDs, no vinyl). Clear cassettes, no screws, one explicit lyrics advisory and it's history. Even the tapes we may already own on the streets cannot be sent in to us, Distributor Direct Only! The occasional copy/compilation can be smuggled in by being marked "Letter Tape," but you have to have people willing to take the time to create such tapes in the first place.

The few "alt" types try to share what little we have (music and information, which is against the rules) and we have little to no access to "alt" music, punk to political metal. So we ninja our way in to the music room to play, when we can (because we don't have the funds to pay), but we are music junkies (maybe some of you can sympathize). So if you have some DOOM, ND, Blatherskite, Brujeria, Nausea for Keith; Propagandi, Rickets, Fugazi, Blonde Redhead for Xac (Zach); or Misfits, NOFX, Ministry, RAGE, Black Flag for Wally (Jeremy)...or anything remotely similar to that stuff, send it along. We would greatly appreciate and reply to any and all correspondence (any tapes sent must be marked "Letter Tape!") Peace and love, The Amerikan Way-through intimidation and superior chemicals,

Keith Kallberg (#731994 B-335), or Zachary Karmen (#787624 D-1-36), or Jeremy Wahl (#768417 B336), McNeil Island Corrections Center, PO Box 881000, Stielacoom, WA 98388-1000.



Knifings and Anarchy in the Haight Ashbury

There I am minding my own business, reading the latest issue of Doris fanzine (which you should already own) behind the counter of our local Anarchist book shop, Bound Together when out of the blue, a bottle hits the nice new car parked right out side.

Big deal right? It's Haight St, the summer of love is long over, and the street is now populated by many sad characters. Those left over from the sixties, those who wish it still was the sixties and the ever gutter punks. Bottles are flying everywhere, tourists dodge them every day.. I barely look up. Then the guy who I assumed threw the bottle (from now on we will refer to this wonderful gentleman as bottleman) tackles a shirtless older Asian man (from now on referred to as shirtlessman), who from my time in the neighborhood, I know lives in the halfway house on the corner. Shirtlessman escapes Bottleman briefly and Bottleman, cursing Shirtless man, grabs Bound Together's big, heavy sandwich board sign (you know the ones stores keep on the street to pull in those all important tourist dollar), and lifting it over his head, chases Shirtlessman down the street.

Fucking great. Now I'm involved. I run out of the bookstore, and being the stupid shit that I am, ask bottleman man in no uncertain terms to "give me my fucking sign back right fucking now" or something like that. Bottleman claims Shirtless man tried to stab him. I tell him I don't care (which I didn't) and that I just want my sign back and no, he can't bludgeon Shirtlessman with it first.

I duck quickly to the side as Bottleman throws the sign at me. He really had no chance of hitting me. The thing weighs like twenty pounds, and you don't have much aim with something like that. I grab my sign and head back down the block to the store.

All our customers are out on the street now watching the fracas going down, and as I'm putting the sign back up, one of them says "you'd better call 911 man, he's gonna kill that guy"

I turn around to see Shirtlessman on the ground with Bottleman on top of him

repeatedly hitting him in the face. Or at least that's what I thought I saw. I find out from the police later that he was actually stabbing Shirtlessman in the eye with a fucking knife.

OK. So there's the situation: This mentally ill dude is getting stabbed in the eye by some crazy fucking street person who is probably hopped up on something by the way he just picked up and ran with the fucking sandwich board. I'm in a potion where I've gotta do something. I either A, get the baseball bat we keep behind the counter go outside smash Bottleman in the head with it, and while he is unconscious, have a consensus meeting with my fellow workers on Haight St to figure out what we are going to do with him, or I call the cops, most hated of all anarchist enemies, and they deal with it. I've got a second or two to figure out what I'm going to do so they're really isn't time for a strategy meeting. I make the call.

Maybe in a more prefect world. Or even in a world where I thought somebody would back me up for hitting the dude in the head, I would have gone after him. Maybe if I thought there was any sort of community based around cooperation on Haight St, that would have been the right thing to do. But there isn't. Not yet. So I go with the embarrassing plan B and call 911.

911 is still ringing (I don't call 911 that often but five or six rings seems an awful long time to wait for a response) when the cops show up and pull the two guys apart. They don't smack Bottleman in the head, (though they threaten to after he tries to attack one of them), they cuff him and sit 'em on the ground. They call an Ambulance for Shirtlessman, and he gets taken away. Still breathing, but not looking too good. Bottleman goes away in the back of a squad car.

Too often in the debate around law enforcement and community policing in the Anarchist community, the discussion is shifted away from the incident and onto it's cause. For example, if I were to ask Joe Anarchy about what he would do in the same position I was in, he'd probably switch it around and explain to me the fact that capitalism is what pits us against each other in the streets with sandwich boards for weapons, and that what we need is a society based around cooperation and egalitarianism and not a market based rat race. Blah Blah Blah. How fucking cares? That's not the question. The question is in this isolated setting where there is no community to back you up and you can either stand up for some abstract principal and bash a guy in the head and probably go to jail for it, if only for the afternoon, or you call the pigs, what do you do? I made my decision, but it doesn't always sit well.

I'm a firm believer in mob justice. I think neighborhoods and cities should take care of themselves and I think that when we started letting the state lock people up for being thieves instead of confronting them

with the damage they do to their own community is when we started to lose it.

Still, I'm a realist and I know just as well as you that in this society, when somebodies getting stabbed in the eye, you still gotta call the pigs, no matter how much you don't want to.

.....
There's about twenty people out there who are waiting for Arwen or I to talk shit about Mordam this month, since we just got done with the yearly convention. I'm not going to do that. I will say that the convention put into perspective for me how big business punk has become, and that outside the rhetoric, there's plenty of people out there who are in fact not doing it for the kids.

Still I'm amazed at how little all the money has gone to Mordam's head, and they should get kuddo's for that.

The more important thing about this convention was all the talk about the internet, and downloadable music. This is going to change the whole ballgame in the next couple of years (look out for more on this in upcoming issues), and it'll be fun to watch all the majors (and some of the so called "indies") scramble to protect their musical investments from fourteen year olds with CD burners.

Remember loyal readers, home CD burning is killing the music industry.

This You Should Pay Attention To:

1. Thanks to Ruth and the team at Mordam for feeding me so much yummy lasagna and bagels. the way to a labels heart is through their stomach.
2. I'm still sending postcards to people, sent me your address and you'll get on too.
3. I can still be reached at 1369 Haight St, SF, CA 94117 / seansul@mindspring.com
4. Rock N Roll ain't noise pollution.



PUNK ROCK, GLOBALIZATION, AND THE END OF UTOPIA

What a busy month it's been. I was gone for a good part of the summer and now I have tons of work to catch up to. I have to finish an "incomplete" from last semester. I'm editing a special issue for the journal Social Justice on the militarization of the U.S.-Mexico border. I have to finish a short story that I promised to write for a friends' zine. Got many letters and emails to respond to. What will make this semester even busier than all the previous ones will be that I will be a GSI (graduate student instructor) for an Ethnic Studies class here at UC Berkeley. Apart from the two (required)

seminars that I'm taking, I will responsible for teaching two sections with about thirty students in each class. I look forward to this challenge. But, what I really look forward to is having the opportunity to work closer with Prof. Ronald Takaki, my mentor, colleague, friend, and comrade-in-arms. One of the founders in the field of Ethnic Studies, Ron has been a professor in the Comparative Ethnic Studies Department at UC Berkeley for over 25 years.

After meeting with Prof. Takaki about all the logistics and the readings for the class we will teach this semester—"Racial Inequality in America: A Comparative Historical Perspective"—we decided to get some lunch near the campus. Over the years, Ron and I have gotten to know one another both in terms of our scholarship and as activists on campus. I got my BA here and afterwards, Ron recommended that I apply for the Ph.D program here at Berkeley. He wrote me a letter of recommendation and helped me with my 2-page "statement of purpose." I got in and started school right away. Ron and I have hung out and talked before (i.e. in non-academic terms where school-related stuff is not always the topic of discussion) but it had been a while since we last saw each other. "We were talking earlier about solutions to the structural problems related to globalization and racial inequality," Ron tells me. We start old conversations. "De-industrialization, the rise of the U.S. high tech industry, automation, and growing militarization of society; these are all problems that we as activist-scholars must not only address, but, transform." I sit and listen as Ron maps out his questions in relation to academia and to the larger society. I make the connection between the research and the question/s that intellectuals-and not just limited to those in academia- pose and how they relate to the particular time and place in which they are made. The intersection of biography and history, as the sociologist C. Wright Mills would argue in his *The Sociological Imagination*, can also be a way of looking at intellectual production. I have always thought of Ron as genius so when Ron told me that there were certain things about globalization that he didn't understand and asked me to explain, I was kind of surprised. What got my attention the most was how humble Ron was in admitting an important fact about intellectuals (especially in our "postmodern" days): "We are really quick to analyze everything and deconstruct it," says Ron, "but, we are less successful in proposing realistic solutions to today's problems." He asks: "What should be our vision of society? What kind of society do we want to live in?" Again, I kind of just sit there and listen. So many things run through my mind that I don't know where to start. I start to remember what mom has asked of me to do: to continue going to school and continue the research and writing on issues related to immigration. She thinks it's important for people in the U.S. to

realize the positive contributions of those immigrants who came-and continue to come-to this land and decided to make this their home. I too realize the importance in re-writing history "from the bottom up"-where courses like "U.S. History" also include the stories of people of color, women and poor-working people. But, writing articles or books (no matter how important or radical they are) mean nothing if one is not simultaneously revolutionizing the social and political institutions that dialectically influence ideas in society. Ron and I agree on this, but, the question is how? How does one understand the complexities of, for example, the internationalization of the economy and propose an alternative to the now-taken-for-granted "triumph of global capitalism"?

Ron, trained as a historian, reminds me of the importance in studying the past in relation to the present. He writes in the introduction to the course syllabus of his Ethnic Studies class: "The 21st century will witness a tremendous demographic transformation in the U.S.... What will the future hold for this expanding and complex diversity? This question urges us to look backward in time. History is memory-what we remember about the past. But who will do the remembering and whose memories will be told? There is a master narrative of our nation's history: it is the story of a land of liberty and of Americans as white or European in origin... We find it reinforced in the scholarship of neoconservatives like Nathan Glazer and liberals like Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. This perspective is not merely an academic notion but something pervasive, an unnoticed assumption, 'in the air'."

During our long lunch, Ron and I discuss the work of the Italian-Marxist, Antonio Gramsci and his concept of "cultural hegemony." Too many times, Ron and I agree, intellectuals who study the material and ideological "effects of hegemony" on society, forget that the very fields of study (anthropology, sociology, political science, history etc.) which they use to study social phenomena can and does influence the very way one begins to investigate and questions their "subject matter." All of us in academia are implicated in this, don't get me wrong, the only reason I mention this is because there are many scholars who still claim to be "objective" in their search for truth. The point here is not to throw the baby out with the bath water; one should find it liberating of the possibilities in being able to understand the world (by carefully asking the epistemological question: how we know what we know) in order to change it. The fact that there is oppression, there is resistance, is a historical fact that many historians omit in historical works. "As I read and selected [written testimonies, oral histories etc.]," writes Ron Takaki in the Prologue to his book, *A Larger Memory* "I found myself stirred by the ways people respond to circumstances not of their choos-

ing. Always, I was reminded that people are history: their experiences, feelings, adjustments, imaginings, hopes, uncertainties, dreams, fears, regrets, tragedies, and triumphs compose our past." In other words, it's time to claim our agency because we are not just victims, but actors in history. For too long, many historians, including "Marxist" ones, have tended to analyze revolutionary movements only in relation to the state while neglecting the individual ways that people have resisted (as Andrea Dworkin remind us: "silence does not always mean consent"). So, while the work of Gramsci might bring us great theoretical insights into structures of domination (e.g. "hegemony"), Ron would accurately suggest that we look specific historical events and then try to connect larger social structures (i.e. by using "inductive thinking" instead of deductive thinking, one is less likely to generalize history and more likely to be sensitive to ambiguity).

In an attempt to engage the students (in the Ethnic Studies class) with first person accounts of multicultural America, Ron decided that we use the following texts in the course: Leslie M. Silko's Ceremony, Carlos Bulosan's America is in the Heart, Gloria Anzaldua's Borderlands/La Frontera: The New Mestiza, Mumia Abu-Jamal's Live From Death Row, and Ron Takaki's A Different Mirror: A History of Multicultural America. Although all of these stories (except for Ron's book which would be considered more "academic") are very different and complex in their own ways, they can be contextualized in the social, political, and economic times that they were written and the era they discuss. By exploring the ways race, class, and gender intersected the lives the different ethnic and racialized immigrants, historians can develop a more accurate view of U.S. history. As Ron tells his readers in A Different Mirror, when historians like Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. wins a Pulitzer Prize in "U.S. History" for a book-The Age of Jackson-in which there is absolutely no mention of two important incidents that took place during his presidency-the Nat Turner rebellion and Indian Removal-including the voices of those are usually left out of history is not something you do out of courtesy but out of accuracy!

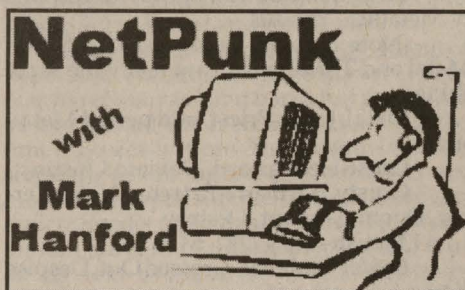
And, as I sit here and think about the section that I will teach, the people I will meet, the books we will read, and about the political, economic, and social complexities embedded in all of these different stories; I too try to be humble and ask for help.

BUT, I REMEMBER A TIME WHEN THERE WERE ROOMS FULL OF PEOPLE WHO STILL BELIEVED. If there is any point to this column is realizing that the geopolitical changes in the current world economy (a whole other column!) have lowered the sights of many of us who used to identify as folks "on the left" (both in politics and in cultural production). THE END OF HISTORY, THE END OF IDEOLOGY, THE END

COMMUNISM, THE END OF UTOPIA.

All of this ridiculous and false statements can only lead to cynicism and nihilism (both of which the punk/hardcore "scene" and the left-progressive academics have, at times, fallen into). As I go back and visit my old town (San Diego, Ca.) and see many cynical people who claim that hardcore is dead... ("look at all those bands that have sold out punk rock...") I get frustrated. Although Prof. Takaki is not a saint, he could have "sold out" and wrote many discursive texts that contest and disrupt the hegemonic discourses of the prevailing notions of the U.S. homogeneity as a neo-colonial imperialist project...WHAT THE FUCK? Yes folks, this is current mindless-bullshit academic writing that many "post-Marxists" and "post-modernists" etc. etc. are writing to get published and tenured. But, what I admire about Ron is his DIY approach to his scholarship and the fact that he is conscious about the political implications of his work. When writing a new book, he asks: "For whom? And to do what?" It is about taking initiative!!! It is also about realizing "the left" is not where it used to be but, who ever said that we needed to be in a revolutionary era in order to be a revolutionary?! Revolutionary situations are not given, they are taken. So to the cynics of the world:

"NEVERMIND WHAT'S BEEN SELLING, IT'S WHAT YOU'RE BUYING AND RECEIVING UNDEFINED."



Wow, it's time for another column already. Time is flying by me faster than I can control it. I swear that things move more quickly here in California than they did when I was in Idaho. Or maybe it's just because there is more to do (though it doesn't seem like I do as much). Whatever. I have all kinds of net stuff for you this month, some of it related to punk, and some of it just kinda geeky.

You've probably already seen reports of this in your local paper, but just in case you missed it, you have to check out <http://www.gwbush.com/>. This is the site that GW Bush, the Texas governor currently running for the republican presidential nomination, wanted shut down, saying, "there ought to be limits to freedom". This site spoofs Bush, especially his current trouble with past drug use and other policies. A funny and thoughtful site that is worthwhile.

Another anti-right wing site is the Anti Pat Robertson / Christian Coalition site. While it doesn't appear that this site has been updated very recently, there is still a lot of interesting reading here. Find out how crazy Pat really ease, what ruthless dictators he's been buddying up to, and how he got rich off of the sheeple who watched the 700 Club. Visit the site at <http://www.geocities.com/CapitolHill/7027/patrobertson.html>.

Once again, if you've been keeping up with the news, you've probably read about all the hacking that has happened to government (and other) web-sites recently. You read about them, but it is rare that you get a chance to see the hacked sites, as by the time you find out about them, they've been fixed. Fortunately, there is a website that keeps copies of the hacked sites for you to check out. Visit it at <http://www.attrition.org/>. Attrition actually has more than just hacked sites, including user pages, humor, music, and movie pages and more, but they also have over 2000 hacked sites available for view. Fun!

I found a somewhat interesting online entertainment site. Though not exactly punk rock, it is a collection of articles from several of the free "alternative" newspapers you'll find across the US. We aren't talking 'zines here, but rather the free weekly papers you'll find at your local coffee shop. Anyway, this site is called NewCity and has quite a few articles that you may find entertaining or enlightening. You'll find it at <http://www.newcity.com/>.

Does anybody out there beside me remember the good old days before the internet, when computer BBSs were the norm. Back then, BBSs provided an excellent resource for discussing the latest news and gossip, meeting people "online", and networking. The only problem with them was that you had to dial into each one individually. The internet made the BBS more or less obsolete. However, there is a new movement to bring the BBS back, but this time to the World Wide Web. Message bases, real-time chat, and more from the good old days are available, and there are even elite boards out there.

One cool BBS-style web site that I recently came across is The Obloid Sphere. Set up with a layout very similar to an old BBS, this gives you everything you used to expect, with the exception of File areas. Check it out at <http://www.obloid sphere.com/>. You'll need to sign up for an account in order to visit, and getting in is up to the discretion of the sysop.

In other geek sites, Proxys 4 All is a site that keeps a large list of proxies that are accessible to the public. Proxies are useful when you want to visit sites anonymously or when your provider is slow. If you're interested, the best thing to do is to visit the Proxys4All site at <http://proxys4all.cgi.net/> and read all about what they are and how to use them.

A couple of more un-punk sites, and we'll move on to punk rock! Rock 'n Records bills itself as "the meeting point for Record Collectors". Not oriented specifically towards punk, but if you are looking for some rare punk rock, this may be just as good of a place to start as any. You'll find Rock 'n Records at <http://www.rock.x.se/>

Another record collector site is Conniption. Based in Australia, conniption has a big list of records, CDs, posters, and more available, as well as a list of stuff they are looking for. Conniption is at <http://conniption.findhere.com/>.

A relatively new site that looks like they've got their shit together, and definitely has a cool idea, is Search and Destroy, a "search engine for punk-fuckin'-rock'n'roll related sites". Not a ton of items indexed yet, but if you have a web-site that deals with punk rock, you should visit <http://www.trashsurfin.de/> and get your stuff indexed. Try it out.

Next up is Mad Butcher records. This German label has a site with info on all of their bands, as well as chat, a bunch of free MP3 files and anti-fascist flyers. Some of it is in German, but even if you don't know the language, it is worth a visit to <http://www.pader-online.de/madbutcher/>.

For those of you with the equipment and net connection to listen to MP3 files, I found a pretty good eclectic / punk "radio" show called Atomjackers. In fact, I'm listening to it as I write this column. Featuring music from punk and indie acts, in the last half hour I've heard Locust, Deadbolt, The Misfits, Guitar Wolf, No Knife, Johnny Cash, and more. You'll need winamp (<http://www.winamp.com>) or macamp (<http://www.macamp.org>) to listen. Visit the web page at <http://fuerza.tzo.com/atomjackers/> for more information.

Juvenile Delinquents Lifestyle Photographs is an Italian online photozine. The site features nothing but photos. Live band shots, skateboarding photographs, some artsy photos. Not a ton of stuff here, but there are some interesting images. Give it a visit at <http://www.geocities.com/SoHo/Bistro/6079/>.

One other Italian site to finish off this month. The Turturos are an Italian band whose web page is well thought out and easy to navigate. There are two copies of the pages, one in Italian and the other in English. The pages include MP3 files, lyrics, photos of the band, and a link page, as well as a guestbook and "quiz of the month". Visit their site at <http://listen.to/turturos>.

Okay, so that's it for this time around. Visit the netpunk columns at <http://www.diehippie.com/netpunk> or send me e-mail with your comments and web-sites for review to netpunk@diehippie.com. And, of course, you can write me, or send me your CD-plus to check out at PO Box 8059; Santa Cruz CA 95061.



I've spent a few months talking about politics and such so now lets get back to what sells fanzines, music.

Before I talk about Grindcore I'd like to clear the air with some terms. To someone who doesn't listen to fast aggressive hardcore, especially the metal influenced stuff, there can be a confusing array of nomenclature. Here are some terms and examples to keep everyone straight.

Crossover-Cryptic Slaughter, early Final Conflict, DRI second LP on, Corrosion of Conformity second LP on, Later Dr. Know.

Grindcore-Napalm Death, Terrorizer, Assuck, Agothocles, early Carcass.

Death Metal-Death, Entombed, Morbid Angel, mid period Sepultura, Master, Pestilence, Malevolent Creation

Black Metal-Bathory, Celtic Frost, Venom and their imitators

Speed Metal-Possessed, Death Angel, Whiplash

Thrash Metal-mid period Slayer, early Metallica, Exodus

(Note it could be argued that Speed Metal and Thrash metal are really the same thing)

Metal-Judas Priest, mid period Metallica,

Crust-Hellbastard, Deviated Instinct

Crusty Hardcore-Extreme Noise Terror, Doom, Disrupt, Destroy

Thrash-Early DRI, Mob 47,

Power Violence-Crossed Out, Despise

You This month we'll talk about the golden age of Grindcore. Where did grindcore begin? I would place the roots of Grindcore in the fast hardcore of the early 80's (especially Siege, DRI and classic Japanese hardcore bands like Gism, Gauze and Lip Cream) and the hardcore influenced speed-metal, death metal and crossover of the same period.

To me the first and certainly one of the best Grindcore albums is Repulsion's Horridified. This didn't come out on vinyl until the early 90's. However, the influence of this band's demo was clearly present in the several of the classic Grindcore recordings. Repulsion were incredibly fast metal-core for 1985 from some hick town in the South too I believe. Who knows where they drew their influences or what ever happened to them. Totally brutal death and gore oriented metal-core which really pioneered the genre.

To truly understand Grindcore you don't really need the Repulsion LP although it would be nice. You will need the follow-

ing albums, Terrorizer-World Downfall, Napalm Death-Scum, From Enslavement to Obliteration, Mentally Murdered and Assuck-Anticapital.

Napalm Death was one of the greatest, most brutal and intense bands ever. They started in the early 80's as sort of a peace punk band in the Crass/Conflict tradition but soon became more aggressive and metal/gore influenced. The pool of talent which produced the first three Napalm Death records was to really forge the path for grinding fast music for years to come. I remember buying the Napalm Death Scum LP when it was new in '87. Fuck, that album just blew me away, totally insane speed and fury. Remember at this time DRI's Dirty Rotten LP was the world's fastest most intense record. Scum took that fury to the next level. While certainly metal influenced Napalm Death was really coming from the Hardcore scene and hence I would rate them as the all time kings of Grindcore. Scum was an instant cult favorite among punk and metal kids during the late 80's. With 28 songs it was six up on DRI and so insanely brutal. Siege of Power and Instinct of Survival are monuments of grinding mayhem. Napalm Death really brought the gruff vocal style into common use as well as the crazy shout vocals. If you listen closely to early Napalm Death material you can pick up on the influences from early 80's US Hardcore bands and classic Japanese Hardcore as well, not to mention contemporary English Hardcore like Concrete Sox, Heresy and Ripchord. Still Napalm Death took it into a totally new realm of brutality. Their second album, From Enslavement to Obliteration is brutal but more of a wall of noise assault. I feel that, while brutal and aggressive, it lacked the hooks and drive of Scum. It wasn't time to throw in the towel yet though because in 1989 they released the Mentally Murdered 12". While this is more polished and produced and has more of a Death Metal feel than say Scum, it is a total holocaust head eruption of GRIND POWER. For a four song 12" this record packs more of a whallop than most band's entire careers. Now Napalm Death continued for a long time after these recordings, in fact they may still be around the metal scene yet. But the early recordings are the most essential, and brutal. After Mentally Murdered the line-up changed several times and the members each started to pursue solo projects of varying merit, thus diluting the core of the grind. Before we take leave of Napalm Death though, there is one more essential piece of Napalm Vinyl. The 1987 Peel Sessions recordings are absolute genius. These have appeared a few different times on vinyl and CD, worth tracking down is the "Double Peel Sessions" vinyl or CD. This is a really raw and ferocious document of one of the most of brutal bands ever. The "live in the studio" feel of the Peel Sessions recordings gives you a real feeling of brutal intensity, you can tell they were really amped in the

Columns

studio and playing balls out, more like a live gig than a typical studio session. An important thing to remember is that although Napalm Death was a pioneering Grind band, they had roots in the Hardcore scene and their lyrics were political and very critical of the system and the establishment. As the cult of Grind grew lots of bands entered the scene from the Death Metal direction bringing with them more of a gore/evil lyrical approach. As the music started to sound more and more alike it tended to be the lyrics which made a difference in conveying the level of conviction and emotion behind the music. The intensity of the music attracted many of the same commercial interests that had recently cashed in on Cross Over and the DIY/Punk nature of the scene was soon haunted the spectre of commercialism and mainstream metal attitudes.

Definitely coming from the Death Metal angle but with pretty political lyrics was Terrorizer. Really a project band with members of Morbid Angel, Nausea (L.A.) and future Napalm Death guitarist Jesse Pintado. Terrorizer was above and beyond just about every band of the era when it came to musicianship and production. World Downfall stands as the perfect example of a Grindcore record. Gruff vocals, fast guitar, whirlwind drumming (blast beats) a total manic assault. However perfect this album may be I find its edges a little too smooth and polished. It lacks the raw and visceral intensity of Napalm Death's early work. Still this album is a masterpiece and belongs in your collection.

After Napalm Death and Terrorizer the must own classic Grindcore album of all time is definitely Assuck's Anticapital. Assuck had already released the Necro-Salvation 7" and the split 7" with OLD when Anticapital came out but the LP really blew the earlier work away. In fact it blows away every other Grindcore record ever made except those by Napalm and Terrorizer with whom it stands as a monument to brutal Grind. Assuck managed to combine the anger, fury and social commentary of a punk band with the musicianship and production quality of a Death Metal band the result was a total assault of manic Grind power. This album rages from hyper speed to excruciating tense slow mosh parts back to whirlwind blasts. Most impressive is that at this time (90-91) Assuck was a three piece with NO BASS PLAYER just guitar and drums. This is and insanely heavy record to have no bass on it. Insanely heavy. It still blows my mind today. I still love Assuck today but this album was a triumph that cannot be equaled kind of like Reign in Blood for thrash metal.

You could stop there, but if your thirst for classic grind continues you need the following.

Carcass-Reek of Putrefaction. Bill Steer of Napalm Death's side project (at first) really blazing fast grind and totally sick lyrics. By far the sickest cover of its day. This

band really brought the gore/decay influence to fore in Grind. Carcass-Peel Sessions, more of the early brutality captured raw and energetic but in a top notch studio. Carcass-Symphonies of Sickness-Not quite as great as the first LP but really heavy and evil. Carcass went really downhill after Symphonies, last time I saw them they sounded like Pink Floyd.

Agothocles-This Belgian band holds the title for all time masters of output. Around since 1987 Agothocles has put out so many split 7"s you need to add an annex to your record room to hold them. Styling themselves as "Mince-Core" Agothocles has always been more of an underground and DIY Grind band as opposed to the more commercial stuff on Earache etc.

Bolt Thrower-In Battle there is no law. I guess this is really a Death Metal album but it is so dangerously close to grind it deserves mention in the same breath as early Napalm and Terrorizer. I'd have to classify all Bolt Thrower's other material as Death Metal but this LP (and the Peel Sessions) has enough raw fury to register as a Grindcore offering to my ears.

Master-Again really a Death Metal record but with some really brutal grind elements and certainly a cult influence similar to Repulsion on later Grind bands.

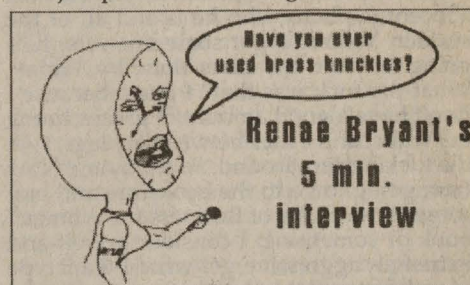
Righteous Pigs, Defecation, Unseen Terror-All projects or percussors of Napalm Death members. Defecation is the only one which really stands on its own as a Grindcore Classic, and then only in the second string, still a brutal and intense record.

Sore Throat-Unhindered by Talent-I think Sore Throat is more of a crusty hardcore band than a Grind band, but they must be mentioned for their importance at the time. Musically Sore Throat didn't really stand the test of time, really to me they are more of a novelty after ten years. However, they offered a great deal of biting commentary on the commercialization of grind music as was happening. This is especially summed up in the second LP Disgrace to the Corpse of Sid. Since Grindcore was spawned from the Hardcore Punk scene but was largely taken over by the commercial Death Metal scene it lost much of its social commentary and most of its DIY attitude very quickly (except for bands like Agothocles who sat out the commercial hype and stayed underground). Sore Throat was really funny, but also lampooned the state of the scene in a thought provoking manner. Still I think their music is closer to Crusty Hardcore than true Grindcore.

Probably the last of the truly great Grindcore Classics was Brutal Truth's Extreme Conditions Demand Extreme Responses. This is really furious balls to the wall grind. I think it has a really strong early Napalm Death influence but the level of musicianship was really up there enough to push it over the top to stand on its own as a classic. Brutal Truth's later stuff gets a lot more experimental and I feel it lacks the

knockout punch of their first LP. We played with Brutal Truth not long ago and they still rip it up live.

By 1990-91 the market was totally flooded with Grind and Death Metal bands most of which came from the Metal angle and really dragged the style into a morass of repetition. By 1991 all the classics were established and newcomers could only imitate. The result was by the number formula gore bands some of whom got really popular but most of whom I can't even remember. As with any artistic or musical movement the most profligate years are the earliest when the floodgates first open. Is it not the pioneer and the visionary who is pushed to the fore in the heroic era of any medium. Yet these are soon drowned out and forgotten as the multitudes stampede to cash in and jump on the bandwagon.



Well, I've reached off-track time and let me say that things are still stressful. I wait three months to get a one month vacation and somehow I'm more stressed than I was when I was teaching. Ever since I had my heart broken I've decided to put all my energy into achieving my goals, every single one of them! (You see, I've discovered the element of distraction and chaos in my life. No, it's not the approaching millennium, debt, band, label, teaching, etc. It has been men. I can honestly trace all the chaos I have suffered to romantic liaisons with men, from my guest appearance on Judge Judy to my being stranded at someone's mommies' house in Placerville for twelve hours. So, I am no longer in search of the perfect dick. I am now celibate, which brings me back to my original point.) So, now I am accomplishing a lot for the band, zine, label and personal goals.

I'm beginning to realize that doing a label makes me a business woman, whether I like it or not. I never wanted to be a "business woman." I've booked shows dealt with promoters, etc. but none of that ever qualified me as a "business woman." I have read at least five times a comment that asserts, "When a man is being aggressive, he is considered a 'go-getter.' When a woman is being aggressive she is considered to be a bitch." Being a teacher and a dominatrix, I'm in a hen house at all times. The prior statement never really applied. But today, my friends, I finally found out what all the fuss is about. You see, I went to US Media disc to have my cd's manufactured on 8/3/99. On that day I was told that there would

be a ten day turn around. Well, today is 9/7/99 and I still do not have my product. We leave on tour in three days and I do not have the product yet. So, needless to say I'm freaking out. For two weeks I have called Vincent. For two weeks I am promised that the discs will be done. Now three days before we leave I'm told, "There's no guarantee the discs will be done." What the fuck is this? This is bad business, right? So, I express as much. A weak apology is all I got. I'm like, "Hey, buddy, we're not Aerosmith here, we need product for the road!" He didn't give a fuck and actually laughed and said, "This is really unfortunate."

So, I called back, he won't take my calls. I asked for a "boss." Then I'm told I can only deal with my "rep." I'm pissed now so I call my friend who owns three Harley dealerships. I explain the situation to him. He calls Vincent explains who he is and all of the sudden Vincent's got some answers, he's going to have the discs done by Friday. What the fuck was that? I guess because I don't have a good amount of greens lining my wallet and a dick between my legs, I get the fucking run-around. So annoying! Now I am going to go to the bookstore and buy some "Art of War of Business for Women" book or something. I consider myself and extremely aggressive, get-what-I-want type of girl, but now I know that's not enough.

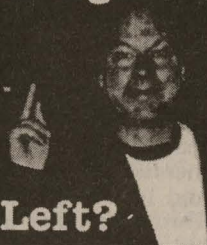
Now some of you might say, "Oh, Renae, don't get your panties in such a wad, this happens to everybody in the music industry." I admit there are a lot of flakes in the industry but I can't help but think that the lack of women owning and running labels might make a difference. Just a thought. That is just another reason for women to build stronger alliances within the scene to help each other out. Support girl-friendly businesses/girlcott those that don't know how to treat female business owners. Okay, enough of that whining. No, I don't want any cheese. No, my pussy doesn't hurt.

So, after that little bitch session, I thought I would dedicate my November column to things that we all can be thankful for. This is very Mary Poppins-esque, but sometimes (as you can tell from the beginning of this column) it is easy to get caught up in the negative. So, I thought of some simple things we can all be thankful for: air, sun, earth, water, toilet paper, toilets, men that like to be beat, deodorant, answering machines, condoms (birth control), toothpaste, bras, vibrators, fruit and vegetables, phones, the sexual revolution, MRR, tampons, tennis shoes, pizza, pillows, chocolate, animals (no they're not delicious), tattoo guns and ink (I like the pain and the pretty designs), Joseph Campbell, pornomags (to masturbate to when your practicing celibacy.....or does that make you non-celibate.....does celibacy mean non-orgasm or non-intercourse.....is self-loving allowed?), electricity, batteries, good friends, good memories, the camera, good music,

quasi-freedom, Nikki Giovanni, Ms. Magazine, showers, a roof over your head, calendars, vitamins, you fill in the blank.

Maybe next month, when I have returned from our tour, I will return to the 5 minute format. In the mean time thanks for your patience. You can always send your comments and criticisms to: PO Box 251 Norco CA 91760-0251 or webmistress @ontherag.net (the correct email address now).

"Lefty" Hooligan



What's Left?

The world seems to be going toward chaos, armed gangs, breakdown of central governments, a breakdown of 'law and order.' Burroughs sent me an article from Harper's that painted a picture of emerging chaos in the big countries while little countries were dissolving into armed gangs themselves.

"Spontaneous Intelligence," interview with Allen Ginsberg

Tricycle, The Buddhist Review, Fall 1995

If the industrial revolution gave us longer life expectancies and unprecedented material wealth while at the same time creating a global graveyard, are we so naive as to believe that the digital revolution won't deliver a similar yin and yang?

"Technofascism" by Michael S. Malone
Upside, August 1998

I've talked about the evils of work and capitalism in the present tense. I've also painted a rather utopian picture of the abolition of work under socialism. Unlike Marx, I'm not at all certain that the latter necessarily follows the former. When Rosa Luxemburg looked into the future after the collapse of the Second International and social democracy, she saw matters as a choice between "socialism or barbarism." Those remain our options today.

There is much talk these days that capitalism is in the process of truly globalizing for the first time, what with the collapse of "socialism" in eastern Europe and the Soviet Union and the marketization of the remaining "real existing socialist" regimes. Check the current non-fiction arrivals at your appropriate megabookstore for the flurry of books for and against this "globalization of capitalism." I have little to add to the debate other than to note that capitalist globalization is occurring simultaneously with the "chaos, armed gangs, breakdown of central governments" and disintegration of nation-states sketched by Ginsberg and the "digital revolution" mentioned by Malone.

Coincidence? Hardly. This is the new

barbarism.

This, of course, is also the stuff of cyberpunk. The triad—social breakdown, global capitalism, digital revolution—was central to the futures created by William Gibson in his *Neuromancer* series and Bruce Sterling in *Islands in the Net*. So what can we make of a potential world with a few privileged, extremely wealthy, digitally wired enclaves surrounded by a planet seething with social chaos, battling microstates, militarized gangs and permanent war other than quick cyberpunk pulp fiction or the excuse for yet another cheap Marxist screed?

Capitalism needed the nation-state and national economy for its development during a certain period of history. Now it doesn't. What is emerging is not so much technofascism as it is technofeudalism however. Thomas Pynchon remarks somewhere in *Gravity's Rainbow* that Europe immediately after the second World War was much like early feudal Europe after the fall of Rome to barbarian invaders. Both were periods of interregnum, with little determined and much up-in-the-air. Things were in flux and thus volatile. Numerous social forces were at play, making possible many potential futures. Can the technofeudalism of globalizing capitalism actually have an upside?

The Middle Ages were a bloody hell of serfdom, war and inquisition, yet a couple of folks have discovered a few redeeming features in those dark ages. In *Mutual Aid*, Petr Kropotkin extols the communal institutions and relative freedoms of the Medieval free cities, while downplaying the role these cities played in developing a commercial proto-capitalism within European feudalism. Murray Bookchin points out the numerous Medieval peasant uprisings and religious utopias bent on realizing a communistic paradise of leisure and abundance in *The Ecology of Freedom*, among other works. Thus a few libertarian glimmers penetrated the gloom of the Middle Ages.

As I said two columns ago, I don't believe we're likely to see a genuine working class revolution in our lifetimes. That's the "I" behind "Lefty" Hooligan speaking. A technofeudal global capitalism is much more likely than world communist revolution *a la* hooligan. Can global capitalism's technofeudalism give rise to some liberatory countercurrents despite all its horrors?

Or perhaps I'm just being the eternal optimist. "Lefty" sees a workers revolution right around the corner and while I, the writer behind the pseudonym, can discount Hooligan's utopianism, I still attempt to find the silver lining behind the inevitable capitalist storm clouds so obviously massing on the horizon. What this isn't is some addendum to my just completed, five-part series on work and capitalism. If anything, it's part of my fascination with what might be called "interstitial entities." I'm interested in rogue organizations, powers, societies, and countries existing at the interstices

columns

of some wider established social, economic and political structure, and this is a common theme in my fiction. In writing five long, meandering, post-Marxist essays on work and capitalism, I have realized how much of "Lefty" Hooligan's ultraleftism is not truly me.

Of course, I've always known that the moniker in this column's header was only a *nom de plume*, with more than a touch of *nom de guerre* to its function. Its helped me to purify a certain consistent combative strain in my political thinking, with all the advantages and problems associated with taking a line of thought to its logical conclusions. It can even take on a life of its own; a character with predictable responses and points-of-view. My actions, interests and ideas are generally much broader, more eclectic and better grounded than "Lefty" Hooligan's frequently faultless yet ephemeral cotton candy theorizing however.

In *The Common Good*, Noam Chomsky writes:

When you eliminate the one institutional structure in which people can participate to some extent—namely the government—you're simply handing over power to unaccountable private tyrannies that are much worse. So you have to make use of the state, all the time recognizing that you ultimately want to eliminate it.

Some of the rural workers in Brazil have an interesting slogan. They say their immediate task is "expanding the floor of the cage." They understand that they're trapped inside a cage, but realize that protecting it when it's under attack from even worse predators on the outside, and extending the limits of what the cage will allow, are both essential preliminaries to dismantling it. If they attack the cage directly when they're so vulnerable, they'll get murdered.

I agree with the spirit of this quote, whereas "Lefty" would denounce it as reformist and diversionary.

I'm not "Lefty" Hooligan, and another thing that confirms this is the final preparations I'm making to send off my second novel to my editor for a professional, paid critique. Hooligan wouldn't approve of some of the book's themes, least of all the fact that I substitute race war for class war. Mykel Board called it a left-wing *Turner Diaries* from my description.

It's a large amount of my time and energy, not to mention a couple of years of my life finally going on to a higher, more critical stage of creative development. I'm jazzed, but I'll miss working on the book at the same time. After I send the manuscript to the editor, I have a month, month and a half to find a job. The unemployment's about to run out, the savings will be running low, so it's time to face up to the dismal reality of returning to wageslavery. "Lefty" has made it clear time and again that unemployment insurance was a New Deal reform intended to save American capitalism from social revolution. Personally, I loved every minute of being unemployed.

Instead of an unrealistic "Lefty" Hoo-

ligan preaching pie-in-the-sky social revolution, I'm trying to find more practical ways to counter global capitalism's impending technofeudalism. With the triumph of socialism by no means guaranteed, and with capitalism far from being on its last legs, Hooligan's extremism can be tiring, if not an invitation to isolation or burnout. The idea is to hunker down while retaining one's radicalism; to prepare for the long haul while preserving one's socialist ideals.

Actually, I lived through another lull in US Leftist activism. Between 1972 and 1975 the Vietnam War wound down and Richard Nixon resigned rather than be impeached. Mass Leftist organizations collapsed as membership plummeted and activism evaporated. The mid-70's were absolutely dismal politically, relieved only by the birth of punk. Punk turned to hardcore anarchism in the early '80's which, with the anti-nuclear and anti-apartheid movements, contributed to a mild revival of political activism. The collapse of Soviet "socialism" between 1989 and 1991 took the wind out of this modest Leftist reanimation, and the disintegration of any progressive alternative reached an all-time low in America by the mid-90's as a consequence.

Were I 30 years older I'd know another peak and lull in the Left, through the labor and social organizing of the '30's and '40's and the virulent anti-Communism of the '50's. Before that was the IWW era from 1905 through 1919 and the Palmer Red Scare, though this is not an endorsement of any cyclical theory of Leftist activism. My prediction of liberatory possibilities in the coming age of global capitalist technofeudalism is not based on some magical political periodicity. Put simply, chaos breeds opportunity.

Not to say I'm looking forward to the brutalities of the New World Order. I wish I could stop the march of capitalist barbarism with a hooligan revolution. Since I can't overthrow capitalism any more than I can stop being left of the Left, I gotta do this awkward balancing act. Writing a stridently ultraleft column while practicing a more open, ecumenical politics. "Lefty" Hooligan still serves a purpose and makes a point, but more and more the pseudonym is wearing thin. More and more I have to interrupt this column to tell you my opinion as well as Hooligan's. The name still expresses an uncompromising mood and the column still has enough attitude, so I'll keep it around for a while longer. When it finally becomes threadbare, I'll toss it.

Fabricating another pen name wouldn't be difficult. I got my punk name under "zine shitworkers" from the 'zine I once published, *San Diego's Daily Impulse*, which I did under the pseudonym Sammy Blue. The Library of Congress considers the use of my real initials with my real last name on my fiction books to be a pseudonym, for copyright purposes. I have a book review from a classical anarchist perspective in *Hit*

List #4 under the name Nick Homicides. And I've often quipped that I hope the FBI has a few extra files on political subversives thanks to taking seriously two or three of my myriad past pseudonyms.

Any new writing name would not automatically recapitulate Hooligan's point-of-view though. I could pen a column from a number of perspectives—liberal, democratic socialist, anarchist, even libertarian—and still remain true to some inclination in my politics. What's more, I could present a conservative, fascist, social democratic, even leninist viewpoint so effectively the deception would easily pass as genuine.

A word of warning to those who think they've got me pegged.

As for the coming dark ages, there's an argument to be made that the present confluence of globalizing capitalism, collapsing social and political structures, and a ubiquitous digital transformation of technologies has made all previous Leftist theory and practice obsolete. I tend to agree with this analysis. The fall of Soviet "socialism," as well as the decimation of most other Leftist tendencies, actually did the Left a favor in sweeping away the most egregious distortions and detours masquerading as radical forms of social change.

Some folks have correctly responded to this historic juncture by calling on the Left to critically reexamine past ideas and actions, discard most as clearly bankrupt, and glean what little of value remains as part of the creation of a socialist movement capable of fighting global capitalism's imminent technofeudalism. *Class War* disbanded its federation a couple of years back with this kind of reappraisal and regroupment firmly in mind. Unfortunately, much of the Left remains committed to failed strategies and ideologies. Social democratic parties have been voted into power across Europe over the past few years, and Leninism has not lost its appeal for guerrilla movements in the Third World. Like the abused child who grows up to become an abusive parent, like the welfare child who winds up raising a family on the dole, the Left seems locked into a vicious cycle of deformation and defeat.

"Lefty" Hooligan's merciless critique of the rest of the Left would seem to be in line with the present need to winnow the wheat from the chaff. Next column anarchism is targeted for a scathing analysis in response to a letter from Anthony Walent. Needless to say, anarchism proves no less outmoded than those twin dinosaurs Leninism and social democracy. Yet Hooligan pushes a line that is rarely less rigid or problematic or out-of-date. The anti-statist council communism preached in these pages remains a necessary element in any debate to create a revolutionary negation of globalizing capitalism's technofeudalism, but in and of itself it's not sufficient to halt let alone reverse the march of this new barbarism.

C O L U M N S

Not to worry, I'll step down from this lofty overview and return to my usual Hooligan crankiness in time to rip anarchism a new asshole next issue.

...ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS...

CRASSHOLE ALERT... Crass was the band most responsible for carving out an anarcho-punk tendency in punk rock's boundless nihilism. AK Press (see address below) has recently published a trilogy of Crass related material for those obsessed with the subject, beginning with *Crass Art and Other Pre-Postmodernist Monsters* (\$24.95), truly an alternative coffee table book. The drummer and lyricist for Crass, JJ Ratter/Penny Rimbaud provides an autobiography in *Shibboleth*, and some purple prose in *The Diamond Signature/The Death of Imagination* (\$10.95 each).

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... I can be contacted at hooligan@sirius.com. My book, *End Time*, can be purchased from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for \$10. Keep sending me your newsworthy items and interesting news clippings c/o MRR.



NEW GLORY

A great CD released on Bronze Fist this month, the brilliant six-band compilation called - "Lightning Thunder Bolt - Six Skinheads Band's Compilation". This fucker kicks ever loving ass! Starting the melee is YOUTH OF SKIN HEADS doing the rough and tough "Short Length". This is a great song with sing-along-parts for the whole band. Keep an eye peeled for YOUTH OF SKINHEADS! They are going to be heard from again!

Next up is the gruff singing of SKINHEADS OF RIGHT doing the course and ragged "Life Alive". Great! The brutal power of SKINHEADS OF RIGHT comes smashing out at you! The ferocious vocals of this band will hammer you into submission! SKINHEADS OF RIGHT take no prisoners - this is extreme skinhead force!

The third band on this excellent compilation is UNITED '97 who sing a melodic punk/skin song "In the City". This song is sung in English. Some of the lyrics are: "I had always escaped when I met difficult problems./It was easy for me to give up, to give in./This is limitations of my life./Don't give up./No limitations./Get up and live./Rush and Dash./I was born in this city./Now I'm living in the city./Now I can say what I should say./I can play what I want

to./I'm sometimes hated but I don't mind./I love me!/I hate you!/No escape./Go your own way, get up and live./Rush and Dash." UNITED '97 are melodic punk with some influences from the likes of SHAM 69 and other English music.

Next up you have STRONG CROWD with a fast oi! number called "Right Way". This has the good deep singing reminiscent of BAD VULTURES. This is very strong oi! with good lead guitar and superior singing. When STRONG CROWD sing "Right Way" you know full well that you have had the hard Japanese oi! boot applied to your head!

After STRONG CROWD you receive THE CHAMPION with concentration on the punker aspects of oi! more akin to BLITZ or MENACE. Give a listen to "First of All". The good guitar playing is there with fine vocals - there are lots of hooks!

The sixth band on the "Lightning Thunder Bolt Skinhead Compilation" is called FINAL YOUTH with the rowdy street punk song called "Fight Anything". The dramatic vocals hold your attention throughout the barrage of guitars and drums. Good shit! You must get "Six Skinheads Band's Compilation".

Yes! Japan's fucking amazing skinhead band CRIKEY CREW shares a split EP this month with NO-SIDE on Bronze-Fist Records. This kick-ass EP starts off with CRIKEY CREW doing "New Glory". Fuck yes! This hard oi song comes crunching out of your speakers with brutal metallic guitar attack and deep vocals complete with harmonies. This band holds more power in this one song than a dozen generic oi!-punk bands. The CRIKEY CREW lower the boom on your hapless little head! Fucking tough!

Side Two of this "The Reason To Rock" tour EP is three songs by NO SIDE recorded live in August of 1998. The sound quality is somewhat muddy but you can get the idea of the power in the band's performance.

A scorching bit of punk-rock comes smoldering out of Nara, Japan in the form of THE BLAST. This shit has a raw punk 'n' oi! power that will stand up your spikey hair! Fucking super-bad guitars with excellent harmonies! A Japanese version of young DROPKICKMURPHYS! Very cool! In "Now and Here" THE BLAST sing: "Knocked down, there you screamed/Knocked down, let's climb up get true tough!/Now and here-be proud of what you are./Now and here-be proud of your dreams./Now and here-be proud of surviving/Now and here-be proud of fighting spirit./Never forget fighting spirit!" Great record!

Knockout Records has a good split LP for your punks and skins! It's the BRASSKNUCKLES/ DIE PUNKROIBER split. DIE PUNKROIBER start off the oi festivities. You may remember the fine DIE PUNKROIBER 7" called "Dirty Dancing". This LP continues that theme. The music is fast and spirited with good sing-along harmonies, refined lead singing, and first-rate guitars

and drums. The band plays all-around competent oi!/street punk with a bit of a pub-rock feel to it.

Some of DIE PUNKROIBER lyrics in "Poor and Proud" are: "Do you see the skins/Running down the street/Violence in their minds, boots on their feet./Running down the streets with punks unite/Never again friends will fight/The political time has gone./No politician says what's right or wrong./We smash discos all over town./We are friends and we never walk alone./My boots, my friends, I believe in./I'm poor, I'm proud, I'm a skin."

Turn this beauty over and pick up the pace a notch with BRASSKNUCKLES starting off with "Punkermob and Glatzenmente". This side plows through fast punk/oi! songs like "Spirit", "Scum", "Kneipentour" and "Franken". Good shit!

Knockout has a new LP by the Italian anti-racist Oi! veterans KLASSE KRIMINALE. This excellent LP follows on the heels of the top-quality Vulture Rock release of KLASSE KRIMINALE's older material. The new LP is entitled "I Ragazzi Sono Innocenti" and it's quite good! It's refreshing to have an esteemed Oi! band like KLASSE KRIMINALE still releasing first rate product! This band has an impeccable resume and is well respected by skins and punks throughout the world. Besides all the great songs, "I Ragazzi Sono Innocenti" features a handsome back cover cartoon by the famous skinhead artist ALTEAU, which he calls "Crophead Comics". It contains a good message: "For everything, for every fault, it's our fault/Accusations, accusations, they point their fingers and accuse./They don't like what they have created./They judge what they don't understand./Bloody hands, violence around us./Kids against kids without asking why./They have told us to do it/The day after they accuse us./All the kids are innocent!/Right and Left are the same thing./They know how to use you./You say kids are your future, but you give no chance./You judge us but you don't speak with us./You don't want to tell us the truth./You don't care about us/You only care about yourselves."

A very good record with very good politics. As KLASSE KRIMINALE are wont to say: "Love Music, Hate Racism". Have a look at the photograph inside on the lyric sheet with KLASSE KRIMINALE playing the Second Belgian Oi! Festival - "Pride Without Prejudice" in 1993. This band has their heads screwed on right and always has! Long live KLASSE KRIMINALE!

The third LP available on Knockout Records this month is by the English punk/skin veterans RED LONDON. This newest effort is called "Once Upon a Generation" and it has Kid Stoker, Gaz Stoker, and Patty Smith performing a handful of melodic, well-crafted songs that reveal RED LONDON in a reflective mood. The acoustic parts might wear thin for some skinheads but on songs like "Once Upon A Genera-

columns

tion", "The Truth Never Dies" and "Now It's Over", the band indicates that it has mellowed like a good whiskey with age and the result is a beautifully honed "elder statesmen" skinhead sound.

CHARGE 69 from France has a killer Knockout EP available called "Region Sacrifice". You probably know some of the CHARGE 69 material from the Combat Rock releases last year. Very good punk rock! This EP starts out with a bang with the song "Casse Toi!". Great! Then CHARGE 69 play "Region Sacrifice". Yes! On the "B" side you get "Heritage" and their anthem "Charge 69". Very strong! If you haven't been exposed to CHARGE 69 yet then get off your ass and buy the fucking record!

Knockout Records has licensed the SHOCKTROOPS "Fun and Fury" LP from Combat Rock Records in France. This fucker has 15 really good sing-along street punk songs that will have you skating across the pub floor spilling beer all over the fuckin' place. There's good male/female harmonies with the respective singers each taking their turn. Listen to "Not Me", "No Friend of Mine", "Outraged" and "There's No Retreat". There's an excellent cover of COCK SPARRER's "We're Coming Back". Get this record!

Knockout has a dandy little split 10" record available for you bastards. This bit of the punk is performed by Belgium's veteran punkers FUNERAL DRESS and BANNER OF HOPE. The old-school shit just pours out of the seasoned punk rockers FUNERAL DRESS with good songs like "Confusion" and "Lady Di's After Party". FUNERAL DRESS have a great UK SUBS sound. BANNER OF HOPE has a frisky BLANKS 77 sound with an accomplished female vocalist.

Also available right now on Knockout is an EP by the Swedish band BOMBSHELL ROCKS called "The Will The Message". This band has a good sound like early SWINGIN' UTERS or Florida's BELTONES. The title cut "The Will The Message" is taken from the full length album by BOMBSHELL ROCKS "Street Art Gallery" on Sidekicks Records. The band has a lighthearted spirit to their punk and sing their melodic songs with feeling. Look for BOMBSHELL ROCKS on tour with the DROPKICK MURPHYS this fall.

Germany's punk band DISTRICT has released a CD of songs culled from the 1995 to 1997 era. The CD is called "My Dad Is A Punk". This is good natured punk-rock with driving beats and a solid up-tempo feel to it. The music has melodic underpinning without venturing too close to boring pop. Contact Dirty Faces Label, Universitat Str 16-11789, Bochum, Germany.

You can get all the 1980 through 1982 songs from the very good German punk band DAILY TERROR all on one 10" from Dirty Faces Records. This slab o' wax includes "Poppervarklopper" and "Bundesweher" from 1980, "No Fun Is No

Fun" and PSUEDO PUNX from 1982 and more. This band was a pretty rockin' German punk outfit. You should check out this historical perspective. Included is a nice pamphlet in German detailing the band's legacy.

Oink Records has the triple threat coming down on you fucks! There are three new Oink releases.

Number one in the line up is the SUBWAY THUGS with their great picture-disk. This beautiful slab starts out with "Bastards", which goes like this: "You never tell the truth./You're making up lies./You don't want to understand us./You just want your story done."

Next the SUBWAY THUGS slam into "Our Night" which celebrates the band's kinship and healthy drinking habits. Flip this colorful record over and you have "Cheers To You" remembering friends, and good times shared together. The grand finale is the song "Betrayed" with its poignant lyrics: "He is just a young boy at the age of 17/He's been in and out of home and in care/He's turned sour at society/No one wants to understand/He's got a cold stare not very kind/Not many options he turned to crime/Broken ribs, cracked up smile reality/Built up aggression, stay away/He's only 17/He's been fucked around by the bloody best/He's been turned around." Very strong shit!

If you didn't catch SUBWAY THUGS at the oil fest in Arizona be sure to see them when they come to your town. For SUBWAY THUGS product write to : #606-233 Abbott St., Vancouver BC V6B2K7 Canada. www.streetpunk.net/st.

The second oink records product you must investigate is the full length CD by Canada's POSERS. This is the first rate punk with oil influences. The guitars are fast with streetpunk foundations. The vocals are in your face with lots of punk attitude. The POSERS have been getting punker with every release. The punk anthems here have the proper testicles attached! This raw punk-rock is not for the mild little college punks!

Item number three from oink is the full length from the PILLAGE PEOPLE. This is punk-rock with the emphasis on PUNK. The PILLAGE PEOPLE have done their homework and listened to the proper hardcore punk records. When we talk about "hardcore" here, we are referring to BLACK FLAG, CIRCLE JERKS, FEAR and REAGAN YOUTH type of hardcore punk- not that crappy straightedge bilge that some idiots try to pass off as hardcore these days. Write to Oink Records at PO Box 27813, Washington, DC 20038-7813. Make sure you order the first SUBWAY THUGS 7", THE POSERS "Worse Than Nothing" 7", and THE MOLOKO MEN/VIOLENT DRUNKS split 7" as well as the new product.

Hot off the presses is the blistering FLATLINER's "Brickwall Streetpunk-Chaos Youth" EP. This shit comes screaming into your brain courtesy of A.D.D. Records.

The FLATLINERS hail from gorgeous San Antonio, Texas and these punks play for keeps! It's loud, it's fast and it rocks like a motherfucker! If you like the UNSEEN and A GLOBAL THREAT then check out the FLATLINERS - you won't be disappointed!

A.D.D. Records put out a new six song CD by CLIT 45 called "Straight Outta Long Beach". This is leather, bristles and studs punk in the old school style-like THE CASUALTIES. The songs are fast and hard with lyrics about oppression by the authorities. In "We'll Have Our Say". CLIT 45 sings: "You push us apart, you won't let us unite/ You can try to shut us down and push us away/ But it doesn't matter 'cause we'll have our say/ They can try to keep us silent - they don't want to let us play/ But it doesn't matter, 'cause we'll have our say/ The end has come to your tyranny." Punk as fuck! Write to A.D.D. Records at 270 Central St., Hingham, MA 02043.

The BLOODCLOTS from Everett (Seattle), Washington have a full length LP out on Helen of Oi. This is more of that nasty fast screaming, charged spiked hair and pyramid studded jacket that you GBH types like. Every song has the venom that you need for the anger to keep percolating. In the title cut "Clot You to Rot", THE BLOODCLOTS sing: "Have you seen the kids?/ Their dreams are obsolete/ Nowhere left to go/ Nothing left to eat/ Did you see their eyes as they left you?/ Kicking and bleeding/ There's no rules for the youth/ In a future controlled by you/ They sing the revolution song/ And you just pray for your own extinction." This rough-hewn punk material carries on the punk tradition that THE BLOODCLOTS started with their appearance on the "Punks, Skins and Herberts Volume #3" compilation LP on Helen of Oi Records.

Included on the "Clot You to Rot" LP is a cover of THE JESTERS OF CHAOS song "Violent States of America" and "Death and Destruction" originally done by the SKEPTIX. Fans of DEFIANCE and POXY who are not familiar with THE BLOODCLOTS should get with the program. Locate this record!

The Australian hardcore band RUPTURE has a compilation CD available for you fucks. It's called "Righteous Apes" and contains all kind of mean spirited and pissed off songs like "Baser Apes": "Surrounded by enviro-eggheads/ You suckhole around/ paralyzed living the life of the zombieified egghead." In "Righteous Fuck" from 1991, RUPTURE sing: "Moronic preaching on things/ You don't know about/ Dressing up, an insecure costume party of cryptic louts/ Socialization has a grip on you and you don't realize/ We can see through the punk disguise." This is all hard as nails, balls to the wall, rough punk. In the song: "Maximum Rock 'N' Roll is the CIA" RUPTURE offer: "You better watch out subversives/ Who are on MRR's mail list/ Your home will be invaded right now/ Picnics at the Whitehouse/ Let's go see J. Edgar Hoover/ Meanwhile back at PC HQ/ They're planning a

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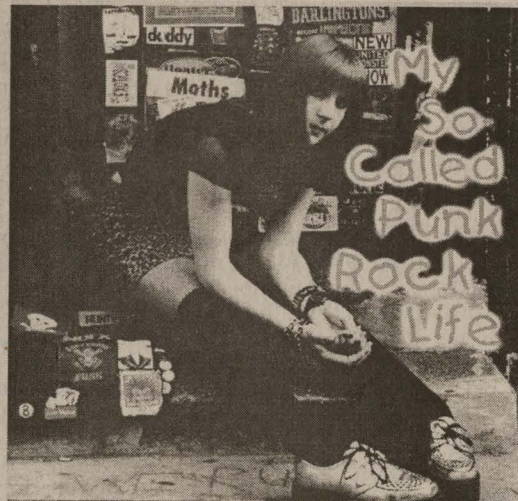
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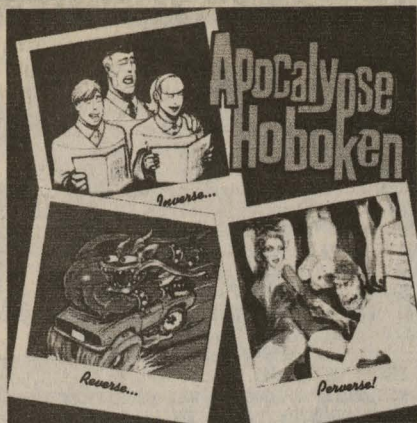
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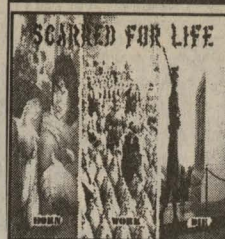
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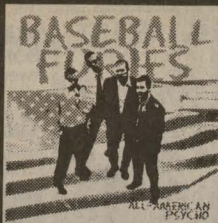


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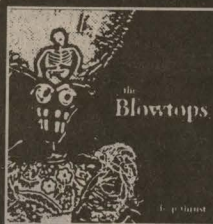
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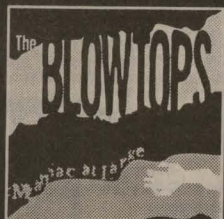
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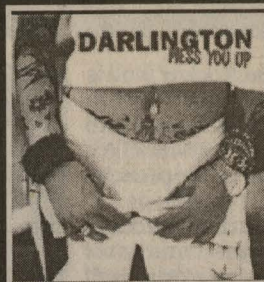
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C O L U M N S

coup to fuck you/Maximum Rock n' Roll is the CIA." Also included are covers of "With Medication" by the HEADCLEANERS (from 1983), "Do You Mind" by MENTAL ABUSE (1984), and "Negative Approach" by NEGATIVE APPROACH (1982).

This is extremely brutish hardcore punk with a vitriolic message about most everything. The whole package works well and this CD enables you to get a good overview of much of the material from 1991 on. There are sixty tracks in all! Available from Yeah Mate Records, PO Box 17, Victoria Park, WA Australia 6979

On the live music front: "The TKO Records Invades SO. Cal." fest went well. THE FORGOTTEN, THE BODIES, PRESURE POINT, THE RANDUMBS, THE WORKIN' STIFFS, and THE REDUCERS SF all played hard to enthusiastic crowds at three all ages shows in Victorville, Corona, and San Diego. Thanks to Jim and Dave at First Round Promotions. Thanks to the bands. Thanks to the kids!

Til next month...
See ya 'round....
See you in hell!



Just in case you missed it, our last exciting episode introduced us to the microscopic villains behind that all-too-familiar itching-scratching-burning condition known as The Yeast Infection, and elaborated on ways to avoid inspiring them to attack. To recap, the three cardinal rules to prevent yourself from being made into a one-woman Wonder Bread factory are: 1) take good care of your acidophilus bacteria allies, 2) keep the acid levels in your body and cooch high, and 3) don't feed the fungi. This month's scintillating subject is again those ferocious fungi, but this time we'll be concentrating on how to fight back when, despite our best efforts, they manage to overrun our sensitive pink stuff.

Fighting back against the Yeast Beasties is only useful, of course, if you're indeed sure that they're the culprits. A number of miniature evil-doers imitate the inimitable sensations one endures when the Beasties go on the offensive. Among the usual suspects are E. Coli refugees from your digestive system, which occasionally find themselves relocated when we ladies get lazy and wipe from back to front, or when our lovers get over-exuberant and stuff some toy or body part which has previously been in our tail into our vag without washing

first. This can cause a condition which goes by the very precise medical name of "non-specific vaginitis;" you can try treating a mild case with the garlic tactic described below. If it really is the Beasties, the goo from your cooch will be thick and lumpy (not slimy) and it will smell like bread or beer (not fish or anything rotten). If this isn't the case, and nothing's been hanging out in both your behind and your box, you should see a doctor or homeopath to be sure you don't have something really sinister like an STD.

Barring such unfortunate circumstances, your first action should be to follow the yeast avoidance techniques laid out in our last episode. Figure out what could be triggering the attack, such as pigging out on too much vegan banana bread or getting yourself stuffed all full of semen or collaborating with the enemy by using over-the-counter yeast treatments, and then cease and desist from such things.

Cut down your sugars (including unrefined sugars and fruit) as much as humanly possible, reduce your carbo intake and eat lots of high-protein foods like meat (if you do that sort of thing), tofu and nuts to shut down those glucose supply lines in your blood that your enemy requires. Use condoms without spermicide if condomless or condom-with-nonoxynol-9 nookie is what's getting you down. And as impossible as it may seem, resist the urge to go for the quick fix with a pharmaceutical yeast treatment; if you're making an emergency trip to the 24-hour grocery store, you might as well pick up something that won't invite the Beasties to keep coming back like a horror movie sequel.

Hold your head up high, steer clear of the cookies and the personal hygiene aisle, and get yourself back to the dairy case. There you'll find one of the most common, inexpensive and effective supporters in your campaign to win back your body: plain yogurt. Obviously organic is best (we are, after all, trying to stay away from nasty chemicals here), and vegans will be pleased to know that soy yogurt will also do battle for your cooch, but the only real requirement for any of these is that it contains "live cultures," which means reinforcements for your acidophilus allies in every plastic carton.

Once you get home, you can use a vaginal-cream inserter like those that come with spermicide gels and chemical yeast treatments, one of those bulb syringes used for clearing snot from Junior's wee nose, or even a small spoon to put the yogurt where it's gotta go; if those things aren't handy, a yogurt-and-warm-water douche will also do the trick. Since the yogurt will work its way out sooner or later, it's a good idea to put a menstrual pad in your shorts if you'll be up and around. Although this may sound messy, the payoff is usually instant relief from the itchy-burning-itchy cycle, as the soothingly cool, acidic, bacteria-rich yogurt goes to bat immediately against your at-

tackers.

A similar and slightly less goo-intensive strategy in the war against the Beasties is acidophilus capsules, which can usually be found, refrigerated, at your favorite twigs-and-bark health food stores or co-ops. Despite pinching the wallet a bit more, and without the bonus of instant itch elimination, the capsules fight the good fight the same way as yogurt: dormant and encased in gelatin, when two or three are stuffed into your warm, wet stuff with a clean finger, they become active and go to war against the evil white invader. In addition, they have the advantages of portability and convenience; a bottle of little pods keeps longer than a bucket of yogurt in your fridge, as well as being a great deal easier to conceal in one's backpack. And while you're at the granola store, don't forget that acidifying your system (remember, yeast hate acid!) can help give your bacterial buddies the upper hand. Drinking well-diluted unsweetened cranberry juice concentrate or taking cranberry tablets will make you happily sour, and help convince your uninvited guests to pack their bags and find another tropical pink paradise to invade.

If simply putting your bacteria back where they belong doesn't kick enough yeast ass, if you're traveling and can't find a health food store, or if you think you have a butt-sex-to-vag-sex induced bacterial infection, the grocery store can still be your salvation. Get yourself over to the produce section and purchase a big, healthy bulb of garlic (again, organic is best). Peel one clove very carefully, without nicking the membrane (if you mess this part up you will be very, very sorry). Wrap it in a strip of cheesecloth or thin, sterile gauze, dip it in olive or vegetable oil, and insert it into yourself, leaving a tail of fabric hanging out so you can retrieve the clove when necessary.

This may sting but should not be excruciating; if it is, stick to yogurt until your innards are less irritated. Don't be alarmed if your breath and sweat start to smell like Italian food: the vagina is extremely porous and the garlic may absorb into your bloodstream just as it does when you eat it. Replace the whole contraption regularly, and because garlic is an antiseptic and may injure your favorite microscopic teammates, alternate it with yogurt or acidophilus capsules at night.

A week or so of the above activities should be more than enough to repel the invaders and reinstate acidophilus as rulers of your vaginal kingdom. But if it isn't, and you're absolutely certain your symptoms are the result of tenacious yeast squadrons and not something truly terrifying and dangerous like an STD, it's time to break out the big guns. Boric acid, a common, Clark Kentesque chemical that pharmacists use in eye washes and antiseptic creams, has an alter ego: special agent for acidifying our cooches until the Beasties wave the white flag and surrender. Even though boric acid isn't a prescription drug, the best way to get it is to

columns

find a pharmacist who does drug compounding; he or she will have the right equipment to prepare capsules for you, and you'll only have to pay for as many as you need. If you can't find a compounding pharmacy, raw boric acid powder is available over the counter at most drugstores. Make sure you get the powder; the boric acid solution you may find will be too weak, and the tablets will be too small. You'll have to buy "oo" (600 mg) sized gelatin capsules (try a health food store if the drugstore doesn't carry them) and prepare them yourself by packing the smaller end of the capsule with the powder, and sliding the larger end over it like a cap. Insert one into your cooch every night until the Beasties have run screaming for the hillside.

Provided you're following the previous instructions about sugar, sex, and stress, and especially about avoiding chemical yeast treatments, the tiny white villains lurking in your swampy metropolis should behave themselves. If they don't, and you find yourself subjected to repeated waves of attacks, try to isolate what could be leaving you vulnerable to yeast raiding parties and experiment until you find out which of the above methods work for you as defensive strategies.

For example, if the Beasties move in every time you get some nookie, keep acidophilus capsules handy and pop one in when you get up to pee afterward, or drink lots of diluted, unsweetened cranberry juice whenever you think you might get lucky (this will also help ward off that other bane of female existence, the UTI), and so on and so forth. If your pink countryside is under constant yeast siege despite trying all of the above techniques, it's time to see a doctor or homeopath for tests; serious conditions like diabetes and HIV-infection can cause chronic yeast infections, and other disorders can mimic the symptoms the Beasties cause.

Until our next exciting episode, I'll be rooting for you ladies from the yeast-free sidelines. Good luck!

disclaimer: the past two columns intended only to inform women about techniques that have helped some women control yeast overgrowths; they were not meant to diagnose or prescribe for any illness. obviously, any health-related choices are the responsibility of the reader, not the author.

these last exciting episodes were informed by workshops led by the wonderful miss lee r. and miss rachel w. last summer, as well as by the fine info in a new view of a woman's body; the new our bodies, ourselves; and hot pantz zine. many thanks to them, and to beth c. for giving me the impetus to finally write all of this down.

if you simply can't get enough of me talking about my cooch, check out my new sex advice column for punk planet. correspondence to: pobox 7564 ann arbor mi 48107 or sheri@cyberspace.org



Scenesters, what's up with that? What makes a scenester a scenester? Well, for one thing, there are three types of scenesters: band people, zine people and people that just really wanna be scenesters. Now for the most part band people don't do zines and zine people aren't very good at being in bands. Personally, eh screw this personally crap, it's my column: I lay down the law. Now I ask people who do zines sometimes why they do them. Now I'm talking about "music zines" not Beer Frame or Cometbus. Nobody ever gives the correct answer. The reason people should do music zines is to undo the damage that band people cause. When I interview a band, I couldn't give a rat's ass what records they listen to; the questions you gotta ask are going to reveal whether or not these people have fallen into the band people trap. Now lets talk about band people for a second. Band people talk about their band too much. They always seem to be able to get the conversation to relate back to their band. Who gives a crap about their band? I don't. I'm a zine person, and bands are only there to supply background music to the really stupid stuff.

Now another thing bands will do is go on tour and focus on nothing but playing shows, selling merchandise and getting to the next show. If they have free time, they will sleep or whine and complain that there weren't enough people at the last show, they didn't sell enough t-shirts and they only got enough money to eat at Bob's Big Boy and they wanted to go to Ponderosa. Now I've never actually done this, but I think a lot of zine people have made the mistake of going on tour with some of these people and spent six weeks of boredom listening to these dopes grumble, snore and talk about their band. Zine people should leave roadying to drug dealers and the wanna-be scenester types. Plus nobody really wants to read about your trip if all you did was watch a bunch of band people pick their noses and complain.

So although band people are the only ones who can write a good song, everything else they're into sucks. Zine people are what makes it all worth it. Zine people are what makes punk a separate thing from other types of music. The problem is that zine people don't really know how to do a zine the right way. So anyway a few years ago I did this music zine. This is before I had figured this all out. I realized that interviewing band people was very unrewarding,

sort of like Orson Wells reading a commercial for frozen seafood dinners. The problem is that band people think that you are interviewing them to advertise them and promote their band or something like that. When you ask them questions about chocolate drinks at hot dog stands and if they are too cheap to buy non-scratchy toilet paper, they get insulted or they get quiet, either way it's a real bore.

So, I just switched gears and instead of doing a music zine that had some obnoxious funny things in it, I decided to do an obnoxious funny zine that happened to have some music in it. The fact is that people are lame; people don't buy records because you wrote a good review of it; they buy it because they feel they're supposed to. They buy it so their friends can come over and say oh cool let's listen to this.

People don't go see bands because they read an interview and were really into what a band has to say. They go because their friends are going. So if you think your zine is going to dictate what's cool you're dead wrong. Look at MRR; I think Tim tested this one well. He decided to take out all the indie-rock bands out of the mag and try to promote more of what he thought was punk. It didn't work, all the kids that bought MRR for the sole reason of looking at the ads for the "cool" records they wanted to buy stopped reading it.

Ok, now the voluntary scenesters are the people that really cause trouble. They don't have the patience to do a zine and nobody gets along with them enough to be in a band with them. So they either try and do something like setting up shows or just seem to get in everyone's face and namedrop about all the peoples faces they've gotten into. This is ok. We need these people. This way bands and zines have people to make fun of because everyone dislikes a namedropping wannabe. Plus it's easy to make fun of them because they like seeing their names mentioned.

What's the point here? Why am I blabbering about this? Well, for one thing, in a perfect world there wouldn't be any status symbols. There shouldn't be "punk-points," no one should care how many holes your boots have in them or how many guitar solos you could play in a row. But, there is and the sad thing is there are many more stupid people like that who care about these things than people like you.

There are many people who get their asses kissed for writing MRR columns, and writing songs like "Teenage Supplicant" (there ya go I made a reference to DICK ARMY, Matt). These are the same people that can't hold down a real job, and they're probably hooked on crank too! If you're gonna do a zine you should exploit the fact that we live in a world of losers and degenerates and use their antics for entertainment purposes only. Sorta like the poker machines at the back of ice cream parlors and social clubs in Queens. (Ok, we all know those aren't for entertainment purposes

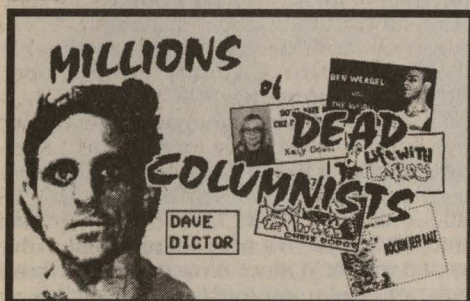
C O L U M N S

only).

Ok, I made no point; I'm talking out of my ass! Who cares! Isn't that what everyone in this zine is doing? Is anyone here really qualified to give you advice or enlighten you to new things. No. Go read a book, that's what books are for. This is a punk zine, it's here to make you laugh at these bozos who think all high and mighty of themselves and get smudgy ink on your hands so you can wipe your face and get even more pimples!

And... by the way. I despise my blindness I did get George Tabb (a zine person, for sure, ever hear his band?) to another country and back with no sleep because that bastard snores louder than anyone I've ever seen, even on TV. Luckily it was only for about ten minutes because the other four hours he spent complaining that he was lying next to the most beautiful lesbian in the world and it was torture.

Oh yeah! If you can't wait to gripe about how I'm a sucky writer and my ideas are lame, and how you wanna beat me up, my email is greedybastard@mindspring.com. I'm working on setting up a new PO box but my old one (that I check like every 6 months) is Bill Florio PO Box 1014, Yonkers NY 10704-1014.



THE POWER OF PRAYER

Well here I am back with the 2nd part of my explanation of where I am, what I've been up to. As I explained last month I started dealing speed to pay for my habit. I teamed up with a well-connected good guy/bad ass Dave Doherty and we slung mucho amounts of methamphetamine. We were doing really well for awhile and we lost all caution. The first bad thing to happen happened to my partner. A confederate of his sold him a Mazda RX sports car that was supposed to be all-good that turned out to be bogusly plated.

So one day my friend Dave got pulled over. He could tell something was up when they ran his plate, it took an extra long amount of time then noticed 3 cop cars coming from every direction. His problem was that he had 3 ounces of speed, \$3000 Dollars and his double-barreled shotgun on him. He decided to try to get away. He lost them for a minute or two but then totaled out the Mazda going 125 mph. He broke his leg, was busted with the aforementioned, as well as Reckless Endangerment and Resisting Arrest charges. He was locked up, not

offered bail and has years to go on his plea bargain sentence that took into account that it was also a strike three offense.

Right now, people all over the country are doing outrageous amounts of time for their Strike three crime. In California, there is a man who got life in prison for attempting to break into a soup kitchen for food during the night. There are literally thousands and thousands of people, doing crazy amounts of time for small amounts of Strike three drug possessions. There's a mother of two kids who got life for \$40 dollars of crack in Nebraska, a Dead Head who got 20 years for a sheet of 100 hits of acid in Missouri, a man in Alabama who got life for attempting to buy a pound of marijuana, the girlfriend in Georgia who got 15 years for holding a package that unbeknownst to her was an ounce of cocaine. There are close to 2 million people in this country in jail, about half are for drug related for offenses.

Mandatory sentencing is forcing the imprisonment of 100's of thousands of commercial sales and possession drug offenders. You can literally get more time selling your teenage female neighbor drugs than you can for attempting to rape her in 20 states. Many people in the system know this is wrong and a waste of money but politicians have whipped up such a fear frenzy with the public that they won't back down from it. Of course the police and sheriff's departments love it, not wanting to give up the power and the control that come with this misappropriation of our tax dollars. As we all know they have turned the social problem of drug use into the 200 billion-dollar budgeted criminal problem. Instead of rehabilitating people off drugs we are warehouse imprisoning them, often with draconian sentencing.

Anyway without Dave, my partner around nearly everyone started hawking me. I got strait up ripped off at gunpoint for an ounce, worth over a \$1000 dollars. soon realized how much Dave's bad ass demeanor was an integral part of our business. People in the speed world become completely predatory towards comrades and business acquaintances recently busted.

All of a sudden a lot of the kids in the scene got busted and a lot of pressure is put on the kids to snitch people out. "Snitch three walk free" is what the police offer. This is how 85% of drug arrests are made. That is, having recently busted people go before a judge, who listens to them claim a recent drug buys. Then the judge claims the person to be a Certified Reliable Informant or a C.R.I. So all the low life snitch drug dealers setup the decent ones, ruin their lives, as the snitch goes back out free. And of course the police pride themselves on this. So a scum bag rats out 3 little people and walks. This is the War on Drugs. And it happened to me, actually at that time I had pretty much stopped dealing. A scumbag, who I should never have dealt with, sold me a 1/4-ounce, then swore out 2 warrants on me. They got me the next morning leaving

the house with warrant in hand that 1 certifiably reliable scumbag, Scott Kendricks, was expecting a delivery from me, it was actually what he had sold me the night before.

So busted for Delivery, Commercial Sales and Possession of a Controlled Substance. Bummer eh, but I really am glad to be clean and sober and maybe it had to happen. My drug counselor suggested writing a thank you letter to the arresting officer. I haven't gotten around to that yet and we'll see about 'ol Scott.

So, oh shit here comes the guard. I'm typing this column on the computer in the G.E.D. room at the Restitution Center. You only supposed to use this if your writing a letter to the judge or to construct a resume. I could get rolled up and sent to the Justice Center for typing this here. By the by, the Restitution Center is a jail that lets you out to look for a job after 2 weeks, and then if you land one you get the privilege of paying at scale for your incarceration and get to keep what's left over.

It sucks but at least you see daylight and get to save a few bucks. Its way better than say the Justice Center downtown which is the county's ultra modern pod like designed, video camera filled, lock down unit located on the 5th and 6th floor of the courthouse. You are kept in a cell, with 1 or 2 others, about the size of the inside of a 73 Ford Econoline van. The food is atrocious and one is always hungry from the minuscule portions. You get no outside time, no fresh air, no windows. It really sucks very bad. And that's what I'm risking typing this here. Clean and sober but still a risk taker. Anyway, back to restitution, this guard here Deputy Fornos hates me and goes out of his way to hassle me. Lately most of the guards look at me with disfavor. A new young dude saw me and went on about "Dude Dead Cops, cool your the dude". All the prisoners thought me the better, but not the guards. They gained a whole new prospective on Prisoner 199239 and it wasn't for the better. In fact my life changed for the worse quick!

All of a sudden my bed roll gets written up as sloppy and I've been getting daily strip searches. Stuff like this gets to you in here. Luckily I finally got out to look for work and got hired as a gas attendant. I am now a shift manager for British Petroleum, pumping gas, selling cigarettes and cashiering for 6 days a week, 9 hours a day. Swing shift from 2 to 11 PM I now get the satisfaction of playing loud Anti-Flag and Genitor-turers for my quite unpunk customers. One man told me he was gonna complain to my boss, I told him my father owned this gas station and that he insisted on very loud music. Sometimes I get in funny moods and play Neil Diamond or Wayne Newton or Dolly Parton so folks can truly appreciate how musically well rounded I truly am. Anyway, I get back to the restitution at midnight very little time for me to get fucked with. Cool with me.

columns

And these guards can fuck with you. Good people get rolled up for displaying any kind of insubordinate attitude. About a 1/3 of the people don't cut it here, they get rolled up. Besides insubordination you can get rolled up for a dirty Urine Analysis (U.A.'s). They can follow you to make sure you go directly to and from your job. You're not allowed to stop to eat, buy a paper, or even talk to anyone even for a moment when you're on the street. A violation of any kind means you are to finish your sentence at the Justice Center.

Calvin Betts was a guy I met here. An African-American in for a parole violation concerning repeated dirty U.A.'s. Quite the revolving door they got going here. He was near and dear to my heart because he was a vegetarian and tried to get the system to feed us Veggies better. A constant meat centered diet is what you get here and he got one of the cook's, a Miss Betty, to serve peanut butter and jelly on the side for us. Miss Betty, also African-American, is one of those few kind souls you'll ever get to meet at a place like this. She goes out of her way to do something nice for everyone. Of course Deputy Fornos caught wind and made a big fuss to have her stop serving the PJ on the side. Calvin was beside himself. He started shouting and cursing in the kitchen. Miss Betty tried to console him but before she could Calvin knocked this giant kettle of Sloppy Joe meat over. Everyone froze as we could hear the guards racing down the steps from their video monitoring control center that they loved to peer in on us all day from. Calvin turned to me pressed this little metal aspirin pillbox into my hand and said "see you bro". I looked at it and nonchalantly slid it into my pocket as Deputy Fornos and 2 other deputies tackled Calvin, jacked his arms up behind his back and whisked him gloatingly away. Calvin was gone as were our veggie food offering and I watched everyone eat there Sloppy Joes. Every body loves those Sloppy Joes even the guards eat em. Imagine crappy high school cafeteria food, now make it 3 times worse. wuff wuff wuff.

In the pill box I found these tiny little white pills with X's on them. At first I thought they were trucker White Crosses and I was gonna chuck em. Whatever they were they were grounds for being rolled up. Then my friend Mitch looked at em and told me they were X-Lax pills. "Whatever" I thought, then, I hid them carefully in the binder of my recently obtained New Testament Bible that the chaplain had issued me.

Man I was glad to be working and be out of there 6 days a week. Deputy Fornos knew I was a vegetarian and a Dead Cop and as luck would have it I missed his shifts most of the time. Thank Goodness! At the end of my 60th day my counselor told me she was recommending me for the Electronic Monitoring Program that would allow me to serve the back 2 months of my sentence under house arrest with an electronic bracelet strapped to my ankle. With a com-

puter hooked up to my phone they could randomly check up on me to make sure when I wasn't at work I was at home. Wow, no more sheriff deputy's to go to bed by. No more looking over my shoulder on the way to work and back. No more Deputy Fornos and no more Sloppy Joes. Really Cool! I had to apply and it takes a week to set it up and fucking eh its all set and looking good and then out of no where, my manager calls my counselor and says \$900 dollars is missing out of the till at work and he thinks its me and so I'm fired. I felt so low, this I knew would automatically cancel my bracelet and probably get me rolled up. My fucking low life manager set me up. Hey blame it on the punk drug addict/restitution dude and steal the money yourself. I was feeling a lot lower than Mykel Board at any Northampton, Mass. Riot Grrrrl Poetry slam. Anyway, I got called to work in the kitchen and Miss Betty was there and could see I had been crying and so she calls over a few people put her hand on my head with the other inmates and prayed for me. It was like a gospel baptism. Strange but I felt truly better. She turned to me and said "see David, the power of prayer" And I thought "oh well I'll deal with it". It ain't the 14 months the DA's office had originally planned, count my blessings, I thought and fight for your right, which I did, when I called the original hiring supervisor to plead my case. But first I had to do night clean up under the shiteating grin of Deputy Fornos. Quite a humble night for me...

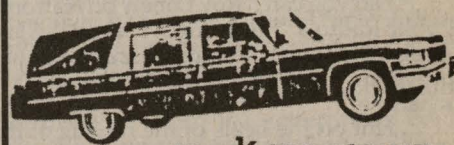
Next morning, I got on the phone, got through to my supervisor, named Jaime and begged for my job back and sure enough he took me back. So there I was back on track for my bracelet. Many folks wished me well that day, even many guards. Deputy Fornos was not one of them. He glared at me and silently mouthed a "fuck you" to me. It was genuinely surreal and scary but I knew I just had to keep it together for a little while then I'd be gone. That night at clean up Deputy Fornos followed me around. I couldn't believe this small-minded malicious creep could give that much of a shit about me. I did every thing I could to be perfect and avoid any conflict and made to bed safely. Early the next morning my counselor told me my bracelet manager would be here for me during lunch, good news. Deputy Fornos was also around and caught up with me in the kitchen and in front of Miss Betty and other kitchen staff called me a "pussy". Imagine a man walking around with a night stick, a gun and mace acting so bully tough. Miss Betty called me to her and said "never mind that, lets say a prayer for him". I breathed and thought "sheeeet" but said okay and we prayed and it worked cause even Fornos can't fuck with you while Miss Betty is praying for you. He got embarrassed and walked away. We then went about preparing lunch: Sloppy Joe's, as fate would have it. I walked up to the desk where my stuff was set to go and told the Deputy Sargent that I wanted to leave the

bible with Betty in the kitchen. I went down to the kitchen, gave the bible to Betty and did what I had to do with something else I had been saving. Miss Betty was making up the guards's food and I left something in the Sloppy Joe's that I knew Calvin would have wanted to share with Deputy Fornos. Bon Appetite.

Postnote: I am currently out of my sentence working on new MDC songs and working on my new band that I plan to move to New York with soon this year. Bye You all and email me at mdcops@hotmail.com or write me -dave dictor at 110 red spring lane, glen cove, New York, 11542

IF YOU DIE and GO TO HELL

WHO CARES?



mark murrmann

Just dropping into the record store has been getting me in trouble lately. What should be a quick in and out has turned into an expensive, time consuming outing. On recent reconnaissance missions, I wound up walking out with a reissue of the first SAINTS LP, which includes four bonus songs (L-I-E-S, Lipstick On Your Collar, Do the Robot, River Deep Mountain High) not on CD.

I also stumbled across reissues by two crown jewels in the New York punk historical society. Marty Thau's Red Star Records has rereleased The NEW YORK DOLLS "Live in Paris, 1974" LP and the self-titled SUICIDE LP! I'll admit not only being able to take SUICIDE in doses, which is great that it's been reissued. I wouldn't have shelled out the cash for an original.

And sometimes I buy records on a whim, just because they look like they might rock. I know, I know, you shouldn't judge a record by its cover, but sometimes you just know. I took that kind of chance on the NUEVOCATECISMOCAOLICO "Aun No Habeis Visto Nada" LP on No Tomorrow [APDO 1134/12080 Castellon/SPAIN] I swear it's like a RADIO BIRDMAN record played at 45. Not because they have chipmunk-like vocals, but because it sounds like RADIO BIRDMAN played at twice their normal speed. They throw in well-done DICTATORS and FLAMIN' GROOVIES covers ("Baby Let's Twist" and "Second Cousin", respectively). This is their 3rd LP and now I gotta hunt down their first two.

Jim from Underground Medicine/Rapid Pulse [PO Box 5075/Milford, CT 06460] has been a very busy man. With the NY WHORES and DOUBLE NUTHINS 7"s out last month, he just also released the newest 45 by Virginia Beach's PIMPS. It's loud and obnoxious, but not overboard, to the point of being stupid. The guitar solos are perfectly placed, and not too long, the

C O L U M N S

vocals are just snotty enough. It's a really great record!

Another "I don't know how long this has been out, but I just got it and thought you should know about it" record...The REDS from Denton, TX have a 7" (their first) that I now see came out on May 29th on Little Deputy [PO Box 7066/Austin, TX 78713]. It's fast and trashy, just like a good Texas punk band should be, but they also mix in a touch of Great Lakes guitar action in there, if you know what I mean. And I truly love that they have an explicit mission to "liberate the brainwashed masses of 'The Kids' from all the boring and bland music present in our capitalist society and to achieve one goal: to Rock!" That's my kind of band! Hey guys, wanna do a single?

Did you catch Roy Lonely on National Public Radio's "Fresh Air"? It aired the last week of August, but my fuzzy memory prevents me from remembering exactly when.

Hot on the heels of the reissue of the debut REAL KIDS 7", Norton has just released two LPs by Boston's finest. The first is called, "Better Be Good," and features the above mentioned single, alternate takes from their Red Star LP and Bomp Records demos from '79. The second LP, called "No Place Fast," compiles the REAL KIDS' "Outta Place" LP that came out in '82, as well as the TAXI BOYS mini-LP from '81. But the questions all the fans are asking is, why does Norton always include extra tracks on the CDs? That's bogus business from someone you'd expect to be nourishing vinyl.

Bitzcore lends a hand in helping TURBONEGRO bow out of the rock 'n' roll game by issuing a live double LP of their last show! Amazing? Do I even need to say more? How about this—the vinyl has five extra songs! They know how to do it right! Does anybody have a video of any of their shows? Let me know! This record had a release date of August 30th, but here it is, a week into September, and I've yet to see it.

Those lucky enough to live in the Bay Area were treated to a very special show. Satz and Bob Clic of the LEWD got together with the LOUDMOUTHS to play two shows as the LEWDMOUTHS.

The second show (Sept. 23rd) has yet to happen, but the first, which took place in August, was a vicious sweat factory! Even Steve from Subterranean Records said it was the most fun he's had in a long time. And you know he's seen some great shows. Anyway, if you want to see some pictures and have internet access, go to: www.lipstickkillers.com/action/.

And speaking of the LEWD, Vampir Records out of Ohio is releasing a live LEWD LP, recorded in 1980 at Mabuhay Gardens. Vampir has their priorities straight, and is releasing this on vinyl only! It's limited to 500 copies (100 on red vinyl!), so act quick! This is gonna be the first in a series of records that are billed as a "Live Documentation" of the San Francisco punk scene from '79-'81. Vampir is run by Terry Hammer, who re-

corded lots of the shows in SF in the early '80s for some local radio stations. Hammer is looking to get in touch with people who were in these bands. If you were in one of the bands recorded (or think you might have been), contact Hammer at: PO Box 1098/Mansfield, OH 44901 or Terry_Hammer@freenet.richland.oh.us.

Compilations! Compilations! Here's what's out now...**Killed By Death #20** has snuck up on the world and we're finally filling out some of the missing numbers in the series. Among the bands we (re)discover: the BLANK STUDENTS, DEAF AIDS, CLOCKWORK, CRIMINALS, END RESULT, FAST CARS, and we hear again from the GIZMOS!

Killed By Death #999, which I mentioned last month, is just now seeing its way into the store shelves. For small fries...**Killed By 7" #8** follows right on the heels of #7. Along with that 7" comp, you should be sure to grab **Still Hate Your Neighbors**. By the title, you should recognize it as a follow-up to the amazing **Hate Your Neighbors LP**, released a few years ago. Like the LP, this concentrates on the oft overlooked New Zealand punk sewage brewing in the late '70s. Featured bands include: GORDONS, FLESH D-VICE, NO TAG and BORED GAMES.

After the turd that was that last live RAMONES LP was flushed from your toilet, be sure you don't pass on the new "Lost Album". It's a collection of LP outtakes, demo rarities and various side projects from '75-'99. It seems that there would easily be more than just one LP's worth of material, but maybe the compiler sifted through the shit and just included the best of the best. In the same breath, I'll mention that another new DEAD BOYS LP has been sighted (though not heard by me) called "Third Generation Nation". It's the "original mixes" from their second LP, on Bad Boy Records.

If you liked the recent **Stompin'** records, be sure to set your sights on a new comp in the same vein called, **Steppin' Hot**. 14 sizzlin' '60s soul stirrers will have you and your best girl tearing up the dance floor!

Switching gears, No Idea Records [PO Box 14636/Gainesville, FL 32604-4636] has released a 4-7" compilation called **Down In Front**. It's a collection of outtakes and unreleased songs (24 in all) by bands Aaron Cometbus has been in. Some you know and love, some you know and hate. PINHEAD, GUNPOWDER, COSMETIC PUFFS, REDMOND SHOOTING STARS, SHOTWELL COHO, SWEET BABY, CLEVELAND BOUND, DEATH SENTENCE, MUNDI and EFS.

Each 7" comes in a full sleeve, all four of which are packaged in a large white sleeve. Between Var and Aaron, you know this is gonna be a great project. Also from No Idea, but not so new, is the new 7" by PANTHRO UK UNITED 13. Their records are great, and this is among their best yet, but really, if they play anywhere near you,

go see 'em!

I've said it before, and I'll say it again: David Hayes (of Very Small/Too Many Records) is a genius! His latest work of art that I've picked up is a 7" compilation called **Gerbil Assault**. DING DANG, RUMBLESEAT and ELMER do country-styled songs marinated in whiskey. The DOLOMITES take POGUES-like pirate approach to music making.

Last Gasp...

—>If your band has MP3's up, drop me an email message! My job is to review MP3's. That's all I do ALL DAY LONG. It'd be nice to get to review some good music once in a while. I have found some amazing music online (see below for more on that).

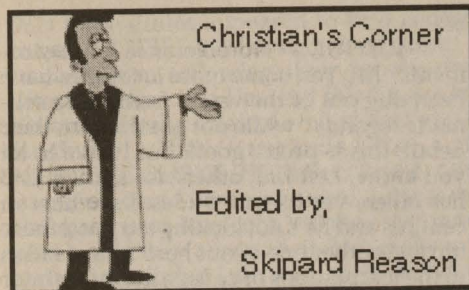
—>Yes, I am still collecting photos for my photobooth project. It's simple. Send me a strip (or square) of photobooth pictures. Include who is in them as well as when and where they were taken. These are going to eventually be collected in a book I'm working on getting published. I need LOTS more! Super thanks to everyone who has sent in pictures thus far.

—>Do you put out records you think I'd like? Let me know about 'em! Not just for my column, but I'm also buying records, building stock for a record store. I'm especially interested (at the moment) in limited edition records, comps and reissues. But I'm buying other stuff too in bulk. And hey! If you wanna get rid of all your records, get in touch! I'll be buying entire collections soon as well!

—>I gotta stay off eBay. I get too worked up when fuckers wait until one minute before the auction ends and outbid me. This, of course, only happens when it's something I really want, something I've been looking for for years. So here's a big fuck you to all you who've done that to me on eBay. I'm beginning to think there's a conspiracy. Okay, so one thing I got outbid on, and am now feverishly looking for is a book called, "Inner City Sounds" by Clinton Walker. It was published in 1982, in Australia. Anyone?

—>Next month I'm going to step on Mark Hanford's (the net specialist here in the MRR column pages) toes a little and do a column just about stuff I run across on the internet that may be of interest to readers of this column. MP3's, online catalogs, resources and discographies. At my new job, I spend all day in front of the computer and have come across some really great stuff...and some real turds. But that's next month. Now, you'll have to excuse me. I've got to catch a plane in a few days to go to Deeee-Troit for the Gutterfest, featuring, among others, SONICS RENDEZVOUS BAND, with DENIZ TEK! PO Box 11906 • Berkeley, CA 94712 • icki@mindspring.com

columns



Reader Alan Louse was the only one to respond to my call for Christian Poetry, submitting the following haiku;

Homosexual

I'll let you cut my hair BUT

You're going to Hell

Thanks in the name of Jesus Alan! I have two other pieces for you this month, both short essays. I won't say much else, except thanks to the contributors. -Skip

Exorcising Our first Amendment Rights—By Paul E. State

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances. Clear and unambiguous, almost to the point of being condescending.

Yet, the First Amendment to our constitution is perhaps the most misinterpreted passage in all of legal text. One aspect of this is that it is often used, along with Thomas Jefferson's widely misunderstood remark that the Amendment built "wall of separation between church and state", to argue that government should be separate from religion. However, the error most pertinent to this essay is the belief that free speech is extended to the unsavory.

It is fairly obvious that the immoral media are contributing to the destruction of our society. Some argue that art and culture are not destructive in themselves. However after looking at the state of things in the U.S., a glance across the Pacific refutes such claims. There, the Japanese continue to flourish, with a low crime rate, thanks to there cultural restrictions on the depictions of sex and violence. Even a superficial reading of the First Amendment is enough to understand that it establishes the right of government intervention, when the (Christian) moral fiber of the country is at stake.

Certainly, in today's society this is the case. Satanic images assail our children through channels such as Dungeons and Dragons, and the wide use of terms like "Deviled Eggs." Sex is everywhere, and immorality is even proliferated at the subliminal level. Recently in response to Jerry Fallwell's discovery of homosexual messages hidden within the children's show, the "Teletubbies", a reader of the Washington Post pointed out that Barny the Dinosaur is an anagram for "try and abuse heroin."

Such satanic machinations have been

at work ever since the dark one evoked the theory of evolution by putting things on the earth like phony dinosaur bones, and Mesopotamia. However, in contemporary society children are bombarded with overt endorsements of depravity, perversion, and other types of behavior that will land them in hell.

Painful though it is, I shall rehash an incident in my own family which provoked me to be more adamant in my support of my first amendment rights. Recently, my seven year old and I were going for our regular walk to a wooded area in our neighborhood. Each Saturday I go there to select switches, which I will use to discipline the children for the week, and it has become somewhat of a tradition for my youngest to accompany me. There, in the middle of the street was a scrap of paper from a pornographic magazine (I later noticed that the magazine title had been the bottom of the photo, but all that was left was...ional Geo.). Before I could snatch it up, my child had already seen it, the naked breast of an adult woman. How will this vile and disgusting site affect my child? Hopefully not too much, as I had the wisdom to immediately and liberally switch her with my spare switch, in order to create a negative association. However, the point remains that awful influences our visited upon our children on a daily basis. Smut is literally overflowing into the streets.

There are more examples. My son apparently has a rudimentary understanding of how his species reproduces.... he is only nineteen years old. I have recently found out that my children have access to the internet at school. Although filters, which block out content such as pornographic sites, and AIDS prevention materials, any child is able to access material pertaining to the Satanic holiday of Halloween, for example, or the homepages of television shows such as "Buffy the Vampire Slayer". The effects of all of this are well documented; countless children killed in school massacres, pregnancy out of wedlock, acceptance of homosexuals, a nation bound for hell's fire.

Iron control of the internet. Prohibition of sexually explicit materials. Government boards of censors. These are the only measures that can counter the flow of satanic smut, and insure that our children will always live in a society where they are free to have any knowledge and beliefs we choose.

Mike Alto on 666: I think that it's really cool that you've added the Christians Corner to MRR. I've always believed, but throughout my life, especially in high school, I tended to indulge in mind altering substances a bit too recklessly. I still find it hard to have a good time without drinking, but I'm working on it. Anyhow, I'm writing this to share with you an interesting theory I have about the communications revolution and the downfall of mankind.

As we approach the new millennium,

a person can see how far we have advanced in this communications revolution. In just a few short years the internet has become a daily routine for many, many people, and it keeps on getting bigger and better. Now I have no gripes about the knowledge gained from using the internet or how convenient it is to reach people via e-mail, but it does scare me on how so many people are dependent on their computers. What will things be like in another five years? Maybe they will come up with something that can be plugged directly to your brain and then you can fully tune out of this world and live in cyber-fantasy land. Wouldn't doubt it. Ever read '1984' by George Orwell? Hmmm...maybe Big Brother is watching you. Another interesting point I'd like to make regards this Y2K problem that seems to be a 'wait and see' type of thing. What if things get all screwed up on new years eve? Most likely then there would be total chaos and martial law would have to be instilled. Then the government could use the computers to control people, possibly by one of those little micro-chips that can be injected with a needle. That little chip would literally put you into their computers, and your every move could be detected at will. That could be the mark of the beast that is talked about in Revelations. After Y2K they may require everyone to take the chip or you can't log on, but people will want it because of the convenience of having everything at your fingertips. I heard somewhere that already you can buy 80% of the things you need over the internet. If that ever happens, our warped generation would be totally under the control of the machines. Revelations said the mark of the beast would be on the right hand or forehead, kind of paints a picture of right hand on the mouse, staring into the screen, eh? Maybe I'm off my freakin' rocker, but who knows, we live in a crazy world. That's all for now. God bless all. C-ya!!!!

Mike Alto

I do have an e-mail address that I check at the library's computer, send comments or questions to angryalie.n@yahoo.com

E-mails for skip or Paul should be sent to skipyskip@aol.com



DITCH YOUR CAR

Cars are a scourge on society. They hurt our air, our lungs, and degrade our quality of life. This column is for all you don't-give-a-fucks, for all the people who cringe when people talk political. This col-

columns

umn is about the MONEY you could be saving by ditching your car.

I stopped paying my car insurance about three years ago. The bill came one day, and I had just paid around \$700 to have the brakes repaired. I was fed up, and decided right then and there to give up my car. I parked it in my driveway and it sat for over a year until I finally sold it. Now I get around town by bicycle. It takes me 30 minutes to get to work each day on this route I found that is actually really fun to ride.

I recently did a little bit of research to see what it really costs to drive a car today. Here are the figures I came up with for a 20-year old male, driving an '82 Toyota Celica valued at \$2000. Insurance quotes ranged from \$850 to \$1200 per year, so we'll go with an average of \$1000 per year for this column (that's about \$80 per month). The premium depends on the type of car you drive, and whether your driving record is clean. Registration and "smog checks" in Nevada runs about \$70 per year, depending on the age of your car. Registration is cheaper in some states but I know it's more expensive in California. Repairs and maintenance, which include tune-ups, break-downs, and car washes is very conservatively estimated at \$500 per year. Gasoline came to \$420 per year, which is based on an average price per gallon of \$1.20, and driving 7,000 miles with a fuel efficiency of 20 miles per gallon. Most people I talked to drive more than 7,000 miles in a year, so this is also a conservative estimate. Total cost per year comes to \$1990 per year. Finally there is the actual cost of the car. I'm going to use a one-time purchase price of \$2000, which is extremely conservative considering most people make payments which include exorbitant interest fees.

Costs not included in my research are traffic violations, parking fees, health club membership (to make up for lost exercise), and a car stereo (for entertainment while sitting in traffic jams). These are optional, and are left out of these figures, but most people devote some good money to these things.

So, in the three years since I ditched my car, I figure I've saved around \$8,000. Let me just write that number out for you: Eight Thousand Dollars. What can one do with Eight Thousand Dollars? Take a trip around the world. Start a record label. Buy some really fucking sick-assed equipment for your band. Get together with a couple of your auto-free friends and open up a punk-rock club. Put a down payment on a house (goodbye, landlords!). Or just work a whole lot less (at \$7 per hour, you can work 380 fewer hours per year, which is seven fewer hours per week — you could have a 4-day work week!) Just think of all the records you could afford to buy!!

Many people, even with this knowledge, can only helplessly shrug their shoulders. I've heard it 100 times: "I have to have a car!" They might live really far away from their job, or in a city that, lacking convenient

public transportation or safe places to cycle, appears to offer no alternatives. To this I have to answer, "don't knock it until you try it." After cycling around your town for awhile, you'll know every back alley and quiet street in the city, and as your fitness improves from all that pedaling, distances will seem shorter and less daunting. Riding the bus takes a little practice — once you learn the schedules and routes, most systems are somewhat convenient. For you poor souls who live way out in the suburbs, moving closer to your job is probably the best option. Without a car, you can afford to pay over \$200 per month more for rent! Of course, bikes and buses aren't free, but the costs are relatively insignificant. Riding the bus will run around \$500 per year, but bikes are the cheapest option, averaging \$100 per year or less.

I'm not saying that life without a car in the USA is easy. It can be challenging. The fools who plan out our sprawling cities are largely to blame for this. The infrastructure that is shaped by their planning regulations makes people believe they need to drive. As more cars crowd the streets, there is less room for people and bicycles. Our government, directed by the auto industry, is trying to force all of us into slavery to cars. If you can free yourself, the rewards are great. You can forget about the stress of dealing with a car, get in shape, and save a shitload of money.

Pete / Po Box 204 / Reno, NV 89504 USA / pete@stickerguy.com



Hey what's up.....I'm finally getting some response out there from people which makes me realize that maybe 2, 3 or maybe even 5 people read this thing. I still haven't gotten as many tapes as I would have liked to (I want to help those bands that have just started out, not the band that has toured the world 3 times)...but what the hey.

I'm back in school, which is good and bad. For one it means that 75% of my time has vanished, but on the other hand I'm doing what I really love to do (besides starting the pit that is). I walk around campus under the realization that this is my last semester and it occurs to me how much I actually like scholastics.....who would have thought.

Ok enough of this personal-emo-manila-envelope bullshit...it's time to FUCKING GO!

Ok, here's a quick summary of some of the items that appear in our regular review section that I think you should take notice

of:

JUD JUD - "No Tolerance For Instruments" EP. Yes, some more lost tunes have been dug out of the vaults from these self-made legends.. while not as strong as their debut, this is pretty good. But I have to let you know, Left Jud, otherwise known as B has fallen, yes its true dudes. I see him on campus and he's not looking too good these days. Another one of our hero's have fallen to the temptations of college life, but rumor has it that some kid from Sarasota is going to beat some sense into him. This is on Schematics which is distroed through No Idea, so get it while its in press.

TIME FLIES - "On Our Way" LP Good hardcore that has a little melody in it. Reminds me of the TURNING POINT LP, yet the vocals seem more sincere. A little repetitive and cookie-mold, but there are some songs that stand out on this (especially the track "Nobody Knows"). Indecision Records, Po Box 5781, Huntington Beach, CA 92615.

FALL SILENT - "Superstructure" LP. Well the vinyl of their second full length is out...and man, I cannot express how awesome this slab is. Find out what you have been missing for the past 6 years. Write Satan's Pimp at, Po Box 13141, Reno, NV 89507.

KIDS LIKE US - "Truth Alone Triumphs" EP Norwegian straight edge that is what you'd expect from Commitment Records. Retro-88 style, but with a little more melody than your basic straight ahead 88 style band. Commitment Records, Klein Muiden 38, 1393 RL Nigtevecht, The Netherlands.

ONE MORE - "They Say The You Sold Out" EP Also from Commitment, these straight edgers from Belgium play some pretty aggressive retro-88 hardcore. While nothing appears mind-blowing on this release, the maintained speed is a little faster than your-run-of-the-mill retro band and the vocals are a lot rawer too. Commitment (see above).

VITAMIN X - "Once Upon A Time" EP. VITAMIN X's second Ep is faster and more aggressive than their first. Good release, and again if speedy 88 style sxe is your cup of tea, get all three of these Commitment Records.

BLOODPACT / VARSITY - Split Lp. I thought BLOODPACT were going to be ultra-metal, but instead they combine a lot of modern day influences with speed. I guess you could say a blend of old and new. VARSITY combine melody with speed for a great debut (I think its their debut). They remind me of UPFRONT a lot. While the production for both bands could be a little thicker, both bands offer sincere efforts. Check it out. +/- records, Po Box 7096, Ann Arbor, MI 48107.

All right, here's some column stuff for ya.....

EYELID - "Conflict's Invitation" EP. When I saw these guys at one of the California Takeover shows (god, when was that,

columns

96?) these dudes appeared to be a run-of-the-mill STRIFE-ish band. I must admit I haven't been following their progression after their first two Eps, but this Ep is a lot different. Really original well played metal hardcore that reminds me of KISS IT GOODBYE (that's the closest comparable I could come up with...). Its most definitely post-hardcore, but they've found a style that they are good at. Not really my style of music, but I am waiting to see what these dudes do next. Indecision Records (see above).

GODBELOW - "Black Dog's Head" EP. Some rocking metal....and I mean rocking...kinda like groove metal. Not my cup of tea. Surface records, Po Box 23313 Rochester, NY 14692.

AVARICE/DEAMON'S JADED PASSION - Split EP. Woh, Germany's D.J.P sound like a hardcore band gone black metal....fans of German metal-core take notice...this shit is evil with a capital E. Layered guitar riffs (with some melody thrown in) with super high pitched vocals. Its a style that has been done numerous times, so fans of that style take notice. AVARICE plays more straight forward metal-hardcore. It would have been hard for any band to outshine D.J.P on this one. Alveran Records, Po Box 10 01 52, 44701 Bochum, GERMANY.

DEADEYESUNDER - "Cursed Be The Deceiver" CD. I'm glad I got a copy of the CD cuz I couldn't read the 10" cover at all! I must admit, I was super stoked to see metal come in to the scene in the late 80's and early 90's but I have grown tired of the style. Some bands though, like DEU, can keep my interest. A good effort (especially because of the blast beats!).

Also from +/- Records is the **EARTH-MOVER** Cd. While this has been out for awhile (and released in Europe by Good Life) this is one of those metal releases that seriously floored me. I may not listen to it all the time, but I have to admit it is damn heavy. The people at +/- have put out a ton of releases recently and they have proven to be a prolific label, so write them and get a catalog. +/- Records (see above).

Ok, I can't help but throw in some good ol-fast thrash releases that I think you should take note of, see here's a quick run down...

The **REDRUM** Ep put out by 702 is awesome. Fast and pissed off thrash that reminds me of a faster COP OUT. Check it out. 702 records, Po Box 204, Reno, NV 89504.

The new **E-150** Ep is insane. Super fast Spanish hardcore that reminds me of MK-ULTRA. I guarantee that these dudes will be your next favorite thrash band. Write em at: BCM, Apdo. 601, 08913 Barcelona SPAIN.

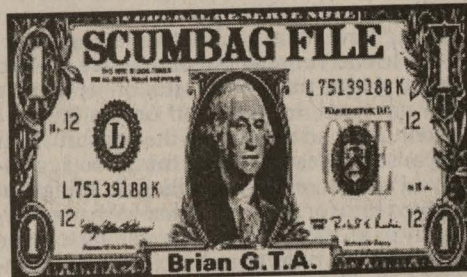
I just got a demo from **BREAKFAST** from Japan, (who are ex-OAC....they had an Ep on Pusmort awhile back) and it shreds. Fast and chaotic old-style skate-thrash, with tons of **BLACK FLAG / BOSTON** 82 elements. Funny thing was I just ran into one of

their members at a new skate spot in SF...small world! Thanks to Shane in Tokyo for sending this in! Write **BREAKFAST** at Hiroaki Sakai, 3-12-11 Takamatsu, Toshima-Ku, Tokyo 171-0042, JAPAN.

Ok that is it.....I can't stress enough that I need you contributions to make this column work. Many props to both Shane (Tokyo) and Andy at +/- Records for contributing this month. I'm still on the look out for demos, mainly of youth crew /sxe bands, but in all honesty, fast-thrash bands too. When I started this column, I thought I would try to restrict it to the "sxe" scene (metal and retro) but my real passion in fast thrash (as those who know me will testify too) so send in tapes damn it!

Oh, last couple of tidbits.... Underestimated from Illinois is re-releasing the **OUT-LAST 10"** as a 12" in the US so now all you kids can check out one of the best youth crew bands to exist in the 90's. **GOOD CLEAN FUN** played a couple of shows on the West Coast, and I heard that they hooked up with Cleveland's **COMMITTED** down in Los Angeles. Now there's a show I would have liked to see.

Ok, write to me at: Po Box 423413 San Francisco, CA, 94142-3413 USA.....and send any info/demos/vinyl that you think needs to be included in this column....oh and the new **SPAZZ LP** is out on Slap A Ham (shameless self promotion...I know).



Rotz Troubles:

(all misspellings and other mistakes are transcribed exactly as they appear in the letter and all quotations. The only change made was to use upper and lower case in place of all-caps.)

Dear Jenny oop

If you are tired of us imagine how tired we are about you with your childish, winning, unprofessional attitude. Mainly me. After trying to be nice, considerate, helpful with you I can tell you that I wasted too much time with trying to make things easy for you especially because poeple, many poeple, warned me about what a pain in the ass you are. Now I beleive them. I am not even going to waste any more time with you and your false allegations (you are good at that) and I am generously sending back to you 10 CDs x \$7 = 70.00

And you can keep the change! And nobody is trying to short you up of anything. Not anyone is vicious as you are and stop projecting your own behavior on other poeple. I can care fuckin less about 9 CDs dude. My life is above way above this. So now you can kiss my ass and leave us alone.

Agnes

Now had I not received this written diatribe filled with false accusations and slander I might have done just that, left them alone. (It is usually not a good idea to write a nasty, slanderous letter to someone and expect them to leave you alone, though most of us already know that.) This is far from being the first time Rotz owner Kai and his wife Agnes have tried to project their poor behavior and judgement onto others, and it is high time for this, amongst other problems, to be publicly addressed. I also want to make a very large public apology to anyone who read my article quite a while back on honest distributors where I had praised Rotz, decided to use them, and had problems. I am quite sorry indeed. Now on to Kai's message enclosed in that same box: "No no one is trying to screw nobody is after you Mr Paranoid. This was only a mistake or because the product was not anymore in the computer or I always had it at the wrong price. Do you really think I care for pennies. Wake up dude! My life is worth more than that. So long." Kai Odd how Kai's "mistakes" always end up in Kai's favor, but I guess this was all just one big coincidence and I'm being "Mr Paranoid." So if he always had my specially priced comp EP at the wrong price, then how come he returned one at \$4.00 and one at an inflated \$7.00? Anyhow let us move onto a bit of a preemptive strike on my part, not to pat myself on the back and show what a wonderful guy I am ('cause like everyone else I sure have my flaws), but to combat any future claims by Rotz of me being unable to get along with my label's distributors, here they are in their own words:

"Brian has always been very fair to me, his service is great, and we've never had one misunderstanding over the years I've worked with him." -Chuck, Deep Sound

"Brian has always taken care of us properly, doesn't whine about money or anything else, has always been very easy to deal with as well as being one of the more honest people we work with." -Dan, Sound of California

"Brian has been one of the easiest going people that I've ever dealt with. People with really straight forward/punk ethics do great with Brian, and I've known him for fifteen years." -Bill, Sound of California

"As far as I'm concerned Brian is an easy guy to deal with and fairly reasonable." -Steve, Subterranean

"Brian has always been quite patient and nothing but nice to me." -Aaron, Sourtooth

"Brian is a pretty straight shooter and I know that his word is always good." -Bob, Sound Idea

"Brian is nothing but full of honesty, integrity, willing to help small people out, and is one of the easiest going people I've ever worked with." -Bill, Dr Strange

"Brian is a really really nice guy. We've dealt with him for a while, never had any problems with him in the past and I'm sure

C O L U M N S

we won't in the future." -Angela & Wolf-gang, New Lifeshark

"Brian has never started any bullshit with me and is a very understanding person." -Richard, Agitate 96

"We dealt with Brian once so far and it worked out perfectly." -Alfred, Green Hell

"What strikes me the most about Brian is that he is an easy person to deal with and I've never had any problems, not one." -Armin, X-Mist

"Brian is to the point of being super efficient, has never caused problems, doesn't whine, and has a sexy phone voice." -Andrew, Revelation

"Brian is a prince. I've never had any trouble with him and we've been dealing with one another from day one of his label." -Jon, K Records

"Brian has never been a headache for us to deal with, nothing has ever arrived damaged, we always get what we were promised, and is essentially hassle free unlike alot of the people we deal with." -Sonny, Bottleneck

"I've had no problems and no complaints in my dealings with Brian." -Mark, Carrot Top

Um gosh um "sexy phone voice"!?! You guys are making me blush. But seriously, I'm not perfect (I just try not to shit where I eat). So Agnes, who are these "many poeple" that warned you "about what a pain in the ass" I am. Do they live in Magic Unicorn Land? Assassinating someone's character by telling them that they basically suck because "many poeple" say so is so preschool. Now who is being "childish" and "unprofessional"?

So now you are asking me what the hell all led up to this clash of the titans (har har) soap opera? Well let us all go back to when I first started dealing with Rotz and get to how this impasse came about. I believe I was the one who made the first move by contacting Rotz after several friends' labels recommended them highly. Rotz placed an order and I informed them that I would be shipping it UPS via one of those box rental type places; so it would be quite a bit higher than just dealing with UPS directly. (I'll admit that this was not the smartest way to ship and you learn things as you go along, but hey, they were warned.) Once the package arrived I got a call from Rotz. Kai and Agnes were totally irate, claiming that I never properly warned them of the higher shipping costs, was trying to rip them off, and would not pay what they considered to be the extra markup. I gave them two choices, to either pay it or never get anything from me again; as I did not care for their insinuations that I had tried to pull a fast one on them. After much complaining about how that extra fourteen or whatever cents per CD shipping was going to make my stuff unsellably high (Again, not the brightest way to ship, but still no other distros were having problems selling my CDs because they were "too expensive."), Rotz agreed to pay the invoice in full. Upon the urgings of a friend who told me that

while Kai and Agnes might not always be the most tactful, they were super honest, I kept doing business with them. As time marched on their orders became larger and more frequent, with payment being sent the very second it was due, without so much as a whimper out of your truly. Dealing with Rotz was like money in the bank and I constantly told them how much I appreciated their service, directing many labels and stores their way. Sure every now and then Agnes would give me an ultimatum of you must do this or that or we won't sell your stuff anymore. I would say fine, don't sell it, and we would continue to do business no problems. A while down the road rumors started floating around that Rotz was going out of business or being sold, so instead of repeating what I had heard, I called up Kai to ask him directly about these rumors, and he assured me that they were just a bunch of bullshit started by jealous competitors. We had a nice long friendly chat and he admitted to occasionally jumping the gun on thinking he's being ripped off, and doing business too aggressively. (And now's about a good time for a couple quotes from stores.)

"My only experience with Rotz was as a store, and Agnes was way too aggressive for me to appreciate." -Bob, Sound Idea

"A while back I started getting a few things from Rotz and everything went smoothly. It didn't take long before Kai was calling me once every couple weeks and getting kinda pushy about us taking an order. He was running out of titles we needed and trying to push other stuff on us that we did not need, to make our orders larger. I eventually had to give him the light brush off because he was becoming much too aggressive. Pretty soon he was calling claiming that I owed him for an invoice that we had previously paid cash COD on, threatening to come after us if we didn't pay him." -Darren, owner of Vinyl Solution in Huntington Beach, CA.

In Dec. of '98 I informed all of my distros that I would be taking a two week hiatus before the end of the year to avoid the X-mas shipping crush and to get some personal stuff done, so get what you need now. Rotz called me during what was supposed to be my break, desperate to fill a large order they had just taken, which didn't surprise as Agnes had once awoken me on a Sunday morning to place an order. I whined a little and then filled the order figuring what the hell, they've been good and the extra money won't kill me. I would discover how easily Rotz could turn on you, out of nowhere. I shipped two boxes (one with 121 CDs, the other 124) and I was informed by Rotz that the box containing 121 CDs never arrived. When I asked them to check the local post office (it had been sent book rate return receipt) for the package they had been so concerned about receiving, they started acting like it was too much of a hassle to do (though it was okay for me to send it during my year end break). By the time they checked for it (if they ever did?), the box had been sidelined

on its way back to me, making me think that it was lost, though it did eventually show up. Immediately after the new year I received and shipped an order for CDs totaling \$2,646.70, and not wanting to risk such a large loss should they vanish en route, I had them insured. This jacked up the shipping a whopping \$8.60 over what UPS would charge to ship the \$2,646.70 order, big fucking deal. Rotz of course kept insisting that I was trying to overcharge them \$26.06 and were deducting it immediately. I called UPS four different times and got a different person each time who told me the same thing, the difference was \$8.60 and the only way that it was \$26.06 was because they had a special business account price; though Rotz swore they were not calculating the difference using this account price. Around this same time they were claiming that the box I had shipped during the holidays containing 124 CDs was missing 9 CDs, which they were also automatically deducting (\$63.00). When I sent proof of shipment and asked how on earth could a box supposedly containing 6 less CDs than another box shipped at the same time cost \$0.39 more to ship, Agnes' response was basically we don't care what you say, we did not receive them and are not paying for them. At this point I simply could have dropped the matter, but I figured that if it was \$17.46 shipping and 9 CDs now, what was it going to be next time; so the arguing went back and forth, off and on for what probably amounted to close to two hours total, during which time I repeatedly warned them that if they kept it up I was going to stop dealing with them. Around the very end of April/beginning of May I got a call from Angie to place an order.

I'd like to take a pause here to state that I pretty much got along great with the other people who worked there and I am still currently to this day in friendly contact with a couple of them, though I can't exactly say whom, as it wouldn't sit too well with either Kai or Agnes. While I was dealing with Rotz I noticed that the people who were contacting me for orders kept changing; and I heard that Kai wasn't exactly the easiest person to work for. I didn't know the half of it.

"They don't treat people like people, with any sort of mutual respect. They expect loyalty and don't give it back. They are very paranoid and act like everyone is out to get them. Within the year and a half that I worked there they went through 30 employees." -Rob Hernquist, ex-Rotz Sales Rep Nov. '97-May '99.

"When I walked in and explained to Kai why I was leaving and how nobody was able to survive on \$5.15 an hour, which was a below minimum wage training wage, he said 'If I give a dollar an hour raise now, who is to say that you won't come to me in another year and want another raise.' Kai and Agnes are also extremely paranoid. I could not handle working there any longer." -Leigh-Anne Peper, Shipping and Receiving Oct. '97-Feb '98.

"All warehouse employees and sales-

columns

people start at \$5.15 with no benefits and no paid vacations, and no one seems to last long enough to get to that point. Everyone in the warehouse got together, approached Kai about a dollar an hour pay increase, and Kai told them to start looking for another job. That day 4 warehouse workers walked, and the ones that stayed got a ridiculous \$0.25 an hour raise and a pizza. I've seen the way he always pushes people around and it's not cool." -Joe Phillips, Shipping and Receiving Aug. '97-Feb. '98.

"Any new employee is pushed to sign a one year contract promising absolutely nothing on Rotz's end but demanding that you work a year no matter what. I wasn't exactly the best employee but I wasn't going to kill myself working there seeing as how poorly they treated their workers." Todd Paglialong (Apocalypse Hoboken), Shipping and Receiving, Mailorder Receptionist Oct. '95-Jan. '96 and Nov. '96-July '97.

"There are so many bad things to say that I don't know where to start. Basically Kai has a very me-centered attitude and everyone else can fuck off." -Ken Fitzner (Bollweevils), Shipping and Receiving Dec. '92-July '93.

Anyhow, back to where I had left off before the pause. I refused the order, explained my problems to Angie and eventually after having to go back and forth with Agnes through Angie, I was put directly over to Agnes. Immediately Agnes started acting like no one ever said that 9 CDs were missing and what was I talking about. Agnes then offered to pay half of the \$26.06 shipping even though they could not afford to, in a way that sounded like I was being offered a left kidney. After that Agnes started raising her voice and getting upset so I just pointed the phone out into the air away from my ear. Soon Kai was on the phone and immediately started trying to talk down to me like I was some dipshit flunkie, and every time I tried to get a word in edgewise he kept rudely talking right over me. Next Agnes spoke with me and I told her that she had better let Kai know that the next time Kai talks to me like I'm a piece of shit it's over. After Agnes tried to make up the excuse of that's how he argues, and I wasn't accepting it, she asked me to tell him. At that point I said "No, you tell him!" Back to Kai and the first thing I ask him about again are the 9 "missing" CDs. He tries to act like "What 9 CDs?", until I pushed on it some more and he finally irritably snaps at me "Our mistake, okay?!" I then asked why he deducted the so-called \$26.06 shipping overcharge from an earlier invoice since he had not even paid me for the invoice yet that "supposedly" had the overcharge on it. In other words, how do you take back money that you did not pay? Kai made some excuse of him just trying to always stay on top of things, another "mistake." Then Kai proceeded to tell me twice that "You're lucky that someone here likes you.", and how they normally refuse to accept orders shipped by the post office. (I silently wondered, before or after they're sent!?) Then after slugging

the post office, Kai says that "The idiots that answer the phones at UPS don't tell you the same thing twice." I responded with "You're right Kai, they don't tell you twice. Those idiots told me the same thing four different times and the price difference was \$8.60!"

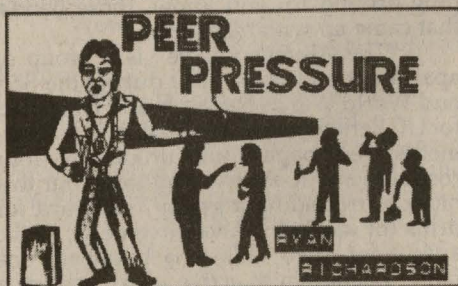
After a pause of silence on Kai's end he says "I could say something right now.", to which I responded "Then say it." Kai then replied with "If you were a professional you would have a UPS account." Once again I had to explain why I didn't want to pay UPS to come by my place every day because I wasn't shipping constantly, and Rotz was the only distributor that I had who were complaining about not using UPS. I also let him know again that before I had to start insuring things because of the bounced package, I had been saving them plenty over UPS prices. Kai's response again was "This is the way a professional does things." Then I wanted about all the invoices he was late on paying me.

Kai did some quick checking and came up with about \$1800.00 owed. I told Kai to try more like in the neighborhood of over \$4000.00. Kai does some more quick checking and says "Oh you are right, I thought I had already paid you for those." (At this point I should have popped off with "If you were a professional you would have already known how much you owed me and paid it.", but I was trying really hard to be diplomatic.) Kai now says "You know that I'm honest, so if I tell you that I'm putting your check in the mail right now, will you ship us that order right away?" ("Check's in the mail.", haven't heard that one before!)

It wasn't that simple.

But I'll have to end it right here, and possibly pick it up at a later time, as this column is already too long. The preceding was not intended as any sort of personal vendetta, but just as a sample of what some people have been going through, and how it's not acceptable to treat people this way (I could have been "vicious", but that wasn't the point).

Also it's not just me who's had problems with Rotz, but E-Mist Records, Unclean Records, Angry Thoreauan magazine, Recess Records, etc. (If I get any harassing phone calls I will hang up and immediately call back on the 800 number to explain proper phone etiquette.) -Brian GTA, 501 West Glenoaks Blvd. Suite 313, Glendale, CA 91202



I just opened a big, fat package of joy, and I'm not talking about jellyrolls. Brain Transplant just sent me a dazzling bag of

new reissues/previously unreleased material gems. To the chase... first up, we have the GRIM/KLONE BAND "Back On The Street" EP. Grim/Klone released one of the true KBD greats of '78; their "No Excuse!" EP (Disposable) can be heard on Killed By Death #10. This new EP is comprised of a three-song practice session. The styling and sound quality are pretty much on par with some garagey Radio X releases, only 15-20 years earlier. Second up is the INSULTS "Insults to Injury" LP. This Monterey, California early punk outfit were responsible for two exceedingly rare and terribly great 7in., "Population Zero" and "Stiff Love". Both singles were released in '79, though the second 7in. features a different singer. This LP is comprised of the entire session from the second 7in. with some mad Frenchie on vox. Among the 15 songs, you get the best track from the original 7in. ("I'm Just A Doper") plus some well-chosen covers (they covered the Dils "Class War" less than two years after its release on Dangerhouse) plus some great unreleased tracks especially "I'm So Twisted". Last and certainly not least of the group is THE MAD, weighing in with two releases. The first is a two-song 7in. "I Wanna Be A Devil" b/w "Eyeball". These tracks were pulled from a one-off acetate, the only place where the songs exist. Technically, this is a DISGUSTING release., a pre-Mad band without one of the guitarists. Screaming Mad George's guttural, Japlish lyrics are up front and great. The B-side is the original version of a song that appears on the band's incredible first 7in. (a top 10 choice for me, by the way). The second Mad item is a 12in. which features both songs from their first 7in. ("I Hate Music" and "Eyeball") plus unreleased songs from the same sessions. The LP jacket is a great example of Screaming Mad George's twisted artistic vision. Truly awesome. The Mad were as over-the-top as any band I've ever heard of... shock was the name of the game, and these sickos ran the show. The booklet cites many examples and has photos to prove it. Start your mail order engines now... the Brain Transplant releases tend to disappear in a hurry.

Also recently released was Frank Manley's SMASH THE STATE volume III LP, a compilation of rare and obscure Canadian punk releases. Almost all of the LP rocks especially the hardcore outfit, the Dischords. There are, of course, some lame-o tracks, but they are overshadowed by the great inept punk rock tunes also on the LP. Great booklet to boot.

In the Death of Hardcore department... on a recent trip to Portland, I took a tour of local strip bars (trust me, NOT my usual fare) with a friend who lives in the area. Among a night of many let's-get-the-fuck-out-of-here moments, there was one truly momentarily sublime moment: a nubile, terribly talented Tori Amos look-a-like stripper writhing around to - you're not gonna believe this - Minor Threat's "In My Eyes". The irony of the combination was not lost on me or my

C O L U M N S

friend... the fathers of the straight edge movement were background music at a titty bar. Too classic for words... we could only shake our heads and smirk and — to round out the picture — order another drink.

Finally, in the self-promotion department, we have the TEXAS TOAST website. I've been scanning in sleeves from rare American punk releases and slowly filling in biographical information for each band. It's a work in progress and not all the links work, but those with web access and time to kill should stop on by: <http://home.austin.rr.com/texaspunk>
Peer Pressure, P.O. Box 49984, Austin, TX 78765

BE PREPARED FOR ACCIDENTS

with arwen curry



I'm very proud of #198—my internal dialogues and the ones on vinyl, in print, are right on target this month. So here's some more thoughts, about resisting the cleansing of our neighborhoods and grammars, and demanding the Man leave our coffee the fuck alone!!!

Great! Best! Absolutely!

We are throwing away our words like used Kleenex, these days. An example: from one day to the next, the coffee shop across the street from the record store (where I work—you know, for money) has adopted the short/tall/grande/veinto(?!?) "system" for describing the sizes of their cups. A *system*, because this list of adjectives is blatantly an act of marketing. Selling—not even a product—but eerily, the sales pitch itself.

The relaxed, moneyed San Franciscans trot in with small dogs on leashes and clean casual clothes and begin ordering *tall* decaf caps, and *short* non-fat lattes. I watch their mouths when they say it, and do not detect a pause, a stumble over the word *short* used so suddenly out of its regular context. The facility with which they snatch up this new vocabulary disturbs me. Tossing away adjectives may seem like a noncommittal sacrifice, but I see it as a symptom of how, more and more casually, we give away our power of description to whoever takes the initiative to grab it.

It's as if we slowly began to *feel* that *plump/skinny/fat/tall*, etc. were no longer adequate words for describing people, but that instead we had to be referred to, say, as *small/medium/large/XL/XXL*, after a comprehensive Gap marketing campaign. To describe them at the convenience of clothing peddlers. It's already happening.

In English we've nearly lost, for example, the ability to communicate intensity in

simple words. Our once-precious superlatives: Great! Amazing! Unbelievable! Absolutely! Incredible! Most! Best! have become so diluted in meaning, and so overused, that they're no longer powerful. These days, it takes a fucking artist to describe a truly special cup of coffee. (Or record, for that matter—how many times have you read about "amazing", "incredible" bands?) Once again, commerce is the villain—redundant and exaggerated advertising, starting with print and taken to the stars by television, has left us with one less tool to express degree.

In its tendency to assert control over even the most benign idiosyncrasies, the culture-at-large is especially nervous about the "wild spaces", organic language. (Black English is a good example—a non-standard dialect by its nature threatens government control. As a creative force and binding social net, the power of this is undeniable, though the media, operating primarily through the school and work forces, has denied it as long as possible. Until fairly recently, American Black dialects were not recognized as a legitimate linguistic bodies, and were kept isolated from power by their characterization as a bastardized forms of English, primitive and sloppy. This is the general pattern. When finally, under political pressure, the dialect is worked into the mainstream, it is once again via marketing; in TV ads and sitcoms. The result is still a crude offensive sketch, but with the stigma softened.)

Language is a relentless force—we automatically create new expressions when they're needed. But just in case, hold onto your adjectives. When a new Unamerican Activities Committee calls you on the bench for crimes of art or thought, they may be the only weapons you have.

More Bulldozers

I was hanging out on Gilman St. when I was six, man. That's how old-school I am. Of course, the club wasn't around back then. The PicNPac, where the punks buy cans of Olde English to drink clandestinely in the surrounding alleys, was there, in all its fluorescent glory. So was a dusty little red theater called the Rialto, with one shoebox screen. The longest stretch of childhood I spent in one interval, in one place—was then and there—between four and eight, off Gilman and Sixth. Nine years later I was back, only visiting the neighborhood, bopping around to...you know, those bands, that came up with that sound...

"The Albany Village" is a group of apartment buildings, built during the Second World War as barracks, and later used for UC Berkeley student housing. The apartments were papery and utilitarian—four rooms to a unit, six to a building, four to a block surrounding a grassy courtyard for drills (or kickball.) And three of us, in the apartment—two kids to a bunkbed, one father (stepmom to arrive later), making a chicken last a week, fishing tadpoles from Strawberry Creek, that ran under the streets.

Recently, after years of passing by, I

drove the Maximumrocknroller through the compound to show off the wellspring of all this twisted nostalgia—drove around in circles, lost. I realized that the place was just gone, the square closed up in walls, the fucking bulldozers resting after they devoured three of the four buildings, including my old place. The last one was waiting to go down—admittedly, a screaming breach of safety codes. I guess it had to go, but I don't have to be happy about it. I don't have to stop using it as a model for my life, for the future. That's how I feel about a lot of things.

News, Grievances

At the Mordam convention this year, the era of the verbal punk business agreement, based (with remarkable longevity) on a basic trust and common understanding of terms, passed away without a grunt in late September. The reason: a handful of labels, all with long-standing exclusive deals with their distributor, signed contracts allowing, to varying degrees, their music to be downloaded off the net by internet music companies. These are owned, to the best of my knowledge, by large investing firms. There is an ambiguity in these adolescent (pimpily, lusty) days of net music distribution. Several of these labels, with relative innocence, apparently mistook their fresh new alignments to be purely promotional, while others—the culprits are unsurprising—clearly did not.

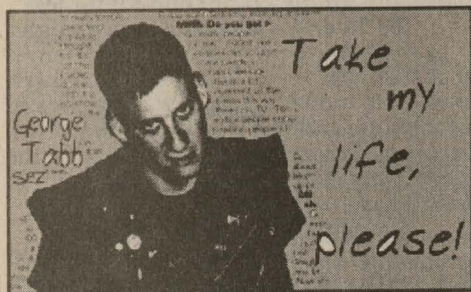
With urgency and a justified sense of betrayal to the famous Mordam family ideal, Ruth and company took simultaneous steps—first to travel the ethically and financially murky paths of net distribution to provide their labels (and zines, sort of) with equal access on the net, and second, to make perfectly clear that Mordam's relationship with its "children" (a little ironic, in MRR's case) is binding in all formats, tangible or otherwise.

Also (and these quotes are approximated, but not distorted): "I see it more as a different type of space, like a foreign territory, not a different format" (that's Jello—an interesting idea, by the way—illustrative of the amorphous nature of this shit, but awkward practically) and "We're gonna need, like, a massive advertising bash" (that's Kozik) and "Wow, all these people are offering me money, and sometimes I wonder if I should just take it and run" (that's Jade Tree) aren't quotes that will be posted on the warehouse wall at Mordam any time soon.

So...all of Mordam's releases are currently available through their new website (www.mordamrecords.com) wholesale, and according to their plan, will soon be available retail as well, though there is some debate as to how this will affect mail order sales for labels.

The deeper tones of this are important to everyone who is concerned with buying punk music relatively easily, and in an ethical fashion. How corrupted an industry it becomes lies, at least for now, in our hands. It promises to be an interesting time. Contact me at arwenc@mindspring.com.

columns



"Of course it's an all ages show," I explain to Bill, our driver, merch guy, videographer, and all around trouble-shooter for the evening's show in Toronto, "how else are we going to be able to hit on 16 year olds?"

"Hey," says Michael, our drummer of Furious George, "don't include me in your 'we' when you are talking about stuff like that. I mean, maybe you and Steve...."

"Steve?" asks Bill as he drives his mini-van through the Holland Tunnel, with Michael next to him in the front passenger seat. I, of course, am laying down in the very back of the vehicle. My spot.

"He's our new bassist," I yell to Bill over his blaring car stereo, "the one we are picking up at the rest stop. Where his father is dropping him off."

"How old is he again?" Michael asks.

"18," I reply.

"That's kinda young," says Bill as he struggles to read the road signs that will point him to the Jersey Turnpike. Bill is legally blind.

"Old enough to play the punk rock," I explain to Bill, "plus he'll obey."

"Uh huh," says Bill as he makes a quick right, then left, then right, all within two seconds.

"Really," I say, "plus he's damn good looking."

"Yeah," says Michael, "you're just saying that because he looks exactly like you."

"No he doesn't," I protest. But five minutes later, I am proven wrong.

We arrive at some restaurant parking lot right off the highway and are immediately greeted by Steve and his Dad. Steve is dressed in a black denim jacket, black women's stretch jeans, a black t-shirt, and has bleached blonde hair.

"He's your fucking twin," says Bill after shaking Steve's and his father's hand.

"No he's not," I say as I stare at my doppelganger, "he's at least two inches shorter than me."

"He looks the same size to me," says Michael.

"It's because I slouch," I tell my dopey drummer.

"Uh huh," he replies.

I then explain to Steve's father that the trip to Toronto shouldn't take more than eight hours, and that we'll have his son back the following afternoon. Or early evening, at the latest.

"So you'll take good care of my son," he says to me.

I smile, tell him I will, and promise not to deliver him home in a shopping cart, drunk.

Steve's father thanks me and gives us all a box of Duncan Donuts.

As we pull away in Bill's mini-van, he waves to us and tells us to have fun.

Five minutes later Steve tells us it's a good thing the gig was that evening, and not during the past week.

"Why?" asks Michael.

"Because I was grounded," he says. Doh.

*

As we make our way to the great white north with our new bass player and blind driver, Michael and I discuss the direction of the band.

"I think we should tour more, and record a new album," he says.

"Yeah!" exclaims Steve, from the middle bench he has all to himself in the mini-van, "That sounds great. How about it, George?"

I tell them both it sounds like fun, but we gotta start making more money. That this punk rock stuff is making me broke. That the show we were to play in Toronto that evening will cost me about as much as the phone bills I have just from calling and confirming the show.

"Well, you didn't have to call him every two seconds," explains Bill.

"I did if we wanted that free hotel room," I say.

"Well then it's not really free, is it?" says Michael.

Drummers.

About an hour later I wake up from a small nap with drool hanging from my lip. And a small pool of saliva near my head, on my guitar case. I awake because of the yelling going on in the front of the van.

"He did what?" yells Michael, laughing his ass off.

"Her," says Bill, "that night."

"Who did who?" I manage to ask, spitting all over the place.

"Dude," says Steve, "you just got me all wet."

I ignore the youngster, and again ask Michael and Bill who they are talking about.

"Some chick fucked the bassist for Borough Kore, and right before that, she blew some guy for two six packs of beer," explained Bill.

"Wow," says Steve.

"Geez," I say, "I'd have only offered her one pack."

Nobody laughs. Except for Steve.

I really begin to like the kid.

As the ride progresses, we talk about Canada, and what a stupid country it really is. We bitch about how it is retarded that we will have to exchange our money, for theirs, which is worthless, and how all Canadians say "eh?" and "right?" all the time.

We also talk about their women. And I say that at least girls in Canada are clean.

"Last time I toured there," I explain, "I fucked this really hot chick who shaved

everywhere."

"Even her mustache?" asks Michael.

"Shut-up, pussy," I say to my drummer.

"Did she shave her clit?" asks Steve.

I look at him, then at Michael. Michael looks at Steve, then at me. Steve looks at me, then at Michael. Michael looks at Bill, then back at me. Bill looks at the road signs, wondering what they say.

"Dude," I start.

"Don't tell him," says Michael.

"Yeah," agrees Bill.

"Tell me what?" asks Steve, confused.

"Nothing," I say.

Ya gotta love the kids.

*

Eleven hours after telling Steve's dad that it would take us eight hours, we arrive at the Canada border. We got a bit lost near Buffalo, and almost resorted to asking Amish people for directions. But they looked scary in their little hats with their horse drawn carts. Plus, some of the kids wore little black capes with hoods, and looked like midget Grim Reapers.

"Okay," I say to the band and Bill one last time, "are all of you sure you didn't bring any drugs with you? Because if you did, toss them now."

Michael and Steve tell me for the umpteenth time that they have no drugs. That they have their birth certificates and/or passports, and that I'm being paranoid.

Bill just tells me to shut-up.

"Hi," says the cute Canadian guard lady at the Peace Bridge Border.

"Hi," we all say back to her, smiling. She's really cute, has a pretty smile, and a nice rack hidden underneath her guard's outfit.

"Where are you headed in Canada?" she asks us.

Not "What is your purpose for going into our country." Not "Are you transporting drugs over the border to sell to our citizens." Not even "You look like a band, are you playing a gig?", in which we could have responded by saying we were recording a record, and even had the fake documents faxed to us to prove it. No. We were asked "Where are you headed in Canada?"

"Toronto," explained Bill, from behind the steering wheel.

"Any alcohol or tobacco?" she asks.

"Nope," says Bill and Michael in unison, as Steve, who is sitting right behind Bill with a cigarette in his mouth, shakes his head.

"Well, then have a good time, eh?" she tells us, and with that, waves us in.

We all look at each other in amazement.

*

Two hours later we arrive in Toronto. As we pull off the QE2, or whatever their fucking highway is called, we are approached by a large gang of punk rockers.

"Squeegee Punks," Bill says.

"What?" I yell, as they converge on the mini-van.

C O L U M N S

"Squeegee Punks," he repeats, "They're gonna wash our windows."

"Bullshit," I say, as I watch guys and girls approach us and a bunch of other cars that just got off the highway. Some have mohawks, some long hair. Some are bald, and all are wearing t-shirts that have band names like "Crass" or "Blanks 77" on them.

"Drive away, fast!" I yell to Bill, "They're gonna rob us!"

"I know," replies Bill, "they do a shitty job on the windows, and expect good money."

Sure enough, two seconds later a couple of punk rockers pull out squeegees and buckets, and start to wash Bill's window. Even though it's raining outside.

"What the fuck is this?" yells Michael.

"I thought only homeless people did this," adds Steve.

"They're punk rockers!" I say.

Twenty seconds later some punk rock girl is banging on Michael's window.

"What's she want?" he asks Bill.

"A tip," Bill replies, bored.

"Give her a fucking Furious George sticker," I say.

"I wouldn't do that," warns Bill.

"Fucking squatter with underarm hair, give her a damn sticker," I repeat, and hand one to Michael.

He rolls down the window, and in lieu of a tip, gives her the sticker with our name and little monkey on it.

She just looks at it, then us. Then she starts to say something. In French. And English. We can only make out the words "Fuck You", but we think we get the general idea.

So every time after that, when a Squeegee Punk approached us and did our windows, we gave them stickers. Just to build up our fan base.

We arrive at The Grange Hotel about twenty minutes later. The place looks like a housing project in the South Bronx, but our room does have a couple of small beds, and a bathroom, so we're happy.

As we change and dress in our hotel room paid for by the club, El Mocambo, Bill explains to us that the Squeegee Punks are mostly from Montreal. That they moved to Toronto to squat and beg, and that they make more money here than in their native province.

"Damn immigrants," I mutter.

After my third shower of the day I ready myself for the gig. I spray on fifty squirts of Jovan Musk For Men, and watch in amazement as Steve does the same thing. With his own bottle. Of Jovan Musk For Men.

"Jesus," says Michael, "not only do you two look exactly alike, you fucking smell the same."

I ask Steve why he wears Jovan Musk For Men, expecting him to tell me because I do, but he stuns me.

"My ex-girlfriend got me hooked on it years ago, so I've been using it ever since."

I remember my ex-girlfriend hooking me on the stuff and wonder if maybe I was looking at a clone.

When it comes time to shave, I find that Michael is in the shower, and there is no mirror in the bedroom, although, there is a sink. So I wet my face, and cover it with shaving cream. I then have Steve stand in front of me, and mimic my movements as I remove my eight o'clock shadow. Steve's hand jumps quickly at one point and I cut myself. Damn clone.

Finally, we make our way to the show.

We arrive at The El Mocambo about six Furious George stickers later, and the window is still smudgy.

As we make our way inside we meet the booker guy, Dan. He's the one who I bugged and bugged to get us a hotel room, money, and free drinks. He's younger than I expected him to be, what with his gruff voice and all, but he does say "eh?" and "right" to punctuate a lot of his sentences, making him sound real Canadian.

"So George," Dan says to me as he shakes my hand, "you look a lot shorter than I thought you would be, eh?"

I explain that I'm not short, that I just slouch.

"Your twin brother seems to be exactly your height, right?" he says pointing at Steve and laughing.

I make my way inside and get a drink.

The band on-stage has a girl singing, and they are pretty punk rock. We're next.

Eventually they cease playing and we take the stage, and their equipment.

"What are you doing, eh?" asks the drummer as Michael sits down behind the guy's kit.

"We're using your amps and shit," I say to the guy, "Dan said it was okay."

"He didn't ask us, eh?" says the guy who owns the amp I am plugging into.

"Fuck," I mutter.

"What makes you guys think that you can just come on-stage and use our stuff, right?" asks the bass player of the band as Steve begins to tune up with the guy's tuner.

"We're Americans," I reply.

"Okay then, right?" says the drummer, and with that, we have a back line.

We begin our set by telling the crowd that it's great to be here in Montreal and that we are glad that the squatters here at least have jobs compared to those in New York.

They boo at us.

We then play a couple of songs, followed by some more chitter-chatter.

"Ya know," I say to the crowd, "I can really tell we're in a foreign country now. Instead of signs being in English and Spanish, they're in English and French!"

Of course we are booed again.

We then play a few more songs, adding "right?" and "eh" to the end of each sentence. Steve does a great job playing, and when it comes time to introduce the band I say, "This is our new bass player,

Steve, but I think I'll call him Mini-Me!"

It's the only time the audience laughs.

Because the next thing I tell them is that they don't even live in a real country, that their money looks like it belongs in Monopoly, and if it was World War Two, and the Nazis invaded North America, the Canadians would have their hands up in the air faster than the Italians.

Suddenly it begins to rain beer.

I then explain that we were surprised that when we got to the Canadian border, people's heads weren't split in half, horizontally, like the heads of Terrance and Philip in South Park.

The bottles start.

"Fuck you," yells Steve to the country of hockey and beer.

I like the kid.

"Listen you little pussies," I say, "The only reason your country exists is because The United States Of America let's you."

The spit starts. In large gobs.

Then some kid grabs my mic and starts yelling.

"Fuck you, you American Pig," he screams, "we Canadians burnt down the White House in 1812, right?"

"Which white house?" Michael shoots back.

The kid, pissed, tries to hit me. I kick him away.

"Don't any of you try to hit us," I yell at them, "We're from America. We'll bomb you."

We then start our next song, but can hardly be heard over the roar of the crowd cursing us out.

"Fuck you, right?" they scream.

"Bloody Americans, eh?" they yell.

And more and more bottles and cans are thrown at us. Some of them full.

Finally we finish up the set with The Village People's "Macho Man", explaining that it is a REAL American song, written by REAL American men.

Afterwards, Bill tells me it was our best set since our riot in Berkeley. I smile.

*

After about four or five fanzine and radio interviews, in which the interviewers try to beat up on me or no reason, we make our way to a local "punk rock" bar.

Once there, we order lots of rounds and I find myself playing a video game where you have to piece together naked ladies. Suddenly I am offered help from two beautiful Canadian women. I can tell they are Canadian because they shave their underarms, and say "eh?" and "right?"

As we play the game, this one girl, Giselle, or Jizz, for short, tells me she thinks I'm real cute.

I blush.

She then tells me that she thinks the girls on the video screen are cuter. And that the one with the shaved pussy really turns her on.

"Hey Mini-Me," I yell to my bass player, who is engaged in a rather heavy conversation with a nicely busted Great

Columns

White Northern Female, "this girl here, Jizz, likes 'em shaved."

"Really?" he says, "she likes shaved clits?"

Jizz looks at me.

"He's a kid," I explain to her.

She nods her head, understanding.

Two hours later we find ourselves breaking into an elementary school swimming pool with about twenty Canadians. The next thing we knew, most of them were taking off their clothes and going for a 3 a.m. swim. Jizz stripped down to only her underwear, and I saw a set of headlights on her that could have been seen from New York.

Eventually Steve, Michael, Bill and I found ourselves in our underwear as well, swimming around in some cold ass water. I asked Jizz to swim near me, so I could feel her flotation devices, but no such luck. She informed me that she was "into girls" these days.

Later, as we dried off with our t-shirts, we were faced with the dilemma of putting on our jeans over our wet underwear. I came up with the idea of taking our underwear completely off, and only wearing our jeans, thereby keeping dry. We changed by the bushes, and when we walked back toward the pool, the guys in the pool saw us in our jeans, and asked if we were "riding bareback".

It was then that I realized why there are so few Canadians in Canada. It's hard to procreate with members of the same sex.

After everyone got dressed, and Bill and I got to watch Jizz take off her underwear and ask us if her bush excited us, most of us made our way to a place called "Speakers' Corner".

Speakers' Corner is this, well, corner. A corner of a building. In downtown Toronto. It's this big booth thing where you go in and insert a Canadian dollar. Which is, in reality, about sixty cents.

Anyway, after you insert the money, a light flashes on and tells you to speak. Basically, it's an automatic video camera thing. You speak your mind, and if the people who watch all the videos which are about a minute long, like you, they run you on Canadian National Television. On the way to the place, Jizz told us she was on when she was 12. Others told us they were on as well.

So Michael walks into Speakers' Corner, inserts his sixty cents, and starts to yell that America rules, and Canada sucks. Then he gets so excited he flashes the damn camera.

Mini-Me and I, of course can not stand idly by. We walk into the booth with Michael, flash our dicks, and yell how Furious George rules and God Bless America, and fuck Canada and their sissy accents and money. By the time the minute's up, we've used every curse and swear word we know.

Upon exiting the booth we ask Jizz with a snicker if she thinks they'll run THAT on Canadian television.

"Probably," she says, "they'll just bleep out some of the words, eh?"

The next morning we awake at The Grange Hotel, most of us very hung-over. I remember leaving Speakers' Corner, buying beer and bologna, and throwing the latter out the window like Frisbees at the Squeegie Punks.

As I yawn and stretch in the comfortable hotel bed, I feel something really soft and round next to me. Actually, two things really soft and round. Attached to a woman's body. I look over and see Jizz, in Bill's underwear, fast asleep. It was then I remembered I'd slept with a lesbian. A Canadian lesbian. Which, I guess, is repetitive.

And I do mean "slept". What else could I do?

An hour later we found ourselves saying good-bye to our new friend with the sticky name and awesome boobs, and an hour and a half later we found ourselves on the QE2, or whatever the fuck it's called again, with over four hundred newly purchased over-the-counter codeine pills.

As we arrived at the American border, I again asked all the guys if they had their paperwork, and told them to say we had been recording a record if they ask about our guitars. I didn't mention drugs, because we had just purchased a shitload of them.

"Hi," says the American Guard to Bill, as we pull up to the border, "how's it going?"

"Fine," Bill replies, squinting, and trying to read the signs up ahead that will point us in the right direction of the city.

"Are you all American Citizens?" he asks.

"Yup," Bill says.

"Why were you in Canada?" he asks.

"Trying to record a record," Bill explains.

"What happened?" asked the guard.

"They were way too expensive, had no sense of humor, and were really stupid," I said to the guard from the back seat.

"Fucking Canadians," says the guard, and with that, waves us back into our own country.

Take My Life, Please.

Endnotes:

1. Canada is actually very cool. Everyone up there was really nice, and we hope to tour there again real soon. Actually, I don't think I've enjoyed playing a show as much as I did in Toronto. You guys up there rule, eh? Right?

2. You can write to us by going to our website at www.furiousgeorge.com Also, there are pictures from this trip up on the site! You can actually see Mini-Me!

3. The Dykenamic Dou & The Boy Wonders are a new band from PA and elsewhere in the midwest. Great great songs, fun, fun fun! Safety Pin In My Snatch! Yeah, baby!

4. Other great bands I've listened to lately include The Stuntmen, Starr, The Misfits,

Sex Offenders, New F.Y.P. stuff, Pure Rubbish, Useless I.D., Cleveland Bound Death Sentence, etc.

5. I saw Useless I.D. here in NY. They are from Isreal and they rule! Yeah, Falafal Core! Punk Oi Vey Rock!

6. Finally, umm, I haven't said this in a while, so...Fuck you, I'm from New York, I got big sneakers, ladies stretch jeans, and U.S. Pins on my leather jacket. How's that?



One hazard of being clinically depressed is that I go hermit. I can't sleep, motivate to eat and I always get this Marion Crane desire to anonymously hit the road for destinations unknown (although her runaway was untimely cutshort). I'm numb and lethargic and don't have much to say during lows like this. So this will be quick, before I lose all interest.

The following is a brief list of some favorite lines delivered me by devoted men of our hardcore scene, with some brief notes. You'll catch my drift.

1. "Shut up! You're Kathleen Hanna!"

2. "You're acting like the woman from Melrose Place."

3. "I thought you were a groupie, for lack of better words." - this came from someone roadying for some band. I'd introduced myself as a volunteer at ABC No Rio and asked him to ask the band if they'd please come back to play again because I loved them.

4. "I know why you have so many guy friends in bands- your blonde hair and big..." -line finished with a gesture to my breasts.

5. "Why are you booking them again- what, do you have a crush on them or something?"

Number five is my current favorite, although it doesn't get better than Kathleen Hanna as an insult. I was doing the booking at ABC along with one other person, male, who'd booked Black Dice for two shows two weeks in a row. There is an unwritten policy at ABC that allows bands to play only once every two months to avoid monopolization. One day, a faraway band organizing their tour requested Black Dice to play for their NY date, and although it was only one month after their last gig, I caved in and hoped the exception could be made. It caused a big fight and was one of the (many) supposed reasons I was ejected from booking, although it was the other booker who'd overkilled them two weeks in a row. When I went ahead and booked them for that following month, quote #5 was delivered to

COLUMNS

me by an active volunteer and someone I had always considered a friend.

I laughed it off and discussed it with two trusted friends after the fact, because it bothered me so badly. I really regret not confronting it then, but unfortunately, at that time, I was heading out the door with two out-of-town friends who were my first priority.

Hopefully I can confront that person sometime, because it stings that I got the boot at a meeting (that I wasn't even present at to speak for myself or at least bear witness), and one of the offenses posthumously brought to my attention was putting Black Dice on that show...when I was asked if I was booking them so often because I had a crush on them. Hey, why else would a silly girl do booking? No one asked the male booker that when he put them on two weeks in a row, though.

I guess I didn't hoot then because I knew why I booked them- because I think they rock live...isn't that a good enough reason? I was the booker-but I guess being assumed the het girl in said position means, well whatever. It wasn't valid then and I'm not going to pretend otherwise here. I'm tired.

Heck, maybe I really am just a groupie for lack of better words, eh? Sounds correct from this view.

This community looks great in zines like this or when you pay your five dollars at the door, seeing nothing else behind the scenes (pun intended, why not) but bands and rants. But when I get told things like the ones on this abbreviated list, I feel like I know the real deal.

I'd be better off to back off. It's not convenient to act like Kathleen Hanna or the woman (aka bitch) from Melrose Place-this doesn't rhyme with the favored anthem. I don't want to talk about the trends of community, equality and every other record slogan. I hear what's being said like it's being crammed down my throat. It's just not what I see or how it feels. I don't believe it anymore; I just can't help it.

I feel like if I would wear turtle necks and duct tape lipstick, I'd have more friends than antagonizers.

A few years ago, I was very tired of the ladies' magazines only explorations being how to lose ten pounds this weekend, how to make him want you and which lip balm provides better protection. Around me, I observed the girls at school who needed to get laid because everybody else was or because it was the only way to keep a guy's attention and while they would later lose days or graduation altogether to either give birth or have abortions, I figured I should keep reading and graduate. I didn't want to drink or get high with them, after hearing of too many stories of them being "taken advantage of" while passed out at a party. To me, it all made these young women look like props. There to be pretty and easy on a stranger's arm. I needed to be my own woman. It was my only defense! Enter the world

clique of punk rock, and I felt like I'd found a place to be safe.

That was when I was in my teens; I'll be 23 this weekend. Suddenly again I feel trampled under this high school gun, unclear on my only defense as an individual human being, alias woman. I sit now and observe the assumptions made of this being and for the first time in years, I feel powerless. I'm tired of fighting to change their minds of an opinion that only I own, yet I can't.

It's way off the subject, but at my last job, a male manager shoved me around his office, holding me tight by the arm. When I struggled free and told him to keep his hands off of me, he only did it again in an attempt to shove me out of the office (I never refused to leave in the first place; I would have, if asked and not grabbed and pushed). I cried my eyes out over the violation because it shocked me and I bet you he wouldn't have pushed me around if I was a big guy, or a guy period.

A 19 year old co-worker comforted me with a story about another manager there who had not only personally given her a photograph of his penis but grabbed her hand once and placed it on his crotch while she sat in the office handing her money in.

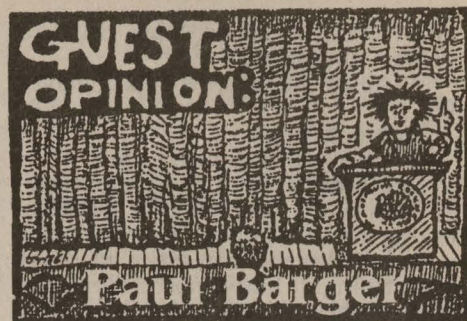
I screamed at her and demanded to know why she never reported this to the corporate office. She explained because an uncle had molested her as a child and a friend later tried to rape her at 13. She said that when she cried both times for help to her parents, they wouldn't believe her. She said that she assumed if her parents wouldn't help her, why should anyone else believe her? Who cares what all she saids are anyway? When I quit that job a week later, neither of my managers said good bye to me or even good night. why not, after their initial response to my claim of physical harassment was that it was my word against his?

Sometimes (most, as of late) my life and separate reality as a woman is always my word against his or yours. I can't stand it.

I wish I could get up and go away! I'll take it all back in return for the dignity of my only defense of this body. The boy's club could be at work or the matinee. Either way keep them all; I'm not fighting today.

Sounds so dramatic, but you know me. I just can't stand having to justify everything. Why must I justify myself for booking a band, liking the music, having male friends, speaking my mind, anything! I can't do anything without justification from a terrified guy. I really hate myself for it.

"You are not what you own"-from an influential band whose name I won't say....thanks for the support. I'll be in the back if you need some justification, a doormat, someone to complain about your ex girlfriend to, to compare your ex girlfriend to, to blame your insecurities on, to ask how you spell mysogyny, to say yeah yr band was kool, etc, etc, etc. jenhate@hotmail.com



Is this really more than music?

It was ten years ago this year that I first bought the Verbal Assault 7" with the song "More Than Music" on it. And although when I was listening to it earlier today I practically shuddered at the sound of the songs on that record (tastes change), when I first bought that record, it unlocked a passion inside and let the fire spread to all parts of my life. Coming to terms with anger and resentment towards the world was the first part to my introduction to punk rock. But up until then, there was something unrefined stewing inside. Something that I couldn't identify, but something latent and very much present. An undiscovered passion for establishing my own stability and independence in a world that was, and still is, set on ignoring anyone outside of the status quo. Like Dan Yemin from Kid Dynamite said in the interview that ran in Maximum: "I heard this crazy shit for the first time and was like, 'Wow... You know, it's like being from another planet and then you find someone that speaks the same language as you.'" From the moment that I put the two pieces of the puzzle together, to see the bigger picture about why I was drawn to this underground scene, I would never be the same again.

But it's been a decade and I've seen people and scenes change. I've moved and developed. I've been in love, and I've been suicidal. But the thing that kept the personal revolution intact was the fact that I was drawn to this for so many more reasons than just music. There is so much more.

My girlfriend and I were walking around San Francisco one day recently, enjoying the warm summer sunshine and exploring this incredible city. Usually, like many people that live here, neither of us can find the time to really explore and learn about our city and communities. We "discovered" this great museum tucked away at the top of this hill overlooking the Castro and virtually most of the southern half of San Francisco. I believe it was called the Randall Museum. This place was amazing. It's a lot less like a "museum" and more like a hands-on learning center for kids, but free and open to public. Not only do they have exhibits and things, but they also have a small petting zoo and lots of animals to look at, that live at the museum! We poked around and "ooed" and "ahhed" at all the neat stuff, but the most exciting part was right before we left. There was this punk boy working there, most likely a volunteer. He was prob-

Columns

ably in his late 20s, maybe early 30s. He was so into what he was doing, working with the animals, and probably usually working with kids. It made me so excited for him and for the museum, to realize that there were people out there that did not give up the fight, did not give in to the status quo, but instead transformed that feeling of disenfranchisement into a passion and excitement about things, in an attempt to set new standards and beliefs gradually in a stubborn and often uncompromising world.

I think sometimes we expect too much from this world, or at least in Western culture. We often give people too much credit,

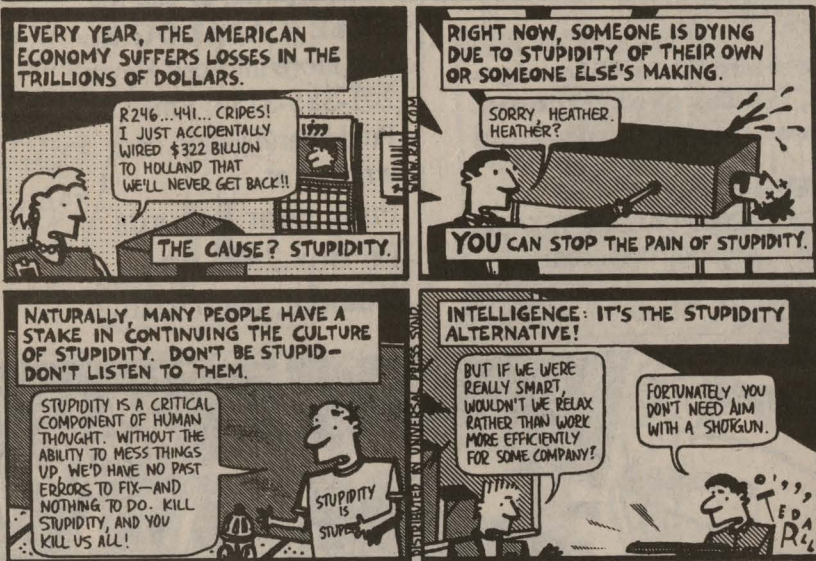
assuming that they will unlock those same passions to move forward, but with also that same sense of rejecting what has failed in the past. It is constantly an uphill climb.

It's funny to me though sometimes, when I remember all the times that people have told me that I wallow in misery or that I'm too jaded, and wonder what is it in me that they see. Is my fire out? Is that passion gone? I hope not, and I hope that I'm able to maintain a sense of individuality and responsibility, and not get co-opted into another person who'd rather sit down in the middle of a storm.

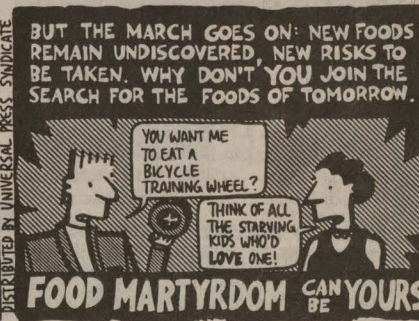
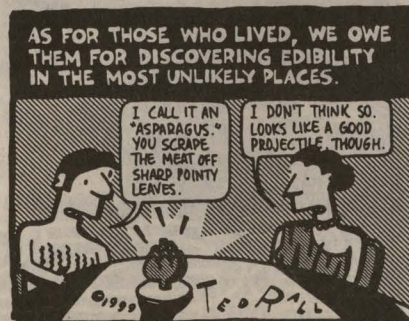
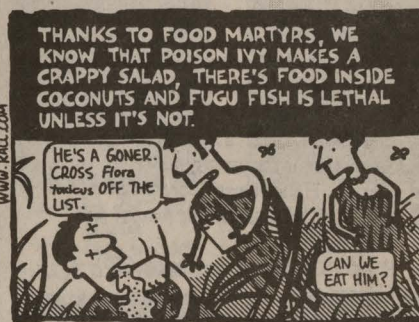
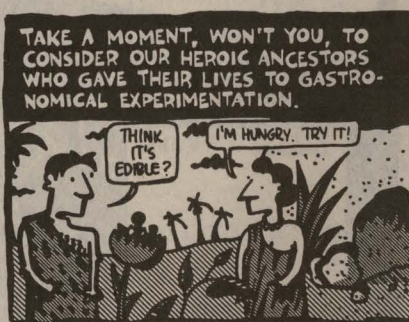
There is nothing more damaging that

anyone can take away from you, than your sense of self and your dignity. Don't let them do so, and don't give up the fight. Because, hopefully, deep inside, this is more than music to you. It's something that screams from the alleys and housing projects. Emanating from trailer parks and suburban tract houses. Pulsing in your veins and making you more aware. This passion has nothing to do with "punk rock". That's just the medium for the message. You see it in the eyes of people across the country, and around the world. They are pushed out and angry and willing to make themselves available for an alternative to self-righteousness and power-driven bigotry.

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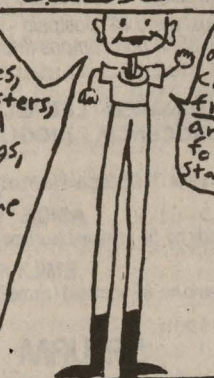
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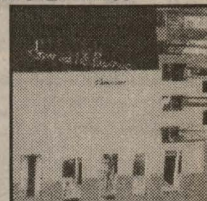
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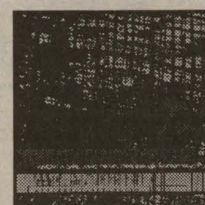
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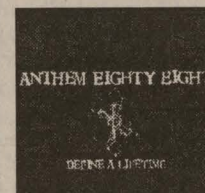
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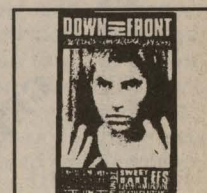
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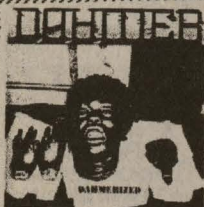
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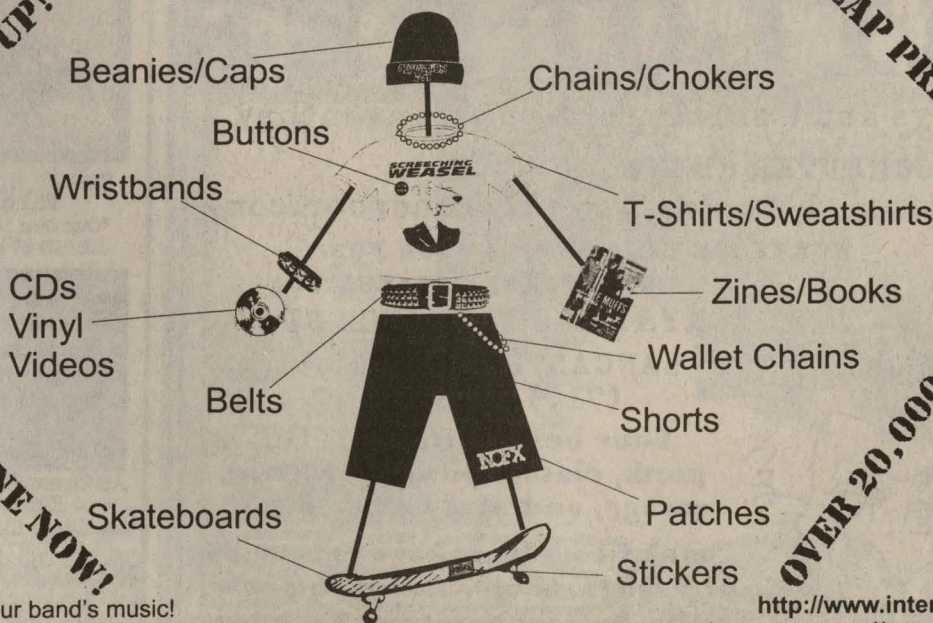
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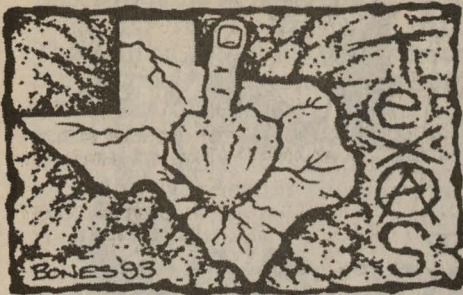
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Scene reports



TERMENT with Jake. Jake, along with Brad, is in a reunited version of the pop punk group **THE FENOGLIOS** (who have great screamed vocals that remind me of Kathleen Hanna). GB, from **THE FENOGLIOS**, is the bass player for **PUKE SHIT**, who have a pop punk sound teamed with crusty vocals. Confused yet? Needless to say, our scene can be quite incestuous. Also in the pop punk and straightforward punk vein are **UPPY ALEX, PVK**,

far as I know, they've never set foot in a studio (though, I could be wrong). Michael Papa John of **VINEGAR** has recently joined up with Brian Green (of ex-**SINN FEIN** fame) to form **THE RONIN ASSASSINS**, a highly energetic grind metal group with incredible stop/start dynamics and two singers (screamers). Then there's the grind sounds of **CONQUEST OF PITY** (featuring Mark of ex-**URINAL CAKES** and GB of **THE FENOGLIOS** and **PUKE SHIT**). Al-

First of all, let me say that I was moved to write this scene report after reading Ryan Richardson's column in MRR #194, where he states that there aren't many punk bands in Fort Worth. We've got bands. The problem seems to reside in finding places to play and labels to put out the music. Aside from **SLAVE ONE** (a great metal group) and **SUBOSLO** (a great dub group), there are no local records. That's a shame, because there's an audience for them.

As far as I can tell, most of the punk music that comes out of the area bears a strong metal influence. I'm not sure if this is because we're in the South (always a reliable source for metal) or because of everyone's adoration for local heroes, **SLAVE ONE** (the kings of the scene). Whatever the case, our shows are comprised of either pop punk bands or crust/grind/metal groups. Oddly enough, everyone gets along and both styles book shows together.

I guess we'll start with the pop punk and related styled bands. The most infamous of these bands would be **SHMUNKS 4 U**, who have appeared on a local comp featuring the likes of APB and ED BANKY'S CAR. Brad, from **SHMUNKS**, recently formed an FYP-styled group called **GUT-**

THE CATTLE ASSASSINS, and (the now defunct) **UNKLE IMP**.

As far as heavier/faster music goes, the biggest group here is **SLAVE ONE**, who have played shows with the likes of **NOOT-HGRUSH** and **SOILENT GREEN** and have released two 7"s and a CD. **VINEGAR** is also big. They're a great crust punk group that's stuck it out for nearly 7 years now. As

Conquest Of Pity

though they're more metal than punk, there's also **HARQ-AL-ADA**. **HARQ-AL-ADA** have recently found a new singer in Josh Brown, the guy who did vocals for the now broken up **RECAL CITRANT**. **RECAL CITRANT** were my favorite local group. Their songs were short, crusty, and political. They sounded like **ANAL CUNT** (minus the homophobia). Oh yeah, we've got an emo band called **QUIET EARTH**, too.

On to the venues. In my opinion, the best place to see a show was at **Oddballs**. Unfortunately, it was way out in the middle of nowhere. As a result, it recently closed down. Now, we've got **Coogan's**, **The Ridglea Theater**, and **Abracadabra's** (a skinhead hangout). Speaking of **Abracadabra's**, I refuse to go to shows there. There are too many **PANTERA**-loving jocks and metal heads hanging around. Plus, they have a big screen TV that's set to MTV. Every other place to play seems to be out in Dallas.

Well, that's about it. We're not too strong on zines, though we do have one called **Civil Disobedience** that's pretty good. If you want to contact me, write to Matt Keefer at 4517 Meadowbrook in Fort Worth, TX 76103. And, as always, if you have a problem with anything written here, get out a pen and paper and write your own report. Thanks.

Gutterment

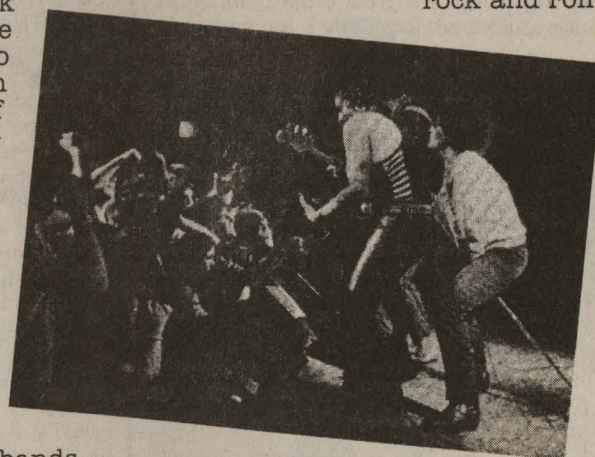
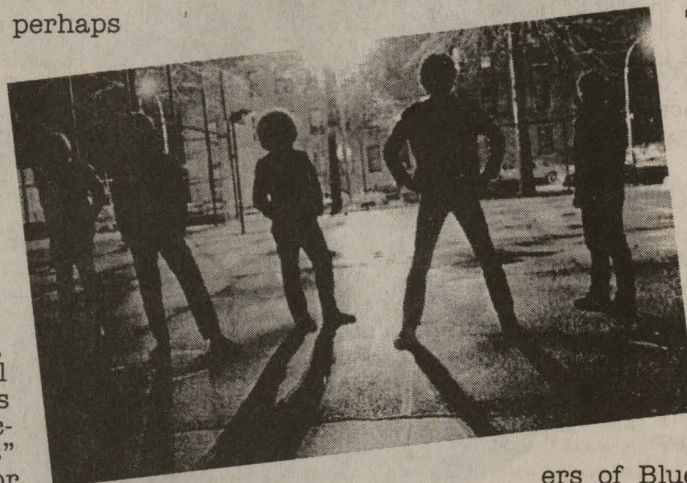




So, we are in an era, perhaps the tail end, where almost every punk band from "back in the day" has re-

formed—putting out reissues, and doing reunion shows. Punk, at least temporarily, sells. Not that there is anything wrong with getting back together—some cases are better than others, however. Unfortunately, for the most part, these reunions tend to fail for many reasons. Perhaps the biggest contributing factor is that these "reunions" usually consist of only one or two of the original members. band that can not fit into the reunited category is the Dictators. Not yesterday's heroes, but the next big thing! I find it refreshing that the Dictators have not tried to sell themselves as the godfathers of punk, coming back to take their rightful place, under this crest of punk rock revival—the Dictators cannot get back together, because they have never broken up! Nor do they believe in reunion shows—the whole idea of reunions and such is the exact pompous lameness they deliberately keep out of the band—that Spinal Tap cheese. They play when they are together and don't when they are not.

The Dictators story goes back to 1971. Then, Andy Shernoff attended college in a the hippie town of New Paltz. While in school he was in a few bands and ran a fanzine called *Teenage Wasteland Gazette*, he also wrote for *Creem*. Ross (the boss) Funicello was in a band called Total Crudd, that lived and rehearsed in a house in Highland, New York. The house was known as the "The Out Of It House", because everyone got so fucked up. At the house, there would be a lot of wild parties. This is where Andy and Ross would hang out. Also hanging around were Scott (Top



Ten) Kempner and Richard Blum (Handsome Dick). The four developed a friendship and would play music together, using Total Crud's drummer. In the beginning of 1973, the four moved into a house together, picking up Billy Sheehan to play drums. Andy played bass and sang, Scott played guitar, Ross the Boss was the guitar hero, and Richard was there. Through Richard Meltzer (a friend of Andy's) the band, now the Dictators, met the managers of Blue Oyster Cult. A few drummers later they record their first demo with Stu Boy King on drums. Drummers tended to come in and out the Dictators for the last twenty-six years. Their first show was with Iggy Pop!!! Iggy Pop!! Now that's all right. The Dictators were carving out their place in rock and roll, void of pompous artsiness. The Dictators brought a sense of humor and danger back to rock and roll. They were living the life. The band played together and lived together—it was full time and it was real.

The Dictators become complete in Sheepshead Bay, Brooklyn, (where I come from). In a derelict bar called Popeyes, on March 29, 1974, after being coaxed by Andy, Richard Blum takes the stage and sings "Wild Thing" with the band. Up until this point, Richard was just a buddy hanging around, and a roadie fucking up equipment, but when he took the stage that fateful night, Handsome Dick Manitoba was born!! The crowd went crazy. Dick was a madman—he sported a hideous giant afro, met with some minor fame as a wrestler and is indeed the handsomest man in rock and roll. Dick continues singing with the band, but not as an official member. So impressed with Dick's performances, Epic Records offered to sign the Dictators to a recording contract, with the condition that Handsome Dick become the permanent front man. So it came to pass, and before

1974 was over, "The Dictators Go Girl Crazy" was recorded. Of course Epic did not know how to handle an act like the Dictators—they were not a "safe" rock and roll band. The record took several months to be released, and Epic did not put any support into it. The record failed by the record industry standards, but remains today one of the best rock and roll records ever. Definitely do yourself a favor and find this somewhere. Perhaps if this record came out after the Sex Pistols, it would have done better, but then—who knows whether the Sex Pistols would have come out at all? The Dictators second album, "Manifest Destiny," was not as good, Andy went to keyboards, the music was heavier, more produced and more serious. Lots more member changing, two more records and a variety side projects followed.

Throughout the years, The Dictators played on and off together as well as doing their many side projects. Today, the Dictators are Handsome Dick Manitoba on vocals, Ross the Boss on guitar, Andy Shernoff on bass and vocals, Scott Kempner on guitar and JP Patterson on drums and vocals. I find it most impressive that 4/5 of the band are original members and stayed friends for so long. The Dictators are still playing today. Do yourself a favor and catch them live. The Dictators are the next big thing!

Discography

- **The Dictators Go Girl Crazy** LP (Epic, 1975)
- **Manifest Destiny** LP (Asylum, 1977)
- **Bloodbrothers** LP (Asylum, 1978)
- **Fuck 'Em If They Can't Take A Joke** Cass (Roi, 1981) (also released on LP by the Danceteria label out of France, and has recently been released on CD)
- **CBGB 1977** 7" (bootleg)
- **I Am Right** 7" (Norton, 1996)
- **Who Will Save Rock 'n' Roll?** 7" (Impossible, 1997; Norton, 1998)

I had a chance to interview Andy Shernoff!!!! Here it is.....

MRR: So, Andy, is Handsome Dick Manitoba still the most handsome man in rock and roll?

Andy: Take a look at those cheekbones and decide for yourself.

MRR: I understand there's a new Dictators album coming out. When should we start searching the record stores?

Andy: By the time you read this, all the recording should be done, so look for a release early next year.

MRR: Will this be the definitive album, the one you always wanted to make, picking up right where "The Dictators Go Girl Crazy!" left off?

Andy: I don't know what the definitive Dictators record is...I put together the best songs I have and I'll let the audience decide how definitive it is.

MRR: Do you think that today's rock and roll climate is more ready for the Dictators?

Andy: To be honest, I'm ignoring today's musical climate and attempting to make a timeless rock and

roll record. I've seen too many musical trends come and go over the last 20 years. I want people to be interested in the new Dictators record 20 years from now—just as you are interested in our first album, 25 years after it was released.

MRR: As someone who watched punk rock come in and out of style several times, how do you view things this time around?

Andy: I think the Dictators are punk in the way that Elvis, Chuck Berry, Jerry Lee Lewis, The Rolling Stones, and The Who are punk. We don't have the classic punk sound associated with The Ramones or The Sex Pistols., but we have the attitude, the energy and

the power. I believe every great rock and roll band has a bit of punk in them.

MRR: Does White Castle provide the band with free burgers? And how come Handsome Dick is not the official spokesperson?

Andy: We just wanna help the cause. We're more than happy to do all we can to support and publicize White Castle without compensation.

MRR: Where can we see the band play, and are there any tours in the works?

Andy: We'll be playing off and on before and after the release of the new CD. Check the websites for tour info...The Dictators.com

<http://members.aol.com/dffd123/>.

MRR: Can you tell us a story of the absolute worst experience you have had with the Dictators?

Andy: Probably the time in 1977 when we were picked up as terrorists in Germany. We were driving from Amsterdam to Berlin, a long overnight trip. There was this gang of communist terrorists called the Beider-Meinhof gang that were wreaking havoc in West Germany at the time and we fit the description. They followed us by helicopter, set up a roadblock, then surrounded us with 20 soldiers pointing machine guns at our head, and we missing the gig. Visit LittleCrackedEgg.com for a full report.

MRR: Can you give us any insight of the Dictators' first show with Iggy Pop?

Andy: It was us, The Stooges, with the Blue Oyster Cult headlining at Prince George Comm. College near Washington DC in the spring of 1974. The audience was there to see the Blue Oyster Cult. They ignored us and were shocked to downright hostile to The Stooges. This was before MTV, Nirvana, the Ramones or Sex Pistols. A different era in rock. It was my first time ever on stage.

MRR: How did the Dictators manage to stay together for so many years?

Andy: Lithium...

MRR: Do you find the music as exciting today as it was in the early years?

Andy: Of course not. When I was a kid, bands like The Beatles, The Stones, The Who, The Kinks, and a little later on The MC5 and The Stooges were constantly putting out cool vinyl and then there was amazing records from Motown and Stax-Volt. When I was starting out as a musician the bands playing every week in New York City were bands like The Ramones, The Dead Boys, The Heartbreakers, Blondie, The Talking Heads, Television, and Mink DeVille...I feel bad for the rock and roll fan today.



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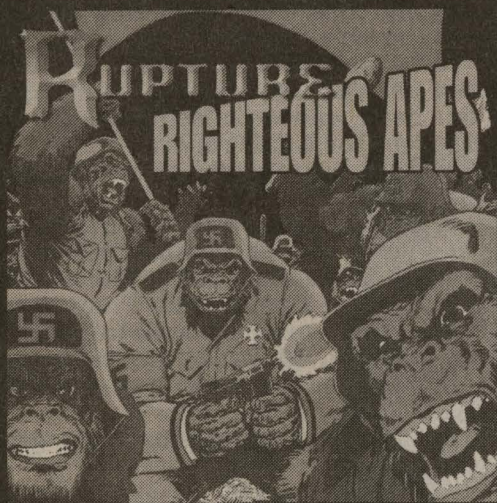
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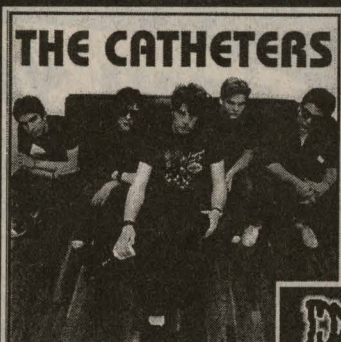
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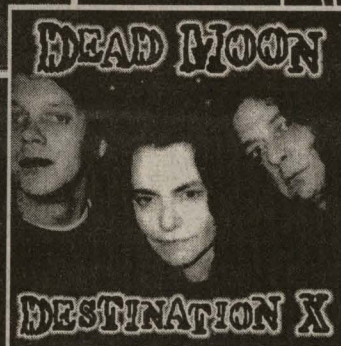
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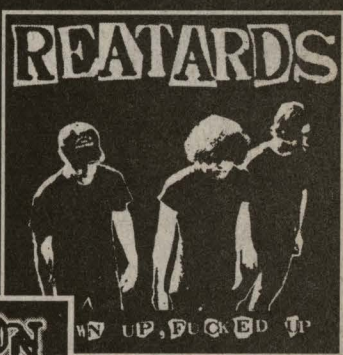
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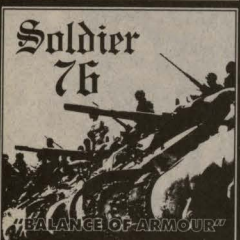
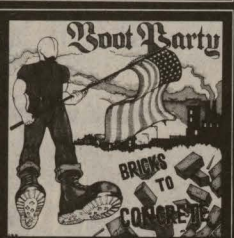


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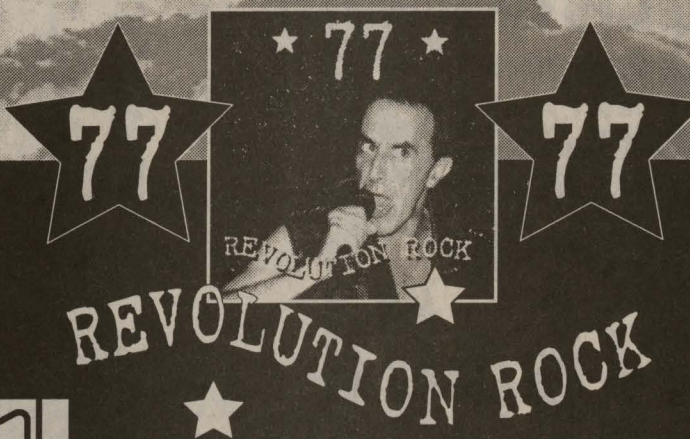
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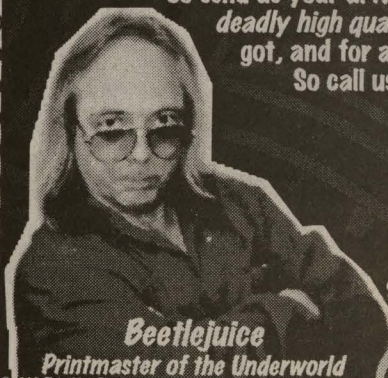


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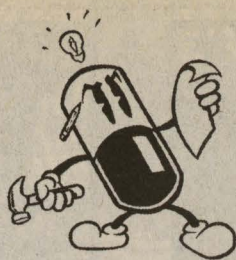
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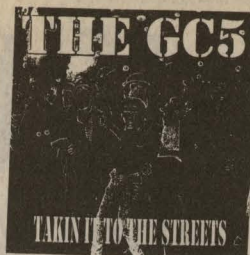
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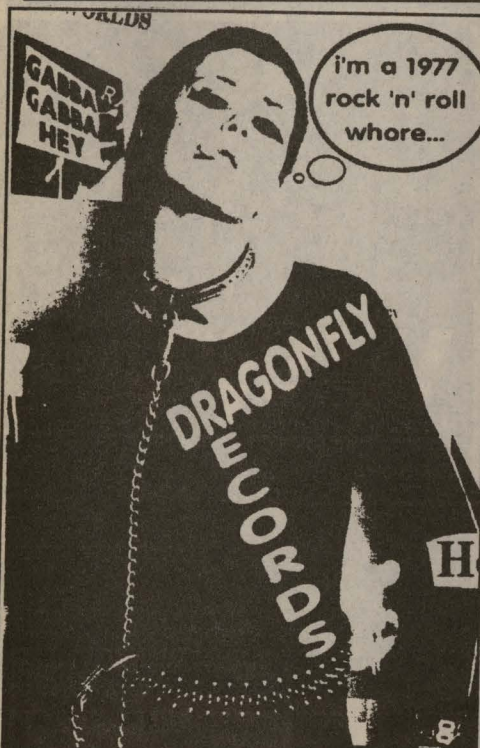
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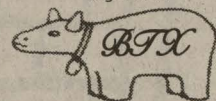
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Longest Squat in London is Over—121 Center is Raided

Six sheriff's bailiffs, assisted by a special armed police force, entered the 121 Center in Brixton's Railton Road shortly after 6:30am, successfully removing the seven remaining illegal residents.

The center, which has drawn worldwide attention since residents barricaded themselves in to resist eviction more than seven months ago, was set up in 1981 as a collective. Lambeth council has attempted to evict them on a number of occasions, but until today its actions proved fruitless. At the last attempt, police were met by a demonstration of nearly 70 protesters who blocked the road and set up barricades inside the building, which also acted as an advice center for squatters as well as a cafe, party venue and printing office.

Occupants had organized a highly efficient campaign from inside the three-story building with the use of a web site and newsletter circulated among supporters, who included anarchists, hunt saboteurs and other radical issue campaigners.

An emergency siren and internal defenses with easy-to-assemble barricades were also used to maintain occupancy. However, there was no sign of any resistance from the small group of residents awakened this morning, and the building was vacated in minutes.

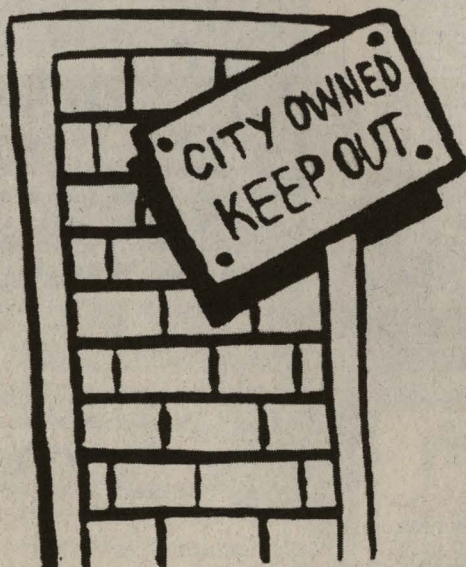
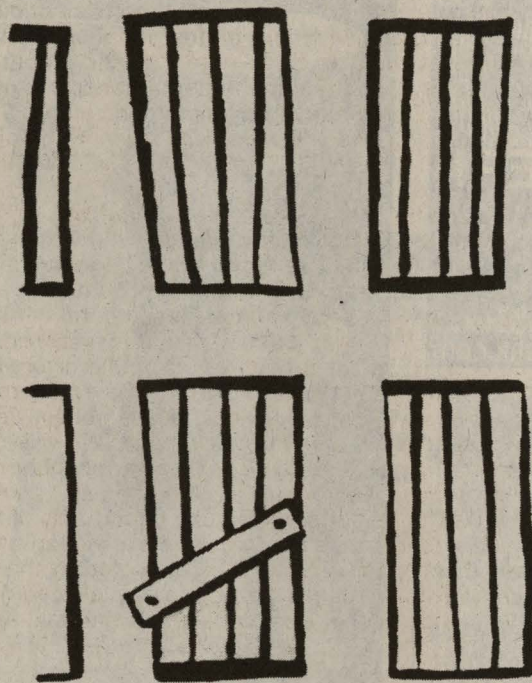
Tom, a 22 year-old Norwegian squatter, said residents had become disillusioned with efforts to keep the center open since police attempted their last eviction in February. "It was so aggressive and people just kind of gave up. But they won't be able to secure the building and people will try and enter it again." Tom says he will move to another London squat. He described today's raid: "They forced us out of the building. There seemed to be two groups and the first one came through the windows on the second floor. They did not even let us put our shoes on."

The council said staff had prepared themselves for a fight, with more than 150 police officers standing by. It had, however, been a success, he added. "It was very successful, with everything happening very swiftly."

The bailiffs, with the specialist unit, entered the brightly-colored building through windows on the upper floors, Chief Inspector Martin Bagg said. They met with no resistance, he added.

Lambeth leader Jim Dickson, who was once the victim of an office raid when 30 protesters from the center stormed his council room, said: "We are systematically clearing up the borough and dealing with the legacy of the past. Our action today sends out a very clear message to the squatters - the council will keep taking action over squatted property until there is none left." However, Kuru, a 24-year-old squatter from Brazil, said: "What the police and the council are doing is just adding to the problem of homelessness in London. But they won't succeed in stopping us from squatting because we'll just go elsewhere."

The building, which is being cleared of the occupants' belongings, will be auctioned.



MAXIMUMROCKNROLL NEWS

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL NEWS NOVEMBER 1999

Your one stop radical events listing:

COUNTER SUMMIT AGAINST FORTRESS EUROPE, TAMPERE 15-17/10/99

From the beginning of July to the end of December, Finland will serve as president of the European Union. One central aim on this period is redefinition of EU's immigrant policies. For this reason there will be held a special European Council meeting (meeting of EU prime ministers and presidents) on immigrant policies and internal security in Tampere, 15th-16th of October.

We have decided to convene in Tampere from the 15th to 17th of October to demand free movement in and to Europe for all; to demand, that the wealth produced by us is used to support people's opportunity to move freely and the right to participate in the wealth.

Program: 15.10 Bus transportation to Tampere and arrival at the school. Workshops. 16.10 Press Conference, Demo-info and Demo at 15.00. In the evening a concert will be organized. 17.10 Public meeting and departure from Tampere.

November 30, 1999 An International Day of Action Against the World Trade Organization and Global Third Worldization

An international day of action, resistance, and carnival against the global capitalist system will take place on NOVEMBER 30th this year. This day coincides with the 3rd ministerial conference of the World Trade Organization (WTO) in Seattle, where officials from more than 150 governments around the world will decide on new policies that will further escalate the exploitation of our planet and its people by the global capitalist system.

**GLOBALIZE LIBERATION, NOT CORPORATE POWER!
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Here is some of what is planned and what you need to know to come to Seattle:

RESIST THE WTO: ROADSHOW Art and Revolution
Street Theater Troupe will join a multi-media, giant puppet and dance performance, teach-in tour of the Western U.S. and Canada from September 28 to October 18 (in Seattle October 5) to educate, agitate and organize against the World Trade Organization Summit. Cosponsored by Global Exchange.

ACTION/STREET THEATER CAMP NOV. 20-28 We are planning for nine days of street theater, giant puppet, dance and music making/skill sharing/performing, nonviolent direct action trainings and affinity(action) group formations, community building fun, meetings to coordinate it all and prepare ourselves for the WTO, outreach and performance around Seattle, and more. Come early and help organize and prepare. Contact us or check the web site for more details.

NOV 30 SHUT DOWN THE WTO MASS NONVIOLENT DIRECT ACTION INFO

We are planning a large scale, well organized, high visibility action to SHUT DOWN the World Trade Organization on Tuesday November 30. The World Trade Organization no right to make undemocratic, unaccountable destructive decisions about our lives, our communities and the earth. We will nonviolently and creatively block them from meeting. Hundreds of people will risk arrest, reflecting the diversity of groups and communities impacted by the WTO and corporate globalization. We envision colorful and festive actions with large scale street theater as a major element. We will make space and encourage mutual respect for a variety of nonviolent action styles reflecting our different groups and communities. The WTO Summit offers a historic opportunity to halt corporate globalization and to help catalyze a widespread mass movement in North America. Cosponsored by the Direct Action Network (Against Corporate Globalization), Earth First!(Seattle), Global Exchange and Rainforest Action Network.

make it happen. Join us!
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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

NEWS

NOVEMBER 1999

Workers in Colombia, as in much of Latin America, have been hit hard by recession, with high unemployment and austerity programs. Under these conditions many joined in a national strike that began August 31, paralyzing some sectors of the economy.

The government of Andres Pastrana, which responded with an outpouring of police and troops, has meanwhile received Washington's assurance of more military aid, supposedly for its "anti-drug programs".

The strike, called by the main labor federations, halted 90% of public transportation in the cities and countryside. Schools were closed, and hospitals opened for emergency cases. Leaders of the Central Union of Workers (CUT), along with the Democratic General Confederation of Labor (CGTD) and the Confederation

in January.

Seeking a way out of economic crisis and to make the country attractive to capitalist investors, Pastrana presented a tough austerity budget in July that Finance Minister Juan Camilo Restrepo has described as "draconian." The package, dubbed the Truth Budget, proposed cutting funding for state governments and pension funds, along with rigid anti-union labor laws. The budget projects cutting the fiscal deficit to 2.5% of gross domestic product (GDP) by next year instead of 5% at the start of this year. Pastana's government has requested \$3 billion from the IMF in emergency funds.

Washington Gives Military Aid To Pastana Government

Meanwhile, retired U.S. General Barry McCaffery, the Clinton administrations "drug czar," paid a visit to Pastrana on July 26th

Strikes Explode In Columbia

of Colombian Workers (CTC) said the strike would continue until the negotiations with the government resumed. Members of the Colombian Teachers Federation (FECODE), state bank employees, and workers of the Colombian Petroleum Enterprise (ECOPETROL) joined the work stoppage.

Strikes Oppose Anti-Labor Laws, Austerity

The major demands of the action include rejection of new anti-union laws, austerity measures, and the sell-off of state owned companies; calls for a moratorium of the foreign and domestic debt; and for agrarian reform. The new minister of labor responded that these demands were political and non-negotiable.

Military and police forces took control of all highways and roads in the country. Several airplanes and a fleet of helicopters were deployed, along with special highway cops in full riot gear. Residents were banned from using motorcycles and carrying arms.

In Bogota, the capital city, 14,000 police were patrolling the city by the early hours. In working class neighborhoods south of Bogota, police tried to quell protest by throwing tear-gas at demonstrators, who responded with rocks. 'El Espectador' of Bogota reported 18 civilians and seven police were injured, and at least 187 people were arrested.

On the eve of the strike, 1,000 teachers in the state of Santander marched in the capital city, Bucaramanga, denouncing the government for yielding to the demands of the International Monetary Fund (IMF) and the World Bank "to increase the country's debt and place the burden of its payment on the workers and the people of Colombia."

Peasants in Ipiales, near the border with Ecuador, blocked highways in protest for not receiving a response promised by the government in 1996 to their demands for land, supplies, easy credit, technical assistance, housing construction, education, health care, and recognition as indigenous peoples.

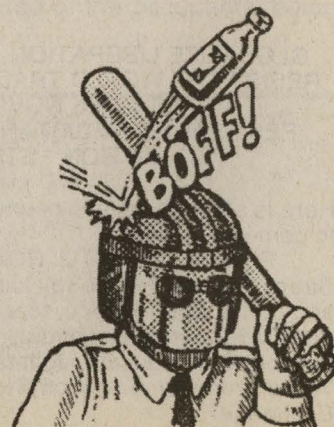
Colombia, a country of 37 million people, has seen its currency, the peso, devalued twice in 10 months. Unemployment is 19.5%, compared to 8% in 1994. The economy shrank 5.85% the first quarter of this year. Agriculture, in particular the export crop coffee, has been hurt by low prices and also an earthquake

to assure the Colombian president \$289 million for the Colombian police and military — a threefold increase — supposedly to fight drugs. The package includes six Blackhawk helicopters; arming 34 Huey helicopters, some with high-power machine guns for long-distance firing; equipment for aerial fumigation of coca plantations; patrol boats; and other weapons and ammunition. Last year it was reported that U.S. special forces were training troops in Colombia.

In addition to McCaffery's visit, U.S. undersecretary of state Thomas Pickering met with Pastrana in August to pressure his government to move on with the necessary measures to restore "security and stability" in the country.

Secretary of State Madeline Albright, in an op-ed column in the New York Times of August 10th, sought to justify deeper U.S. military involvement in the country, including the death of five U.S. troops and two Colombians in a plane crash during a "counter-narcotics mission" in July. "Colombia's problems extend beyond its borders and have implications for regional security and stability," she wrote. "To turn the tide, President Pastrana... needs — and deserves — international support that focuses on more than drug interdiction and eradication."

Peasants forced to grow coca to make a living and the capitalists who control the drug trade aren't the only targets of the Colombian army. Bogota has recently intensified its military and police actions against the Revolutionary Armed Forces of Colombia (FARC) and other anti-government guerrilla groups that have battled the Colombian army for years and decades.



MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

NEWS

NOVEMBER 1999

FCC Opens Doors to Greater Media Monopolization

In a major relaxation of broadcast ownership rules, the Federal Communications Commission has announced it will allow networks to own two TV stations in the same city. Previously, the FCC limited a network or other company to one television station per city. Under the new regulations announced August 5, a company can own two television stations in the same city, so long the city has at least seven other separately owned stations.

The FCC's move creates an opportunity for dominant broadcasters to further expand their market share, and will likely spark a flurry of station sales, a point confirmed by industry executives and observers. "It's going to be a land rush to some degree," commented one executive (New York Times, 8/6/99).

A land rush that is all but certain to be won by the biggest players in the increasingly concentrated broadcast industry. For example, since the Telecommunications Act of 1996 was passed, over 4,000 commercial radio stations have been sold, and there have been over 1,000 radio company mergers.

This decision stands in stark contrast to some of FCC Chair William Kennard's own statements regarding ownership and diversity on the public airwaves. In a speech to the Radio-Television News Director Association annual convention last year (9/25/98), Kennard said: "One concern I have is concentration of ownership. What if four group owners owned every television station in every major market in ten years? Would this have an effect on the quality of news coverage for the country? Of course it would."

The new rules put forward by Kennard and the FCC last week open the door to the very type of media monopoly Kennard professed concern about less than a year ago. According to FAIR Program Director Janine Jackson, "there is no doubt that the FCC's decision to weaken TV ownership regulations sends the message that diversity of ownership is not a principle worth defending." Media historian and scholar Bob McChesney, author of "Rich Media, Poor Democracy," agrees: "The FCC's loosening of the regulation of TV ownership rules will provide a financial windfall for a handful of billionaire station owners and media corporations; it will only encourage the ongoing corporate stranglehold on our media system, with its attendant commercial carpet bombing of our society." Such policies, McChesney says, "logically emerge from a policy environment where one has to be a billion dollar corporation to participate, where there is no popular press coverage of the deliberations, where self-serving and bogus corporate PR is treated like scientific inquiry, and where the public is consigned to its couch, required to accept the dictates of an FCC in service to Wall Street as if these were the acts of God."

It's Not Just You, Punker, Who is Angry on the Job

Do you feel alone because you think that you are the only worker who feels angry? Probably not. Fortunately for those who do, the brilliance of science has finally compiled enough data to empirically state that you, in fact, are not alone....

CHICAGO—As many as one in four U.S. workers may be chronically angry on the job, with irate employees also more likely to be bored, have low energy and feel "stuck" in their posts, according to a report released Tuesday.

Employees are most likely to be angered by a boss or supervisor, by a fellow employee or by others in the workplace who are not being productive, by tight deadlines or heavy workloads, said Donald Gibson, a professor at the Yale School of Management.

The findings, from a 1996 poll of 1,000 workers, were contained in a report Gibson released at a meeting of the Academy of Management in Chicago. "A turbulent economic environment that has produced, on the one hand, productivity and growth and, on the other, wrenching change and uncertainty, has buffeted the workplace," the report said.

"While a majority of employees are responding to these conditions with reports of workplace satisfaction, there remains a substantial portion who are dissatisfied, even angry, at work," it added. "Most visibly, anger is linked to workplace aggression, which appears to be increasing. We are weekly confronted with stories of workers taking aggressive, even violent, action particularly against supervisors."

The survey found that 25% of those contacted said they were at least somewhat angry at work on a continuing basis.

The study did not speculate on what percentage of angry workers are likely to resort to violence. It did find that they feel less loyal to an employer.

There have been a number of workplace shootings in the United States over the years, including recent rampages in Georgia and Alabama.



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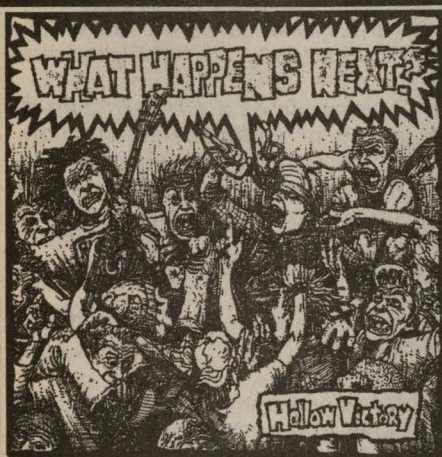
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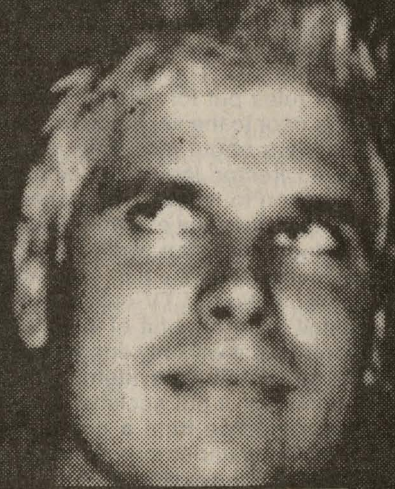
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FUCK UNAMERICAN

BY MIMI NGUYEN

revolution unlimited?

consuming unamerican activities

Are we so blind that we support punk consumerism, no questions asked? I'm sure someone will make the comment about how punk is a consumer movement, or that we live in a consumer system, and we can choose how and where our money goes. But to what end?...Isn't it really more punk to just buy your t-shirts from the Salvation Army, or make your own fuckin' stickers, or write on your own fuckin' coffee mugs? —Bean

For fun and educational purposes, I sometimes read business literature. (I'm sick, it's true.) Capital has to reproduce itself somehow, and it seems like a good idea to keep up with the ideological apparatus that fuels it. Full of praise for innovative entrepreneurship and the "courage to be successful," cutting-edge marketing and business engineers urge "thinking outside the box," "creating community among your consumers," and "believing in your product." This is capitalism (in a sneaky incarnation) re-cast as a romantic utopia of dreamers, a public space of freedom, fellowship and unrestrained desires.

It's a bit disconcerting to read the same advice, the same language and ideological devices, in punk rock magazines featuring interviews, and even articles, with Unamerican Activities.

I've been seeing Unamerican product for several years now and always dismissed it as hovering somewhere between silly and stupid, but at least harmless. If you'd asked me in 1995, I would've guessed the (first and only) Unamerican zine—nothing more than poorly-designed flyers with short slogans—had been done by some fresh-faced college freshman, brand new to the slogan-saturated Berkeley scene. Only later did I realize that Unamerican Activities is a local San Francisco company, peddling product—stickers, buttons, t-shirts, and mugs—plastered in catch phrases. The premise is agitprop and the merchandise, a tool. Meanwhile, Unamerican frontman Srinu Kumar regularly drafts manifestos equating free enterprise with free speech and promoting the concept of "punk business" as the shining path. It's here that Unamerican Activities modestly stakes its claim as a vanguard organization—anarchy's ad agency, according to the PR. And if Unamerican has anything to say about it, the ad copy avows, the revolution is going to be one big fuckin' party.

It's the fact that Unamerican promises such easy liberation that makes me suspicious, and the rhetoric of an Unamerican Revolution becomes the ideological itch I eventually have to scratch. Call me a cynic, but I'm not the kind of girl who believes that power can be dispersed with the slap of a sticker.

Browsing the catalog fine print, the litany of slogans gets to be mind-numbing. (Do we need "the devil is cute" and "be not half-assed" when alternaten mall store Hot Topic already offers the world "give weirdness a chance," "all this AND low wages," and velvet mini-skirts?) Between the catalog and the company testimonials, the sheer bulk of product and propaganda begins to feel extreme in itself, the bloated surplus effect of the interpenetration of anarchy and capital.

Clearly, Unamerican Activities doesn't exist in a market void just because it calls itself "punk." As the laws of the market attempt to regulate our everyday lives, the imaginable terrain of politics is confined to private acts of consumption; human relations are merchandised as a brand name and logo. Hardly an exception, Unamerican is a "local" case study—the reproduction of capital in punk gear.

It's been said many times of Western late-capitalist culture that nothing is free but we are free to buy. Unamerican is a symptom of that logic, but also a very apt pupil. Alienation proves to be one of the more "secure investment climates" around, and as capital discovers the potential in marketing a "safe" revolution, Unamerican helpfully supplies some of the merchandise.

buy unamerican and get laid!

If people don't know they want [your product], how can you make them want it? —Srinu Kumar

I recently picked up an Unamerican flyer at a local record store, bored and restless, and found out for myself that my liberation was only an order away:

YOU have the skills we need in order to build a world-class revolutionary organism...The Internet and other grassroots media is [sic] the bomb, we are the fuse, you are the spark. LET'S BLOW UP THE HEADS OF TODAY'S YOUTH! We can only offer you a better world in exchange for your efforts...A better world starts, of course, with better friends, better lovers, better employment for YOU! This isn't charity work, we will repay you with the PUREST, MOST LUSCIOUS ORGASMIC JOY THERE IS—the feeling of VICTORY OVER HORSESHIT. Simply live a life that's aware of your own potential and it's yours...Unamerican Activities is [sic] grassroots campaign to REBOOT AMERICA. We are this nation's saving grace—a subculture that uses its freedom to make things better for everyone.

In exchange for a better world, for the "purest orgasmic joy there is," all I have to do is—well, it's not clear until I turned the flyer over to find their catalog printed on the back. And in the corner: "This is phase one of our plot to REBOOT AMERICA, and we need your input badly. Please consider buying something to keep this revolution alive! You rock!" (That last "you rock" just clinches it for me, you?)

Sifting through all the ad copy and manifestos, the benefits of buying Unamerican are seemingly endless—freedom from wage slavery, better sex and better friends, a guilt-free and almost effortless liberation, and national political representation. It's a marketing fable, a cartoon version of the crisis in the United States solved by Unamerican Activities and their heroic plots to "re-boot America." Offering "quality rebellion at affordable prices," Unamerican's Kumar asks, "What if I promised you a revolution that was a fucking party?" Having some training in the history of revolutionary movements, I'd say that's a difficult promise to keep. However, Kumar swears that "[Unamerican] wants a country that is conscious of its potential to really represent the will of the people, and with your help, we will represent that will." (Is this voting with your dollars?)

Throughout it all, Unamerican makes an appeal for you to realize your potential and contribute to the cause. By becoming a customer, you'll also be a foot soldier in the revolution. Slap on a few stickers, pull on a t-shirt, and proudly advertise your affiliation with the Unamerican brand and its "world-class revolutionary organism"! You're annoying the boring and offending the sheep, fulfilling the horizon of your untapped potential.

Consumption sets you free and "democracy" restored with your purchase of Unamerican merchandise. As a bonus the Man is mortally offended, the System collapses beneath the weight of so many witticisms, America is "re-booted," and Boredom, the Ultimate Weapon of The Man, is destroyed.

And Unamerican thinks this isn't marketing?

Commodity ideologies suggest conspicuous consumption is a sign of virtuous citizenship in late-capitalist culture. The more you buy, the more you contribute to the economy and the greater good of society. But the Unamerican promo kit tells you it's also the path of an exemplary revolutionary—buy Unamerican and join the revolt. It's empowerment that Unamerican retails at low, low prices and guarantees will give you a "voice" and the necessary tools to fight the Man—with all the political sophistication the phrase implies.

Queer theorist Lauren Berlant made the wry observation that "revolutionary discourse is the kitsch of U.S. political culture." Com-mie gone chic, red stars are reformulated for velcro wallets and the Blank Panther is embossed on ashtrays for urban hipsters, thick with tragic irony. Meanwhile even Miller incorporates a once powerful statement about sexuality and public space into its ad campaigns—"we're beer, we're here." The use of rebel imagery in contemporary advertising is everywhere—lest we forget, Rollins pitching Mac lap-tops was a def-

as the "pure" application of capitalist activity without state regulation or restriction. Even "common sense" ideology interprets free enterprise as the "freedom" to make a buck when and where you can. It's the creature that spawned merger-monopolies and Free Trade Zones, those neocolonial encounters complete with paramilitaries patrolling the fenced enclosures of factories. The "free" in free enterprise is thus relative to your level of privilege. I'm not arguing Unamerican consciously endorses, say, the exploitation of Mexican factory (maquiladora) workers. The point is, for a company that makes some highfalutin' claims to a radical agenda, they haven't done a whole lot of homework before putting their product—and politics—on the market.

Bad homework is the key phrase. What else do you call it when Unamerican argues that stickers are an ideal medium of democracy because you "can choose where to put 'em"? (Needless to say, practical democracy is more complicated than that.) Capitalism is a complex formation with not only economic but political and ideological implications. It is a social logic that not only overdetermines our institutions but also our human relations, even the language we use. The Unamerican analysis of capitalism is a two-dimensional caricature of faceless corporations imposing boredom and uniformity, a monolithic bogeyman. It makes for a safe, convenient Enemy, exemplified by a few Big Bad Guys from which Unamerican can distance themselves with a sigh of relief.

But let's play along and follow the Unamerican argument about capitalism. The "fuck work" manifesto suggests that because profit—not innovation—drives most businesses, they become willing to trade on "mediocre ideas" and hierarchical bureaucracy to eliminate competition. After all, as Kumar explains, "The ultimate goal of capitalism is monopoly, which can only be achieved by squashing all competition." But wait, his idea of "fighting back" consists of starting more private businesses and competing "the capitalists into the ground."

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What's so transgressive about that? Unamerican offers an analysis that hardly begins to scratch the surface of economic disparity. It also assumes a certain degree of material privilege—"fuck work," especially in the form of wage labor, is hardly a viable option for most and its tedium not the worst part. Work is not just alienating, it is often back-breaking, insecure, and poorly paid. But "fuck work and start your own business" is hardly a revolutionary answer to the more oppressive aspects of work. (Do you really think the sixty year-old Filipino janitor at the mall can quit and set up his own Internet enterprise?) And what about solidarity? I'd rather see people organize for better work conditions, wages, and a social safety net.

In fact, the Unamerican model of social change smacks of "compassionate conservatism," favorite philosophy of the junior Bush, in which free enterprise is once again poised to save the day, and America. Unamerican's "poverty sucks" campaign hardly strays from this conservative social politic, avoiding causal structural analysis—especially if you don't count "The Man" as adequate explanation. Instead, both Unamerican and so-called "compassionate conservatives" substitute "intentional individual goodwill for the nation-state's commitment to fostering democracy."¹¹ It's a fantasy of civic duty is principal-

ly available to "good" individuals with good money, whether it's investing in poor communities (with the promise of a return on that investment) or starting up those businesses which will eventually topple capitalism (with those higher profit margins).

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Of course, "all people" are not all equal, and any abstract claim to the contrary is a lie. Race continues to be a defining (and oppressive) condition of disenfranchisement and alienation in many people's lives. I'd be forced to wonder about racially-motivated hate crimes, urban underdevelopment, police brutality, anti-immigrant legislation, and all those nasty stereotypes about welfare queens, wetbacks, Chink spies, and dead Indians. How the hell do we talk about these, and how do we agitate for social change, without talking about race?

The sweeping dismissal of so many political struggles is stunning, but hardly a surprise. Kumar's inability to comprehend "race" as a system of domination is typical of the neoliberal vagueness of company politics. (That is, Unamerican will sell you stickers that read, "destroy the racist infrastructure," even though "race" is boring.) I mean, if he can't recognize the role of the State or Silicon Valley when speaking of homelessness and poverty in the City, why should he catch on when the dynamics are subtler?

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take into account relations of class, "race" and nation, the abstract promise of free enterprise and (Un)American Dreams falls flat.

managing unity before it gets out of hand

Ideas that hold the promise of producing social criticism are insinuated into products in an attempt to subordinate the dynamics of social struggle to the production of new lifestyles. —Henry Giroux¹⁷

It's no accident that Unamerican's Kumar echoes the reams of advice and rhetoric produced by marketing "experts." In a series of "DIY Work" columns in *Punk Planet*, Kumar gives lessons in Entrepreneurial Business 101, describing his "punk" version of niche marketing and free enterprise. He doesn't fiddle much with the formula, presenting what are standard maxims in business marketing with the radical addition of a few references to "punk board games" and admonitions to "fucking rock!"

Buzzwords like "innovation," "vision," and "directed play" are a dime a dozen in both Kumar's writing and the more mainstream business literature. Pick up any recent book on management skills and compare as Kumar weighs in with the "fuck work" manifesto. Directed at employers, he helpfully advises they "create community in the context of your company" to improve efficiency, morale, management costs, staff turnover, trustworthiness, and thus profit. *Business Week*, Greenfield Marketing Consultants, and Kumar all suggest companies ditch the mass appeals and pursue niche markets—especially those lucrative youth ones—and create "relationships" with consumers. Kumar argues for ideas over profit, and so do the authors of *Radical Marketing*. Kumar says to make sure your product makes people happy, their lives better. What corporation doesn't present a public face of "helping" people lead better lives?

Nothing new or revolutionary here, any superficial survey of business literature will reveal where Kumar picked up his motivational-speak. I feel like Unamerican hopes I'm too naïve to recognize the spin-doctoring, not savvy enough to catch on.

Reading the business bestsellers, what creeps me out most is the snake-oil spin marketers put on the notion of "community," which Unamerican seems to have lifted right off the page. Deliberately crafted for maximum consumer identification with both the product and the company "personality," *Radical Marketing* suggests that companies "encourage their customers to think of themselves as a community... and promote the clothing and bumper stickers and other badges of honor that identify the consumer as a member of a special group."¹⁸ So what does it mean when this is all that Unamerican retails?

What really bothers me most, then, isn't the advice on how to run a small business, as much as his idea for "punk" versions of any other product makes me shudder. It's that Kumar actively promotes relations of commerce as the glue that transcends all social ills. These business relations even provide his model for revolution. He writes:

People in the punk and radical scene are fond of saying 'unity' this and 'unity' that, but there is no more intensely united effort than a business partnership. When people of different races and ages and whatever get together and form businesses, there is the potential for true equality and justice... This important idea here is something I'm calling unity management... This kind of unity—the nearly spiritual bond between different people pulling for a common interest—IS THE REVOLUTION.¹⁹

The idea of "managing" unity, as if it were something that required constraint, is bad enough. Never mind that elsewhere he gives advice to "move fast enough that nobody can copy your idea until you've dominated the market."²⁰ Unity, my ass.

The mere suggestion that business culture allows us to transcend racial conflict and other social ills for higher purposes (like profit?) is so reactionary and unprogressive, never mind the very real possibility for nausea. (Does it make you sick?) No other models of social change are mentioned and meanwhile, structural inequalities and state apparatus are ignored in the course of this "revolution."

The conservatism of the Reagan revolution proves its partial success, once again. Even while claiming radical politics, Unamerican Activities enshrines capitalist activity as the fundamental bedrock of community, defined either by mutual commerce or consumer loyalty. The uneven relationship between producer and consumer is typically not addressed, except to invoke "punk" as both a scene and ready-made niche market. (Apparently, this is also where the "getting laid" part of the ad copy promise comes in. When I asked, Kumar wrote, "Hooking people together with other people [through punk businesses] will inevitably lead to better sex and better jobs.")

Promoting a logic of business as a model for politics, then, Unamerican lodges "true equality and justice" firmly in the lap of market capitalism. And in their relentless praise of free enterprise and relations of commerce as models for "unity," Unamerican makes tacit peace with the exploitative aspects of capitalist culture.

It's no accident that company politics preach a (supposedly) democratic ethos of consumption and capital—material goods and happiness are available for all. Just "fuck work" and start your own business! Be your own boss! Why bother changing the system when the system can work for you? The hegemonic logic of the commodity and the marketplace mobilize desire toward consumption rather than struggle, and Unamerican does its part to pitch in. That uneven social relations present very real obstacles in people's lives is acknowledged—sort of—and promptly dismissed as Unamerican advises you to "simply live a life that's aware of your potential and it's yours."

Accordingly, Unamerican ad copy stresses what are the essential plot-points of American national mythology: the hyper-individualism of the self-made man, the fallacy of bootstraps and endless opportunities, and the entrepreneurial spirit of Yankee ingenuity. Kumar goes so far as to suggest that America has given the world a dream of freedom (if you don't count institutionalized slavery or capital punishment), the power of self-determination (never mind military intervention in Southeast Asia or Latin America or that nasty colonialism in Guam, Saipan, and Puerto Rico), and even a sense of humor (because the rest of us didn't have one before?).

Echoing other motivationally hazy ad slogans to "Be All You Can Be" (U.S. army) and "Just Do It" "Because You Can" (Nike), Unamerican assumes its consumers have both the money and social privilege to do so. For any of us who face daily violations based on class, race, gender, or sexuality, it's a little less than liberating to be told to "dare to dream." As artist Jenny Holzer once wrote, "The idea of transcendence obscures oppression," and the Unamerican illusion of unity through free enterprise is no exception.

If we were to take seriously Unamerican's political claims, it wouldn't be to thoughtfully consider ruptures in the global political landscape, post-industrial economic conditions or racial strife. Despite the utopian rhetoric about revolutions and untapped potential, it would be silly to imagine that the Unamerican agenda might offer any useful insight. Unamerican would serve well, however, as an example of "capitalism's constant search for new areas to colonize."²¹

So that even as capital seeks to secure its global conquest, Unamerican embodies a social commodity form that has become so regular, so mundane, so entrenched in daily life that when liberation is subordinated to relations of commerce, we hardly notice at all.

unamerican speaks for itself

Punk was founded by Malcolm McLaren and Malcolm McLaren did it for the bucks. I mean, Malcolm McLaren came up with the whole concept... He was doing it for the bucks and it's because of his work with the Sex Pistols that punk is anywhere at all. —Srini Kumar, Stir

Never mind that Kumar's genealogy of punk leaves a lot to be desired—I mean, talk about gaping holes and mainstream mythology—his insistence that punk owes its existence to a man who was in it for the money seems like a sly justification for his own Unamerican Activities. McLaren cashed in, why can't Kumar?

Unamerican might suggest they're simply a bunch of kids trying to pay the rent. They might say, "Hey, we're just trying to make a living for ourselves, what do you do?" In response, however, I'd have to answer, "I teach women's studies and queer theory at a state university, which makes me especially aware that while I'm technically a part of a social institution, I don't have to parrot the conservative social politics of that institution. While it's impossible to imagine survival outside of capitalism—in the West at least—not all cultural activity has to automatically reproduce its hegemony." That is, making a living doesn't mean you have to relentlessly reproduce the logic of business culture and entrepreneurial capital.

But therein lies the only consistency of Unamerican Activities—the reproduction not only of capitalist ideology and business culture, but the desire for the fulfillment of both. It's glaringly obvious in the self-promotional stuff, originally composed to score a write up in expensive-toys-for-rich-tech-boys magazine *Wired*. Reading the standardized press release, it's hard not to cringe at the seemingly desperate tone ("so please please please write about us") and the groping desire for mainstream corporate recognition of their company spunk.

In case you need an angle, Kumar provides a list of several possible story-lines – all focused not on the political meandering Kumar presents everywhere else, but on the business and its “cutting-edge” success. It’s all about shrewd niche marketing (“we have managed to unite every single freak under one flag...even the HOMELESS in SF sell our stickers”) and the use of internet technology (“the Internet has the potential to be DEMOCRACY’S KILLER AP, yet where is the prospect of an official Internet vote?”). It’s also the bootstrap tale of small business entrepreneurs (“it’s a classic hobby-turned-business story, and franchises are on the way”) and an inspirational story about starting small and making it big (“we are a personal site that makes scads of money out of two San Francisco apartments—and your readers should do it too!...Motivational articles rule!”).

Unamerican markets itself according to a corporate mythology of the David-and-Goliath tale—the iconoclastic lil’ guy versus the big faceless corporation. It’s an old story; think Apple’s “Think Different” series, or Academy Award-winning *Jerry Maguire* starring Tom Cruise as the DIY sports agent with a heart. Kumar even makes sure that you, the press, know that Unamerican is a classic example of vanguard business ventures, with no competition in the slogan market at all. (Actually, that’s a lie. What about the “give weirdness a chance” buttons and “bitch goddess” stickers in head shops and alternatene stores? And never mind all the DIY propagandists in punk rock, like long-time Anok & Peace, and those who make their own patches and stickers.) Investment opportunities, it should be noted, are available.

Unamerican also states its intent to become the “Tommy Hilfiger of Punk Fucking Rock,” selling a complete rebel lifestyle to the kids. Meant humorously, it’s still ominous. It also suggests the establishment of Unamerican as a recognizable brand name, with all symbolic connotations attached.

The confident claim that Unamerican is the brand name product around which a community of freaks has united is arrogant, sure, but it’s also a market goal – “communities” organized and affiliated according to their consumer/corporate loyalties. Does it matter that Unamerican is not at the level of, say, the Gap or Tommy Hilfiger? The company operates according to the same marketing principles. The Unamerican goal of distributing five million “fuck work” stickers seems to be less about creating a nationwide activist network of “extreme youth” than it is tapping into a pool of potential customers for future Unamerican product expansion. (This is classic marketing strategy, give stuff away and customers will come back and pay for more.)

The presence of the Unamerican tag-line on all product is no small matter, either. Unamerican not only nurtures a vision of “community” as customer base, but promises that a very real “community” can be had under the unifying logo of the company flag. Remember *Radical Marketing*? The authors suggest that the “key to creating a brand is the pleasure a buyer gets in both acquiring and owning a product...much of that is tied to joining and belonging to a group.”²² And what else but brand name recognition is behind the Unamerican offer to send you custom stickers, \$50 for 100, your slogan in the copyrighted Unamerican design? At those prices, you’re paying more for the company affiliation than for the product itself (which can be had elsewhere for much, much cheaper).

To paraphrase cultural critic Ellen Willis and her analysis of Disney iconography, I would say that a state where politics is indistinguishable from logo and where the practice of politics risks infringement of private property is a state that values the corporate over the human.

Why is Kumar in the slogan business? He answers in the *Stir* interview. While claiming to provide his customers with a “voice,” he says, “Any company that is involved in the business of helping people to express themselves is golden. I mean, look at [multi-million dollar internet corporations] Geocities and Yahoo.” And when asked if he feels that there is a strong tie between making money and punk, he hardly objects: “Enterprise! Free enterprise. Making the most of your freedom to make your life and the lives of others better. I mean, that’s great. That’s very punk.” What does this mean?

To me, it’s the collapse of business culture into subculture, the line so blurred that we can’t tell the difference between DIY and market capitalism, sponsored by Unamerican Activities.

It’s Dilbert for punks. Is this your idea of revolution?

unamerican, my ass

To do away with the illusion that we have chosen these pleasures is to demand new choices. The call to abandon illusions about a condition is the call to abandon a condition that requires illusions. –Laura Kipnis²³

Polling my friends (which I admit isn’t very scientific) I found few fans of “punk free enterprise.” One wrote to me, “It is banal and safe to put stickers on things. No revolution is to be had through merchandising.” Another wondered, and this is important, “If ‘destroy capitalism’ is all that important a message to you, aren’t there better ways to go about your supposed cause than creating an unnecessary product and marketing it commercially without any analysis or context?” Or as another said, “We used to make our own stickers all the time, just small ones that we gave away for free. I guess we weren’t smart enough to sell them. Does that make us bad anarchists?”

Unamerican wants it both ways, promising revolution in one breath and taking it back with the next. The promo kit insists Unamerican is a vanguard organization but then again—and especially when the heat is on—it’s “just” a sticker company, a harmless bunch of punk kids in a San Francisco apartment. (It makes for a neat trap-door escape.) Whatever the intent, however, Unamerican Activities functions as the containment of revolutionary desire.

By way of an expanding product-line and an enthusiastic business politic, Unamerican wants to channel your revolutionary desire into a conventional capitalist mold. Between bootstrap entrepreneurship and individual consumer will, it’s the return of that patriotic fetish, the American Dream in a mohawk. Liberation is defined by our participation in capitalist relations, whether we’re buying Unamerican or embarking on our own self-starter enterprises. Freedom is produced in forms custom-made to our social order, packaged as merchandise and exchanged on the market. Politics are appropriated for ad copy, community hijacked as a customer base, and meanwhile social justice is “managed” as a marketing gimmick for selling product.

The irony is in having us believe “liberation” is at hand, that revolution is as easy as purchasing a slew of stickers, a t-shirt or two.

Social transformation requires some kind of structural upheaval and an ideological threat; the kind of challenge embodied, for instance, in the theatricalization of rage by the likes of queer activists and striking workers. Drawing on both structural analyses and the art of activism, that’s radical politics. Unamerican only manages to reaffirm the status quo, cultivating a free-market agenda and promoting business principles as the new social imagination, disguised in DIY and a bad attitude.

And does it matter if Unamerican calls itself punk?

Well, only if we want to believe that punk is or can be a critical, oppositional space— or at least a suspicious one. Or even simply a creative culture – as Bean asked, do we really need someone to mass-merchandise our politics on five-inch stickers and t-shirts, to “help” us express ourselves? Haven’t we been doing this all along, producing our culture instead of simply buying it?

To critically question Unamerican Activities is to begin to examine its logic of liberation and criticize the mode of social organization that produces it. As market capitalism re-packages everything “countercultural” from punk to communist chic, it’s important that we recognize that process, and not mistake it for a revolution.

²¹I can provide copies of any of the Unamerican advertising and promotional material I quote on request. ²²Both this quote and the one following are from “The Unamerican Manifesto,” at <http://www.unamerican.com/aboutus/manifest.htm>, printed June 24, 1999.

²³These are all slogans Unamerican Activities sells. ²⁴Henry Giroux, “Consuming Social Change: The United Colors of Benetton,” p. 27. ²⁵All quotes about the “poverty sucks” campaign were found at <http://www.unamerican.com/poverty/index.htm>, printed on June 24, 1999. ²⁶Found at <http://www.unamerican.com/aboutus/presskit.htm>. ²⁷Tim Redmond, “Zero-sum politics,” *SF Bay Guardian*, Vol. 28, No. 40, July 7-13, 1999, p. 23. ²⁸*Turd-Filled Donut’s* Ivy McClelland taped this interview with San Francisco Mayor Willie Brown in Fall 1998. Reprinted in *MRR* 192 (May 1999). ²⁹Once used to justify “welfare” for the rich—tax cuts for higher income brackets, et cetera. ³⁰These comments were found at <http://www.unamerican.com/fuckwork/index.htm>, printed on June 24, 1999. ³¹Lauren Berlant, *The Queen of American Goes to Washington City: Essays on Sex and Citizenship* (Durham: Duke University Press), 1993, p.7. ³²Ramon G. McLeod, “Huge Internet Gap Between Whites, Blacks, Latinos and the poor are also being left behind,” *San Francisco Chronicle*, July 9, 1999. ³³By the way, Kumar also thinks Asian Americans are poorly-suited for “edge” cultures. Talk about perpetuating stereotypes at <http://www.stirmag.com>.

³⁴Kumar claims “get a job junkie” is a response to heroin chic, but it just sounds mean and nasty. ³⁵Berlant, p. 179. ³⁶Giroux, p. 15. ³⁷Sam Hill and Glenn Rifkin, *Radical Marketing: From Harvard to Harley, Lessons From Ten that Broke the Rules and Made It Big* (New York: Harper Collins Business), 1999, p. 25. ³⁸*Punk Planet* 28 (November/December 1998), p. 106. ³⁹*Punk Planet* 31 (May/June 1999), p. 104. ⁴⁰Judith Williamson, “Woman Is an Island: Femininity and Colonization,” in *Studies in Entertainment*, p. 116. ⁴¹Hill and Rifkin, p. 48. ⁴²Kipnis, p. 99.

The current members of Shotwell are Jimmy, vocals, guitar, Buzz, bass and vocals, Chris, drums. Paul from No! Records also sat in. Interview by Arwen.

MRR: What does the Shotwell discography consist of?

Band: The Shotwell Coho 7" in '96 on Broken Rekids, the split 7" with Discount on What Else Records, songs on the "Addicted to Dayquil" Minneapolis comp. I think Discount was on that too, it came out in '97. The "Celery Beef And Iron" 10" and CD on Broken Rekids in '97 or '98. And some tapes. Three songs on the new Aaron Cometbus comp. 7" set.

MRR: Shotwell formed in 1994?

Jimmy: I don't know if it's ever really been formed or not. There have been so many damn people that have played in Shotwell. It's a huge entity. There's like twenty Shotwells.

light their cigarettes out of the wind. Plus, it looks good, outside of a theater. On top of hills is probably the best, though. We did a show last year, with 50 Million, and that band the Spawn Sacks. They're from Chattanooga, really amazing people.

Chris: To say the least.

Jimmy: They're so cool. It was Gay Pride Day, we were up on top of the hill—it was loud. We had two Marshall half-stacks with a PA, and it was just loud. My friend called my house from 20th and Potrero—he could hear my voice, and he thought we were practicing in the San Carlos house—that was how loud it was. So in terms of the audience, we played for like fifty thousand people.

MRR: In general when you play generator shows, what's the reaction from, on one side, the public—people who aren't punk rockers or aren't into shows

Chris: At first it was selling the records, but then, shortly after we opened, it became the shows. It feels like a venue more than a record store at times. I like both sides to it. The record store's been four or five years of my life.

MRR: Do you feel yourselves to be part of a community, whether it's a neighborhood here in the Mission, or a punk community? Do you think that such a thing exists?

Jimmy: We have that, I think. Any community has its traumas, but I think it's pretty good, it's a good thing. It's a lot smaller than I'd say it was five or ten years ago. Also, it's nicer—there's a lot less fighting going on. It seems like, somehow, maybe all the jocks have gone to the Maritime or something, to see, like...I don't want to dis' any bands...

SHOTWELL

Chris: You mean shitheads? What's a Shotwell?

Jimmy: People who are forced to play shows that they don't want to play.

Buzz: Slaves to the rock.

Jimmy: We're screwed right now, because Buzz is going back to Delaware. We're probably going to keep booking shows, and just by some chance we'll convince Greg to do it. He'll be bummed, but he's a really good bass player.

Buzz: We need somebody to play bass for like three to five months.

MRR: Who are the original members of the band?

Buzz: That depends.

Jimmy: Yeah. I guess Shotwell Coho was Aaron (Elliot) and I, and Paul (Curran). Now I can't remember who the first Shotwell was.

MRR: And how long did that last?

Jimmy: I don't know—we had the weirdest tour, it felt like it lasted...two months, like five weeks—it was only a fourteen day tour. And after that, it was pretty clear there was no way we were going to be able to play together in the future.

MRR: Because?

Buzz: Jimmy was going to kill Aaron. That's what I've been told.

Jimmy: Well, have you ever been really excited, you have a bunch of friends, you drive a long way, you go camping, and at the end of it you go, "God, I hate that person"? I don't by any means hate Paul or Aaron, but I don't know, it was just a very annoying little tour.

MRR: Because of small aggravations, or because of fundamental personality disagreements?

Jimmy: Um, I think it was poorly booked. A lot of the problem I have when I book shows is that I really picture that there's gonna be like 70 punks who show up and dance and have a good old time, and spill some beer and slide around in it. It never happens like that—it's always like ten people, if you're lucky.

MRR: You've been playing for about five years with various incarnations of the band, and you've been in San Francisco that whole time, besides being on tour. But the turnouts here are still relatively small.

Jimmy: No, they're really good. I mean, I think! I think they're really good.

Buzz: Every time we play here at Mission Records there's tons of people. I mean, enough to make us happy. I've always been happy with every show we've played in SF.

Jimmy: The street show the other day I thought was really good, too. Considering we put very few fliers up.

MRR: That was a generator show at the 16th and Mission BART station. And you've done a lot of generator shows over the last few years. In what kinds of places?

Jimmy: You know, the venues. Wherever there's an electrical outlet, or outside of theaters, where you can get a little bit of a projection. Corners, so people can

but stop and see it anyway—and on the other side, the police?

Chris: At the show on Wednesday, there weren't any police whatsoever, and there were a lot of Latino folks from the neighborhood that stopped by and just watched.

Buzz: It seems like people are generally excited that there's something going on, and they're really indifferent about what kind of music it is. They just come out and enjoy it anyway.

MRR: Why do you do generator shows? As opposed to booking and playing regular shows?

Buzz: To free the rock! Basically, it's street level music. Why put it in a club like Bottom of the Hill or Slims?

Jimmy: Which aren't the worst of 'em. They help out a lot of bands and stuff.

MRR: Why do you think more punk bands don't play on the street?

Jimmy: I think for a lot of people, it's not just about playing. A lot of people play music because it's a career, or a potential career. You don't get paid very much when you do generator shows. They're a lot of work, too. They're really fun, and sometimes they're hilarious, but they're a lot of work.

MRR: Taking into account that you own Mission Records, and run it, how do you feel about the relationship between money and punk rock?

Chris: It's a big pain in the ass. People take for granted a lot of things, like using the phone...

Buzz: Your phone bills must be huge.

Chris: And they come in with used CDs, and expect me to pay them more than if they were someone just off the street. And I can't really afford that...

MRR: Epicenter recently went out of business down the street—do you feel like you're picking up the need that people have for a kind of community space as well as just a record store?

Chris: Oh yeah. In that little room over there, we have part of Epicenter's zine library—we're holding it for 'em until they find a space. They're cool people, and they've helped out a lot here recently, helped clean up the back a little bit, gave us some record bins...they're cool people, it's too bad they shut down, but I understand why. If you only make two dollars on a record, you gotta sell a lot of records to pay the rent.

MRR: You put on two shows a week?

Chris: We try to keep it to one, because our neighbors hate us, but this week I'm doing two.

MRR: Do you feel like that's the main motivation for this store, or is it more the buying and selling of records?

Buzz: Even if they deserve it?

Jimmy: No. Bands do what they want to do. Everyone has their own style.

MRR: Do you feel like you're a part of the neighborhood in which you live too?

Jimmy: I plant trees.

Paul: That's the prerequisite to belonging to the community. If you don't plant trees, you don't belong.

Buzz: I think that's what's really great about the SF scene. A lot of places I've been, it hasn't been like a community environment at all. Before I came here, a lot of places seemed a lot more shallow—more about just yourself and your own shitty band. It seems like out



here, everybody's working together a little bit more, as far as the punk community goes.

MRR: You don't feel like the punk community is divided?

Buzz: Maybe some aspects of it. I feel like it's a little more together...you can take it like the Mission punk scene, as opposed to all of San Francisco.

Jimmy: I think there are a lot of things that people call the punk scene.

Buzz: I agree with that.

Jimmy: I mean, Green Day's never gonna be punk. That can never be punk music.

MRR: Were they ever?

Jimmy: Maybe when...yeah. I think they had intentions. Maybe when Al was in the band or something. Is that mean? It's kinda true.

MRR: A band like Green Day came from the same general area, and has a lot of cross-overs—people—that you know and have played music with in common. So what makes them, or bands like them, different?

Jimmy: OK, say NOFX—they're not a punk band, they never will be. And yet, that's part of the punk community, so if you gauge by everyone who's at a NOFX show, that probably isn't a very good punk scene. But then if you take a band like Yogurt, they're a punk band. That's just refusing to acknowledge or recognize the way the media has redefined punk. They put a dollar price on it, tried to sell a very hollow product. It just has the illusions, the sounds, and somewhat the energy, but not the core spirit of the things that hold the community together—that we're all in this together, against the evil beings that go flying around past us in everyday lives. I think that's a big part of why punk is disjointed, 'cause you have these two, if not twenty, factions that are claiming to be punk. Now personally, it's really obvious what's punk to me, but everyone's gonna have a different version of it. As far as the Mission right now, it's pretty cool people.

MRR: How would you describe the general sound of Shotwell?

Buzz: That's the hardest question. It changes so often, since the different members change so often. It's still the same in a lot of aspects, but, you know, Iggy's drumming and Chris' drumming...it's totally different.

Jimmy: I'm totally different.

Buzz: Yeah, sorry. I didn't go to school. I'm an apeman.

Paul: The rhythm section is the same, it's Jimmy that always keeps changing.

Jimmy: Yeah, a lot of times. I've played a lot of the songs for a long time, and I get bored with 'em, so if you change parts around, then they're exciting again.

Buzz: The songs don't have to stay the same. I know a lot of people feel that way, but I know when I came in a lot of the songs changed. And then once Ivy left and Chris started playing, they changed again.

Chris: They got shorter.

Jimmy: It's pretty rockin' right now. The band sounds really good. We get along really well.

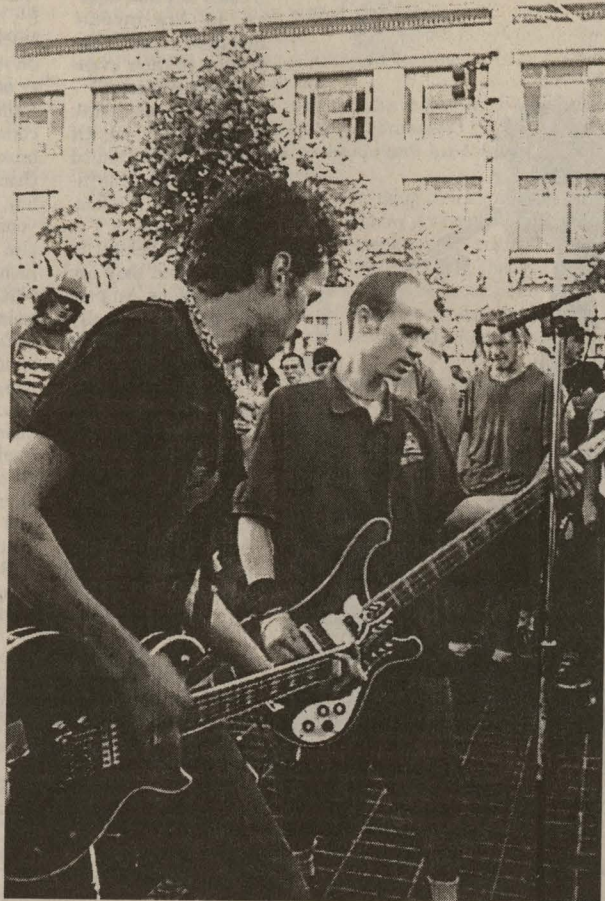
MRR: And you have plans for a new record soon?

Jimmy: Yeah, a split with Miami, a 12" on No! Records, probably like eight songs from each band.

MRR: And Miami is...

Jimmy: Ivy from Los Canadians, Matty and Aesop from Hickey...what, that's bad? Why?

Paul: They won't like that.



Jimmy: No? Hm. Is that dissing them in some way? Oh! Matty and Aesop from Yogurt. Is that better? See, that's an example. Some people don't want to be exploited and commercialized. Aaron Elliot shares a lot of those views—I think that those are really earnest punk views, to reject the corporatized version of "everything has a selling point". I wish people didn't think like that, because when we book shows, people think Aaron's gonna be there because of this Shotwell Coho 7" that came out like half a decade ago. When Aaron's not there—this guy in Dallas, I swear, because Aaron wasn't there, he decided not to do the show. It's the weirdest thing ever. So that type of hero worship or selling point personality can be a pain in the butt, even if you try not to exploit it, you know. We could have gotten a lot more people at shows if we said Chris was Aaron, and none of those motherfuckers would have known, except maybe five people.

Buzz: Next time.

Jimmy: I would never do that, though—use Aaron's name like that.

Buzz: It's also not fair to Chris, 'cause he's the one that's actually doing it now.

Paul: Not that he's anybody, but...how did the tour go?

MRR: Which tour are you talking about?

Buzz: The one we just came

home from. The one that totally fucked up all our lives.

Jimmy: We are broken now.

MRR: What was the extent of this tour?

Chris: 3,800 miles. With the heater stuck on.

Buzz: Across the Midwest, down the East Coast, and back through the South, and up to that place up there that's called Seattle.

Paul: And everything was rockin' until Miami...

Jimmy: Miami was good, actually. Miami really tried hard—there were a lot of people, they drank till they puked, they stayed up as late as we wanted to stay up.

Buzz: It was everything after Gainesville. We found the only flier taped onto the bottom of a garbage can. And we played for maybe one, two people, which was pretty frequent after the East Coast. There were some great shows, but they didn't equal out to as many as the bad shows, or no shows.

Jimmy: That night in Gainesville, there was a big party that was going on where they were doing art and music, and we should have just gone over to the party and played. The thing is, if you show up to a place that seems lame, it's probably just gonna be lame. If there's anything else going on, find something else. It sucks to have to squat for shows.

MRR: Why didn't you bring the generator on the road?

Buzz: We don't own one.

Jimmy: Generators are hard to get. People don't get rid of generators.

MRR: What do you do for a living, Jimmy?

Jimmy: I don't know, all kinds of stuff.

MRR: Maybe that's the wrong way to put it. How do you get money to pay rent?

Jimmy: We have pretty reasonable rent. I just find things that people have discarded. There's a lot of shit in SF, because it's a real small city and tons of people want to live here, so even a closet full of crap will get you like \$300 a month in rent. People keep their places, so they don't clutter up so much stuff. They have to squeeze people in there, 'cause the rents are so expensive. It's also hip right now to have "space". So people toss shit all the time.

MRR: You recently got an eviction notice?

Jimmy: Yeah.

MRR: Explain how that's symptomatic of what's going on in SF right now. If you think it is.

Jimmy: Maybe strictly on a greedy landlord level, it is. But our landlord, he just don't like me. He's just tired of me—he thinks I'm a pain in the ass—because if he tries to raise the rent weird amounts I say "no, you're not allowed to do that." So I think they're making a last ditch effort to get us out of here. What they're doing is called an Ellis Act Eviction. Under 1979 California law, a landlord can go out of the rental business completely, and that way he doesn't have to face the rental laws of the local districts. I don't think it'll work, because it's retaliatory. In terms of the relation to the thing on a whole, the Mission's gentrified. Everybody's as moneyed right now, I would say, as your Pacific Heights, Lower Pacific Heights. You have flats going for \$650,000 to \$750,000, corner lots for a million. It's insane.

MRR: What was the racial and economic makeup the Mission five years ago, and what is it now?

Jimmy: Five's hard. Ten years is easier, because gentrification is such a slimy slow process. It's real fast—once you look back on a decade and go, yeah, we blew it—but it's really slow, it's like one house at a time, and pretty soon everyone has condos. With rental property, rents go up, there's less transient freaks who do speed or drink all night. And those are the cool houses, 'cause those are the people who are like, "oh you have a band? Come up Saturday night," and they have two kegs of beer. That shit's fun. Most of that entire scene's gone from the Mission District. They get in shiny cars, I don't know where they drive to, but wherever they drive to, they really should live near there. There's a lot more big SUV-type vehicles cruising around really fast. I think



it's pretty much a done deal. I think—anything short of an earthquake—there's not gonna be too much that can reverse the economic takeover that's happened. This police officer did a couple year run where he set up all these Latino owned bars. This was one of them, the Seven Gold Coins Club...

MRR: Mission Records?

Jimmy: Yeah, and this one was one of the first to go, for sure. They just use the excuse that drugs are being done on the premises, for a lot of these places. A habitual drug place. Come on, I've worked in bars for close to a decade. Every bar is a place of habitual drug use. Every bar has a coke head, or a speed freak, or a heroin junkie. It's just that some of them have money, so they hang out in bars in Downtown. But they're still fucking high as hell.

Chris: Someone got shot here, that's why they closed this one down. That's why it was empty for three years, but I'm allowed to rent it as something other than a bar. They killed the liquor license.

Jimmy: Just because someone got shot here? Did the owner shoot someone?

Chris: I don't know the whole story, but that's what I was told. There were bullet shells in one of the walls we tore down. Now they're on our keychains.

MRR (to Chris): How do you feel the neighborhood changing, running a business here?

Chris: None of the storefronts have really changed. It's basically like the big spaces have changed.

Jimmy: The entertainment zones have changed ownership. They came in with a lot of white wealthy proprietors to buy up the entertainment zones and the bars. A lot of times they threaten these bars, so the bars will be selling for 25% to half of what they were valued. They also changed all the parking restrictions from being Latino owned and operated. You could only park on Mission till midnight, after midnight you get a ticket, after 2 AM it was a towaway. So if you went into a bar, you got lit, and you got a ticket. And now, it's 4 AM, so now they can have their after-hours parties at the Beauty Bar, and they can sit in there and giggle with each other, and their cars don't get ticketed. In fact, the cops drive by real slow to make sure nobody's screwing with 'em.

MRR: So basically, city ordinances change to cater to people with money.

Chris: Well, it was a certain officer, who is no longer with us, who was corrupt as far as that whole thing was concerned.

MRR: But the effects of what he did remain.

Jimmy: It's easy for a city to say OK, officer, you're down. You're out, we're sending you to the Taraval. I'm sure he's doing the same bullshit over there. Busting the bars that are owned by the Chinese-American families or something. The thug needs to be fired, really.

MRR: You mentioned the groups of freaks who drink beer all night, but you've been living in the Mission for years. Do you consider yourself part of that, or not?

Jimmy: I don't do speed, but...

Buzz: He drinks beer all night, and all day.

Jimmy: I like beer. I guess so. I like staying up all night, listening to loud music and tackling each other, and having a good old time. Setting off fireworks in the kitchen.

MRR: Do you feel like groups of transitional freaks, or punk houses, in low-income neighborhoods, contribute to their eventual gentrification?

Jimmy: True punk houses, I say no. Of course, I contributed greatly to the gentrification of the Mission. I'm a nice person, I'm polite, I'm helpful to people when they ask me questions. So people who do actually qualify an area by the skin color, they see other people in it, and they make those people feel safe and comfortable in the neighborhood. It's really nuts, but let's face it, they built condos next to my house, and it took us a whole three years to really get used to it. Ejecting large pieces of furni-

Buzz: I've seen the same thing happen even in my hometown. On a different level, of course. I'm from a town in Delaware called Newark. When we went through there on this tour, it was all strip malls. Anything that was remotely cool about the town has been torn down—now it's Starbucks and strip malls and things like that. It seems like it's happening everywhere.

Jimmy: There are so many corporate places coming in. It's really distressing.

MRR: Coming back to the idea of community, how do you preserve either a punk community or another one, in the face of that corporate change?

Jimmy: I don't want to be a part of the corporate community. Stockbrokers can go hang out with stockbrokers. That's fine, if people think it's OK to trade shares of a company while people are getting laid off—hey, that's your business. I'm sure you're entitled to your 30% return on your investment, while everyone else in the world starves. Or, it might just be fake money, it might not be worth jack shit.

MRR: Do you think that if you wanted to, at some point in the past, you could have ridden the coattails to fame, to MTV?

Jimmy: I don't think they'd like our ideas. There's no reason to really become the mainstream.

Buzz: I think maybe it could've happened, if Jim changed his song subjects, maybe sang about...

Paul: Gettin' laid and smokin' weed.

Buzz: Yeah. Have you seen MTV lately?

Jimmy: There are (Shotwell) songs about gettin' laid and smokin' weed! Actually...I don't think I've ever written a weed song.

MRR: Do you think it's the actual content of the songs, or more how you live your lives that's incompatible with the MTV thing? A lot of bands that no

one would have expected to get to that point, because of content, did.

Chris: *Rage Against The Machine*.

Buzz: *Rage Against The Machine*, their music kind of appeals to a macho, frat boy crowd. What they're singing about is great. I'm not trying to knock them at all, but these people are into going out there and beating the shit out of each other, and they're not even hearing what they're saying.

Paul: Does the end justify the means? They singing about something worthwhile? Do you think those kids get anything out of it?

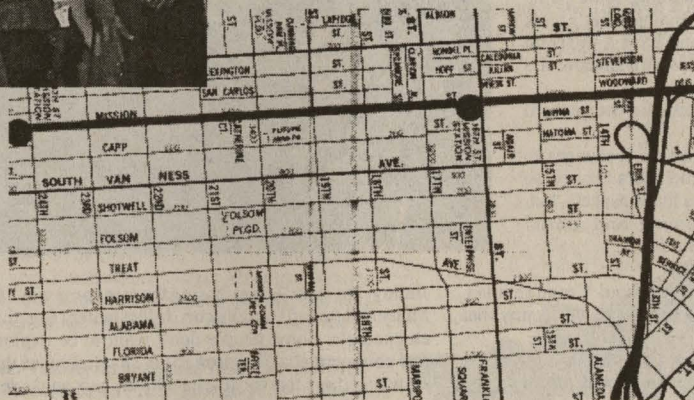
Jimmy: I think they're really sincere in their politics. Like maybe them and the Beasties, are the only bands coming around right now who really did put their ass on the line with their money, where it counts. They fund really cool grassroots social shit. I don't know why Sony did such a strong push for *Rage Against The Machine*. They had a huge media blitz. You can sell anything. If I took like a quarter of a million dollars, even \$50,000, and I put Shotwell ads all over the place, on MTV...

MRR: Well, that's right. You can sell revolutionary ideas, so...why not?

Paul: 'Cause after all, isn't that what you guys are all about, just selling the revolution anyway?

Buzz: If you watch MTV, it's really all about tits 'n' ass. Jimmy: It's always portrayed in a voyeuristic way. Men's sexuality is always confident and strong. And almost all the videos—I'm absolutely certain that, like Chumbawamba videos, break from that mold—but in 90% of it, if not more, the females are always running. Even like the girl rocker thing, where the girl is supposed to be portrayed as this strong, feminist rocker, they always portray them as subservient or subdued by males.

That whole Woodstock thing, it's like the com-



ture onto their porch, you know, that's a really good anti-gentrification move. You have a table-breaking party and everyone jumps up and down on the kitchen table till it's a bunch of pieces, then you donate it to the neighbor's new condo. Then you probably need a new kitchen table. I don't necessarily believe or disbelieve in property. I try not to get in anyone's face about property, because people get so emotional about that crap, but I'm definitely at a point now where people who are the least bit snitty or hot-headed at all in the neighborhood—there's thousands of 'em, especially on the weekends—I'm quite rude to them. I won't get out of the way on the sidewalk or anything. I don't really want to make them feel comfortable here at all. They're so goddamn in their own little world, they don't even hear you. Kudos to them. It's really weird. I don't know where these people come from, either. I have no idea where they were raised. They have zero morals or codes of respect.

MRR: How does this relate to your band? Is this something you've sung about?

Paul: Isn't this the kind of stuff you saw happening in your hometown in Illinois?

Jimmy: Yeah. That's why the tour sucked, is because there's no gas stations that sell tires. All gas stations sell is gas and Twix, you know.

Chris: Cause they're all the same gas station.



mercianization of rock—how far are you gonna take it—\$150 tickets? That's absurd. You pay \$150 at Woodstock, and you have this generic rock show in the midst of this "Consume! Consume! Consume!" And after consuming for a little bit of time, you're gonna start to feel kind of ripped off. And the rapes that happened there this year, well, rape is rape, it's male-dominant motives, and "I feel so privileged, I can take anything I want." It's fucked up. Society does almost nothing to address the problem. They just do punitive damage after they catch someone. With the numbers what they are, they really should have counseling with almost everyone in high school. Not necessarily to screen out people, but to screen out a hatred and a propensity toward dominating other people.

MRR: Do you think that's intensified by being in a group of men?

Jimmy: Yeah, have you ever smelled that? Like, you could be at a riot with a bunch of cool anarchists, and they'll be really sweaty and hectic 'cause you're running like a motherfucker, and it has this kind of sweet aroma. Like at the Rage Against the Machine shows—it's this thick kind of bitter, sour, acrid smell that burns your nose, it's like the high school shower room. I think there's a lot of shit pent up inside of it. A lot of anger, hostility. It stinks.

MRR: I think that's something that women learn pretty early on, that—especially with teenage boys—if you see one on the street, they're likely to be too afraid to do anything. But if you see a group, they should be more afraid, because they have things to prove to each other.

Jimmy: It's chickenshit. That whole ideology.

MRR: But it is a strong social ideology. That's a motivation for a lot of people even to go to punk shows.

Jimmy: Before I got old and locked up my calf, I used to really love going to shows, and I'd go to shows to dance. But I only remember like two or three people getting hurt, at hundreds of shows. Even if someone was a total asshole, you didn't do the thing where they do a stage-dive, and everyone moves out of the way and then laughs at 'em on the ground. People just weren't really into that. I haven't been to a show in SF where anyone was really trying to hurt anyone too much, but then I go to see friend's bands and stuff like that. I don't go see No Use For A Name or anything like that where it's—that's another scene.

Buzz: I've been to plenty of shows where large groups of people are potentially trying to hurt other people. Especially back East. I haven't seen it so much at the shows here. I think a lot of people in SF have their eyes a little bit more open to certain things.

MRR: Doing this for five years—not in terms of idolization or fans—but a lot of people have been through Shotwell who are really active in the punk scene. Creatively, mostly—writers and musicians—people who do shit. What kinds of things have you learned from other people playing in this band?

Buzz: I've learned a lot from the former members that I haven't even played with. I value all of them as great friends. It amazes me—everybody that's played in this band are really great, interesting, intelligent people.

Jimmy: We've been pretty lucky, you know.

MRR: It seems to me that the set-up of this band seems much less locked in. Chris, you're drummer number seven.

Chris: I'm taking this band down! It's been weird, playing and looking in the crowd and seeing three of the old drummers watching.

Paul: And all ten bass players.

MRR: Do you feel judged?

Chris: Sometimes I feel judged. Sometimes it makes me nervous. Other times I'm glad that it's like that.

Buzz: The first show I played with Shotwell I felt pretty nervous, but everybody's really friendly with each other. We've all been in the line up, so it's not that big

SHOTWELL

of a deal.

Jimmy: Yeah, it's not like anyone who ever got out is really itching to get back in.

Chris: It's always after tours that they quit.

Jimmy: The tours are hard.

Buzz: Jimmy, drinking whiskey all the time...

Paul: Driving over curbs...

Jimmy: I didn't drive over it. I drove into it. It was huge—it was a 23 inch curb, for chrissakes.

MRR: So you do what, three covers? An Avengers cover, a Dead Moon cover...

Jimmy: ...Mission of Burma. The thing is, a lot of the time when we do covers, I don't know if we screw 'em up, or what happens, but since the songs were written a long time ago by other people, the lyrics will change. The Avengers song didn't—it's always been one of my favorite songs. I thought that not that many people knew it, but tons of people know that song.

MRR: Which is funny, 'cause it's not on any of the albums, it's on the "Rat Music For Rat People" record.

Jimmy: I used to hate bands that did covers. I thought it was the dumbest fuckin' thing in the world.

Buzz: A lot of people do a lot of bad covers.

MRR: Why do you do covers, then?

Buzz: 'Cause we can't write our own songs.

Jimmy: Sometimes you write a song that just sounds like another song you've written—I guess you might call it a rut or something. A lot of times, it's funner just to play something else...

MRR: Do you write all the lyrics? You sing back up, Buzz—do you write the vocals together?

Buzz: I haven't written any lyrics.

Chris: Jimmy just makes 'em up on the spot.

Jimmy: We try to write lyrics together. Carl and I wrote some really good songs to-

gether that'll be on the No! Records thing.

MRR: Carl, the stuntman? He jumps out of planes and shit?

Jimmy: And pisses on cops' legs, yes.

MRR: How did you end up in this band?

Buzz: I came to see Shotwell play here (at Mission Records), actually.

Chris: Jimmy asked if we knew any drummers, and we had about three practices, and that was about it. Buzz: There was that one show where we had no drummer.

Jimmy: No drummer show?

Buzz: Yeah, it was when Ivy left the tour. And Iggy wasn't back yet.

Jimmy: There's probably only like ninety good drummers in the whole damn world...

Buzz: Chris rocks.

Jimmy: ... and we've played with seven of 'em. All of the drummers have had pretty good arrangement sensibilities too.

MRR: Have you ever thought about having a Shotwell reunion show, with every member alternating instruments?

Buzz: But Shotwell never broke up, so there's not a reason for a reunion show.

MRR: They would all be current members.

Jimmy: Yeah, they kinda are. And I'd still play music with all of 'em.

MRR: So what era, what lineup, is on this upcoming record?

Jimmy: I think six of the songs will be with Carl and Iggy and I. And some we just recorded yesterday.

MRR: How many members of Shotwell have actually lived together?

Buzz: Everyone lived with Jimmy at one point. And then when they get kicked out, they're out of the band.

Jimmy: What's up with that?

Buzz: When they can't pay rent on the laundry room anymore, they have to fish out some new guy.

Jimmy: Sometimes when you live with someone, it's easier to write songs, 'cause you sit in the kitchen with guitars and amps and stuff.

Chris: Breaking furniture.

Buzz: Breaking furniture!

Jimmy: When you run out of chairs, it's "oh, let's write a song now." The only thing we don't break is guitars.

MRR: You said you weren't sure if you believed in property or not.

Jimmy: Yeah, but I mean, there's sacred stuff.

MRR: So ultimately, what's the point?

Chris: Of playing in this band? To have a good time.

Buzz: To free the rock.

Chris: To make sure the rock gets out there for the kids.

Jimmy: I don't care about the kids. The kids have music coming at them from all angles. Music can be a test, or a big thing. We seem to have a societal obsession with control, and the nature of control—so, I don't know if it's something that people are really that concerned about, but I think it's pretty important stuff.

MRR: If you feel that society has control over you, then isn't it important to have an obsession with control over your own life?

Jimmy: Oh, but society has no control. I think we're pretty free. It's dangerous—it's a big prison culture, and they have a lot of cells yet to fill, so people need to walk tight, straight lines. People are scared—it's very limiting, the creativity that society will receive in that type of controlled environment. We're lucky, to see how it's actually constraining. A lot of people, they don't see it. Or maybe they're lucky. Just going through life.

MRR: Do you feel like you are doing something?

Buzz: Yeah, maybe not enough sometimes. But I think we're trying.

Chris: I try to, but I get to sit here behind the bar all day.

MRR: So, who are your influences?

Buzz: Fuck off.



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MAXIMUM. ROCK. N. ROLL
PRESENTS

HAIL MARY

Interview by Mike(y) Hopscotch
Spread design by Brian Hand Held Heart

MRR: Okay so lets start off with traditional interview
give me your names and what you do in the band.

M: I'm Mark, I'm the singer.

O: I'm Matto and I play guitar.

B: I'm Ben and I play bass.

M: And not with us is Jake and he's the drummer



MRR: And what happen to Jake?

M: Jake was unable to come on tour with us due to some personal legal problems.

MRR: Some problems with the law?

B: You could say that. (laughs)

MRR: Now you guys get a lot of comparisons to BORN AGAINST, and people say you're a BORN AGAINST rip off, how do you feel about that?

M: Well I think the problem is, is that were a band that can't be categorized because were not "emo", were not "powerviolence", were not "grind", basically we're just a straightforward hardcore band that plays midtempo punk, and I think a few years back there was a scene of bands playing this style of stuff we're playing most notably BORN AGAINST. So I think because people aren't able to lump us into a category they make that comparison, personally I don't think we really sound like

B O R N

AGAINST.

MRR: Lets talk about your guys artwork, Sam Mcpheeters and Neil Burke do all of your artwork do you think that adds to the BORN AGAINST comparisons?

O: Yeah, it definitely does, being that its on Vermiform and he does all the artwork and Hail Mary is a religious kinda. You know kinda like Born Against so I can see why people lump it all together. I don't think musically it sounds like Born Against.

B: I think its just easy to say so when someone does, t have anything else to say, they make that comparison.

MRR: Your first record was on Prank, and Vermiform and Prank are both distributed by Mordam and you've got bands like H i s Hero's Gone not doing records on Prank anymore because of Mordam, how do you feel about that? Do you guys have a problem with Mordam at all?

O: I didn't even know about that.

M: The only thing that is bad about Mordam is the fact that Mordam caters more to stores..

MRR: Like bigger chain stores?

M: Well not even bigger chain stores, its just that I think that Mordam is designed to sell to stores, and I wouldn't say bigger chain stores cause I know a lot of independent stores make up the clientele of Mordam. I would say at least to my knowledge that the smaller percentage of sells are to the bigger stores. And the bigger stores that are buying stuff from Mordam are buying stuff from Lookout and labels like that, they're not really buying the stuff on Prank and Vermiform that stuff is ending up in smaller stores. But the problem

is, is that you won't really see Prank and Vermiform stuff in distro boxes, which for a band like us is primarily the scene were part of. I think ultimately it affects us in the sense of who were actually reaching.

MRR: Well if you go on the internet, to CDNOW.COM, they have your guys CD's

O: Really! No way. I don't like that at all.

M: Well that sucks, I mean I know it sounds like a copout but that's something I wasn't aware of.

MRR: I just found out about it the other day.

M: I guess the other thing is too, is that when you have other people do your stuff you don't really have the control. In many aspects you forfeit control, I mean you have control over what your going to create but not how its going to be dispersed a n d that kind of sucks and we've kind of real- i z e d

it for the simple fact that he's into it.

O: He doesn't seem like he's worried about taking the loss.

MRR: Okay lets change topics a bit, Mark being the singer and being a gay male in a scene composed mostly of straight white kids, how does it effect you?

M: Well, I guess it's kind of...

O: Wait a minute, Mark your gay?

(everyone laughs)

M: Oh did I forget to tell you? Seriously though I think that there's a lot of bands that try to platform on that and try make really elaborate speeches. And take this issue of being gay but they only have like one gay member, which can be a good thing but if you're just doing it to make your band more popular then that's lame. That's why when I write lyrics I don't write specifically gay stuff cause none of these guys are gay. And the position of writing lyrics is basically representing everybody so the stuff we try to make stands on is stuff we all agree on and relate too. One of the things I do have a big problem with and not enough people are calling them on their shit is a label like Tooth and Nail records which is like a

Christian organization, a Christian record label and they're

spawning this big scene of Christian

hardcore. And we

can't forget that they're

main thing is that they're anti

gay and pro life. And no matter

what they try to hide behind, that's

their hidden agenda and main objective.

For instance take a band like Frodus

there's members who have Christian tattoos and they're on Tooth and Nail records and we just played a show with them and they said they were Christian but they're not Christian anymore. And it leaves me wondering why are they on this record label which is a Christian label if they're no longer Christian. And I think it's a copout to be on a label like that and say "but were not Christian". Cause if you're on a label like that then you're supporting whatever fucked up ideology that goes along with it. In addition that label is the furthest thing away from a diy anyway cause you operate under contract.

MRR: Do run into any other kinds of homophobia in the punk scene at shows or whatever?

M: It's a tough question to answer cause one of the things you realize being gay is that about 90% of the people who find out that you are gay right away look at you differently whether it's a better way or worse way they still do. Most of the people you come across if they don't already know you're gay once they find out they sort of act different towards you. So I definitely think there's a lot of people who are homophobic in the scene.

O: Its funny though because it's also really cool to be gay in punk and hardcore. There are a lot of bands that are really popular because they have one or two gay members. I mean

they're are some really genuinely awesome people who happen to be gay that are really popular people because they are really great people. But it has something to do with the fact that they're out there and they're gay, and that's a positive thing but at the same time it's a negative thing, cause it sucks when someone's like: I'm going to buy that record 'cause that guy's gay. Lets get the Hail Mary LP cause that guys gay. (laughs)

But someone like Martin who is gay but he's possibly like one of the most amazing people I have ever met, and he's a great role model, so it's awesome that there is people like that.

M: That reminds me of another reason that upsets me about Christianity being

in hardcore, I mean first of all I'm against any religion getting into hardcore. The problem with Christianity is, is that hardcore was always this place that I could escape from being judged and persecuted by society, it was a place I could be accepted. And I see these outside forces that I've been trying to get away from and now they are trying to get involved in punk. I think back to when I was 14 years old and I didn't know anyone else who was gay or had any gay friends and I was really depressed and isolated. And I didn't really feel like I had anyone to relate to or turn to, so for me, I was able to turn to punk and feel accepted and make friends. Now I see these Christian bands getting involved saying under a veil that its not okay to be gay and that's bullshit. I don't care what anybody says no one is just going to one day say I want to be gay, because I want people to hate me and run the risk of getting beaten up. Its such bullshit, these religions try to make you ashamed of your body and try to make you ashamed of things that are natural things to do just for the sense of control, just to have control over people. And it just sucks cause you look at how high the suicide rate is for gay teens and its really depressing.

MRR: Yeah, I've noticed that a lot of your lyrics deal with religion.

M: Well yeah, but it varies. There's even lyrics that have to do with certain relationships I've had, that are written vague enough that they can apply to relationships any of us have had, like a bad relationship...

O: Yeah, everyone's had a bad relationship.

MRR: Okay here's a question for Ben and Matto, Hail Mary has had an

awful lot of members, like 17 or something like that. Is Mark a hard person to get along with?

O: It's funny because I've known Mark for awhile and for sometime I'd say we butted heads a lot. But it's not as bad as everyone said it was going to be.

(laughs)

Hail Mary has had so many line up changes and he's been dealing with so many different people that Mark is a lot more open to doing different stuff now. Like I've just done simple things like playing guitar in different tunings and stuff that everyone told me you can't do that

with Mark! (laughs). And some of those people who have been in the band have been temporary and they knew it at the time, like just doing a tour or something.

B: Well, I think people generally assume that Mark is like this dictator guy who kicks people out, but a lot of times people are just in it for a tour or something. I'm confident that I'm not going to get kicked out or something just on a whim or whatever. I feel especially since Matto and I have been

playing and Jake's been in it before us that it feels much more organic and that kind of would be an answer for what I want to get out of the band, to have fun and grow and progress.

MRR: So your LP just came out what do you have coming out next?

M: Well we got a limited edition one sided etched 7" coming out on Hand Held Heart, and a new 7" coming out on Hopscotch. As well as a comp track on the ABC NO RIO comp, a song on the Vermiform comp, and a song on the Hopscotch comp. We're also going to be doing a split 5" with DEVOID OF FAITH on Coalition.

HAIL MARY DISCOGRAPHY
"Glorious Morning" EP (Prank)
"Crashing Down" EP (Vermiform)
"My Will To Die Is Dead" EP (Vermiform)
"All Aboard The Sinking Ship" LP (Vermiform)

Hail Mary PO Box 14253 Albany, NY 12212

MRR: Could you give me the band's history? Introduce yourselves a little.

AP: The band began about 3 years ago, and has had numerous lineup changes. This current line up has been together for about a year (aside from the rotating drummers that we've had). Since the band functions as a collective (and a smaller part of the Crasshole Collective/Maryland APF), we don't really like listing all the names of the individuals involved. There are people who are considered members of the band who do not participate directly in the creation of the music, but who help out with the work involved. Listing their names and trying to define their role by the traditional standard would be far too complicated.

MRR: Why did you choose the name, A//Political?

AP: The name is both an ironic pun and a rejection of the classic left-right dichotomy of authoritarian politics. The pun comes from the trend of "apolitical" music in the punk scene which realistically does take a political stance (which all too often is incredibly right wing). Our "apolitical" stance is a rejection of the accepted political norm of political parties, elections, and working within the system. We are a revolutionary anarchist band that seeks to create a new society rather than repeat the mistakes of the old.

MRR: Why did you start a band? Do you think playing in a band is a good means to explain/expand your (anarchist) ideas/feelings to a lot of people?

AP: The band is very much a tool in a greater movement to expand anarchist politics to a larger community. At the same time, it is a celebration of our anarchist politics. The American punk scene has become very reactionary. Bands who do take political stances are often slagged off and attacked by "anti-pc" chaos punks. A climate of fear has developed where political bands are afraid to express themselves for fear of rejection. We want to change this and make politics synonymous with punk again. We want to make people stand up for their political opinions instead of hiding from the anti-pc hysteria.

MRR: You have a song *Punk is a Ghetto* in which you say, "Punk isn't everything/Punk is a ghetto/Revolutionize the world/Not just your scene." I totally agree with that and I think it's a shame that so many people don't become conscious of the fact that punk does not equal the world. I think they have a shallow view of the world, of the problems. They have a view through a hole, the punk scene. Aren't you sometimes under the impression that you preach to the "converted" since the scene is very closed?

AP: We fully realize that we are often preaching to the converted, but our goals go beyond simply restating the tired old political cliches of the past. As the answer to the previous question said, the punk scene that we operate in is often very hostile to politics, especially anarchist politics. Many times, we are a voice of reason in a scene filled with shallow peacocks following the latest aesthetic trend. However, even amongst the politically aware punks, we hope to be an inspiration to act on your beliefs. We want people to live by their politics and not just wear them on their sleeves. "Punk is a Ghetto" is a call to all punks who care about more than the latest fashion trend or silly gossip to get out into the world and make their ideals reality.

MRR: I think there is a theme in your songs. You want people to become conscious of the fact that we are all responsible for the present situation. So in the song, *It's Not About Politics, It's About Life*, you say, "The system does care because the system is you/Nothing ever changes because that's what you choose," and in *Sickness*, you say, "This is your world. The one that you made." How can we change the mentalities, succeed in making people think about that, succeed in becoming conscious of the fact that they can change the situation, that everyone can act on this situation? Do you think that through your songs/lyrics you can make people think about that?

AP: Of course we are not naive enough to believe that everyone who hears our lyrics will be inspired to become a political activist, but we have a gotten a positive response from many people who are inspired by us. On a larger scale, bringing about an anarchist society is a process which begins with a personal revolution. First, a person must change themselves and their world view to one based on non-hierarchy and mutual aid towards others. Then, when a that person interacts with others in a manner that is non-authoritarian, she/he will serve as a model that people don't have to be competitive and exploitative. Eventually, enough people can bond together and begin to create counterinstitutions based on their anarchist beliefs and the social revolution begins in earnest. As far as our role as a punk band in this process goes, we hope to be the catalyst for both the personal change and the organization with other like-minded individuals. Our own lives serve as a model for this process in that we have made the personal change (although personal change is a lifelong process because none of us are born anarchists and it takes constant vigilance to reject years of socialization), and we have organized together into a collective (which reaches beyond the band) to try to change the world that we live in through education.

MRR: Is there unity in the punk scene? In the anarchist movement in the US? Maybe it's not easy because of the distance between the cities.

AP: The punk scene is too broad a categorization to have any type of "unity." There are too many different social movements that fall under the category of punk which have serious irreconcilable differences to truly unite everyone who considers her/himself a punk. On the question of the anarchist movement, there is always a great hope that there can be some sort of large federation of anarchists. However, currently, much of the movement is bogged down in petty ideological squabbles (such as individualists versus collectivists, anarcho-communists versus anarcho-sindicalists, etc.) which are counterproductive to the overall goal of achieving an anarchist society. We believe that some of these issues may be worked out in the actual formation of an anarchist society rather than dividing us while governments and corporations rule our lives. It is absurd that some anarchists reject cooperating with others because they don't take a strong enough stance on animal liberation or because they do not oppose technological development, etc.



We should be enhancing our strengths rather than pointing out our weaknesses. On a more positive note, there was a recent gathering in Massachusetts of members of the Atlantic Anarchist Circle to try to organize what appears to be a federation. Unfortunately, we could not attend because of a previous commitment, but we hope that a real federation will arise from this which we will be a part of.

MRR: I read that the Crasshole Collective has an e-mail address, so maybe news/information will spread even if other collectives are far away. What do you think about the internet and all these new forms of communication?

AP: There are several members of the Crasshole Collective who have e-mail addresses, and we may be contacted at any of them (addresses at the end). We don't take a particular stance on technology itself. Clearly, corporations are exploiting technological development just as they have exploited everything else on earth. However, technology is a benign force, it may be used for good as well as evil. The internet is in many ways a very anarchist institution. Although corporations are quickly cashing in on it, it is still somewhat decentralized and very hard to control and regulate. It creates a space where everyone is as equal as the next set of letters on their computer screen. It also serves as a great way to communicate to a large number of people quickly and inexpensively. An anarchist homepage may be viewed by millions of people some of whom will undoubtedly agree with our message and become anarchists themselves. It also allows us to get in touch with our comrades in far away places more efficiently than writing letters or even telephone calls. Most important is the fact that the right-wing has been using the internet as a recruiting tool; and if we do not counter that, we will surely suffer.

MRR: Could you explain the APF (why did you start it, goals...)

AP: The APF began as a way of organizing active anarchist punks into a larger federation. There are hundreds, even thousands of anarchist punks in the world who are working on changing their little corner of the world. We wanted to create a way for all of us to communicate and to feel like we are not alone in the world. The main goal of the APF is to make anarchism a viable movement within the punk scene. We want anarchist punks to be more than a slogan on a t-shirt. We want to create a real movement which can be an important part of the larger, worldwide anarchist movement.

MRR: What are your activities outside the band?

AP: Some members of A//Political are in school, some members have jobs, and some members do both. Aside from doing what we must to survive, we are involved in a variety of projects. Obviously, there is the Crasshole and the APF and the projects that come with them. However, we are not limited to those activities. Individual members of the band work with Social Anarchism, a long running anarchist journal; the Maryland Animal Liberation Network (MALN); and the Industrial Workers of the World. We've also recently just started work on opening an infoshop in West Baltimore. We hope that our own activity shows others what they can achieve if they put a little effort behind their opinions.

MRR: What are your musical influences? Your favorite bands?

AP: The band has been compared to every mid 80's

anarchist punk band imaginable. Of course, these bands are probably the biggest influence on us, but our personal musical tastes include much more than that. Besides the typical anarchist punk bands, members of the band listen to 80's pop, hardcore, emo, goth, techno, folk, jazz, and even classical music. It is important to not limit oneself to a particular genre in order to not get stuck in a rut. The beauty of the early 80's peacepunk movement is that the music was more than just 4 piece bands playing 3 chord punk that all sounded the same. From the experimental poetry of Annie Anxiety and Andy T to the free jazz of the Cravats and the Ex to the pre-techno of Hit Parade to the pop music of later Poison Girls and Omega Tribe, the bands that are associated with anarchopunk were extremely diverse. We support that kind of diversity, and will be putting out a variety of musical styles on Crasshole Records (future projects include the industrial style of Luddgang, a 6 piece all-percussion band, and acoustic folk music by Against Me!).

MRR: Have you played many gigs? Which bands have you played with? Is it easy to organize gigs in Baltimore? Is it easy to tour the US?

AP: We've played about a little over 30 shows since the winter of '97. We've played with a bunch of local bands and better known bands like Anti-Product, Huasipungo, and Submission Hold. We also played a show with an anarchist hip-hop group called Critical Mass. It is not that hard to organize gigs in Baltimore. The toughest part is finding a regular space that will allow us to do shows. All too often punks will fuck up venues or venue owners/managers will not want to do deal with us. It's also expensive to rent halls for shows because we often don't get enough attendance to cover all the expenses. Organizing a tour is a hard work unless you're a well known band. There are always people willing to get you a show, but attendance can vary depending on what night of the week you play and where you play. Finding places to stay and the like can also be a bit of a chore. It's really a lot of hard work, but it comes with the territory.

MRR: DIY seems to be important for you, right? What is DIY for you? Give a definition, what you think about this attitude.

AP: DIY is simply a reflection of our anarchist ideals. We believe that people must take back all aspects of their lives from economic and political institutions. DIY is just one more method for doing that. In relation to the punk subculture, DIY means that we do not rely on others to dictate what our culture should be. We strive to create our own music, our own magazines, our own fun, etc. We don't want to be told what we are supposed to like. We want to make that judgment for ourselves. It also gives us the control that everyone should have over our culture. We get to define what it means to be a punk because we are creating what it

means to be punks, not some journalist or record company marketing person. It is important for anyone who strives to make anarchism a reality to work to break away from prefabricated, top-down cultural forms imposed on them by people who only seek to profit from and/or control us.

MRR: In the song, *Education is Indoctrination*, you criticize the school/education system. Are there "alternative" schools in the USA? In France there are two "libertarian" colleges and one "anarchist" school.

AP: Education is clearly a means of social control. Students



A//POLITICAL

are taught a limited amount of information and skills based on what the people in power desire from the population. The US does have "alternative" schools, but they are often private schools which most ordinary people cannot afford. You see, intellectual freedom and the opportunity to explore the world are luxuries that only the rich and powerful are allowed to enjoy in this country. Public schools are run by a state standard which is vague enough to allow for a variety of academic standards based on the funding individual schools get. Each school is funded by property tax revenues from neighborhood that it is in. This means that schools in wealthy neighborhoods get the most resources and schools in poor or working class neighborhoods do not. This allows the education system to maintain the social stratification system in place in the US. Jonathan Kozol, a former teacher in the Boston schools, has written a couple of books on the inequality of the American educational system. Some activists have and do work on creating free schools which function within and outside of the mainstream educational system. But, much like other "progressive" movements in the US, but they are far and few between.

MRR: You say "politics are punk." Are punks really interested in politics? Maybe there are a lot of chaos punks which you speak about in the song, *Stop Thinking and Pogo*. In France there are a lot of punks (even though I don't consider them punks) who are just interested in drinking and dancing. It's a shame these people give a bad image of the punk movement.

AP: We say "politics are punk, so fuck you" in response to the current trend in the punk scene to attack anything political as a form of fascism. The anti-pc movement that has developed in punk over the last 5 or so years is a sick joke! These people actually believe that they are being rebels by mimicking the prejudices that are accepted in mainstream society! What's worse is that they have fallen for a right-wing conspiracy. You see, the term "politically correct" was used in its present sense by the right-wing to try to discredit leftist political movements. They took some well-meaning liberal ideas and lumped them in with a few wacky political movements on college campuses and created this myth of political correctness. So, anyone who calls themselves anti-pc is really just saying that they are a conservative (and in our opinion, one goose step away from being a Nazi). The worst thing is that the punk movement has been drained of so much of its activist potential by these dimwits who call themselves punks yet waste their time behaving like frat boys and idiot jocks. Where punk once criticized social norms, now all it does is legitimize alcoholism and petty fashion hierarchies. It's more important to get drunk and look cool than it is to question the status quo.

MRR: What do you think about drugs? Are you straightedge? Do you think it would be good to legalize marijuana?

AP: Drug use, that's a very complicated issue. On the one hand, drug use is a personal choice which everyone should make for themselves. On the other, the use of many drugs leads to abuse and anti-social behaviors which hurt not just the user. As far as drugs are concerned, we have no problem with recreational use; but when that becomes a serious habit and starts to interfere with one's life, it becomes a serious threat. Clearly, the

illegal drug trade is a serious problem in the US. Not only does it bring with it a level of violence that is unparalleled anywhere else in the world, but it serves as an easy scapegoat for the prison state that the US is quickly becoming. The US has the largest per capita prison population in the world and despite the drop in violent crime rates it's still growing. This is due to the immense number of people being convicted of drug related crimes (use and sale). Of course, this may all be part of the government's plan because, as we all know, the government itself is the largest drug trafficker in the world. They have been working in collaboration with drug dealers around the world for decades now. Maybe it would be best for everyone involved if they would simply decriminalize drug use and come clean about their involvement.

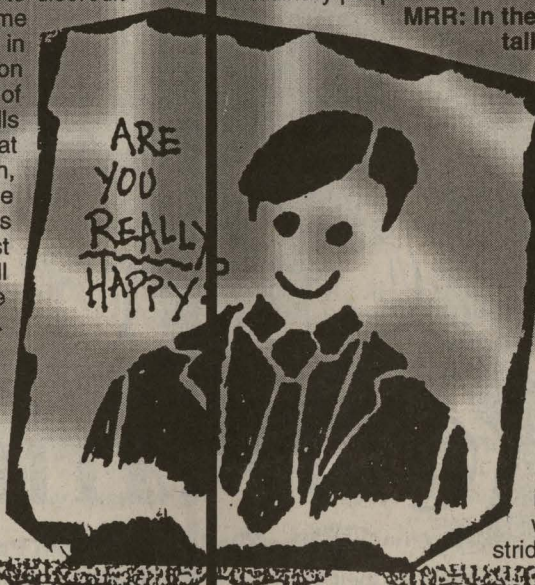
MRR: Speaking of drugs, in the song *Free Trade In Death* you say, "World Bank projects/dealers in death." I don't really understand what you mean to say. Could you explain this sentence?

AP: The World Bank is the primary lending institution for world governments. It was formed shortly after World War II as a way of helping countries destroyed by the war to rebuild. However, it has established itself as a source of capital for "developing countries." The World Bank does not lend money without strings attached, though. Often, they ask for governments to make severe changes to national and economic policies which benefit foreign businesses seeking to exploit "third world" nations. The World Bank promotes policies which curtail social welfare spending and encourage hand outs to corporations. This, of course, leads to the deaths of millions who cannot survive on the meager wages that they are given. All of these people are dying because of the World Bank's conditions on loans; therefore, they are "dealers in death." It is also important to remember that the World Bank's goal is worldwide laissez-faire capitalism where the interests of business would come before that on ordinary people like us.

MRR: In the song, *Idealized Attraction*, you talk about physical appearance, ideal female image, etc. I think there is a big business around dieting, fat reducing products. Could you tell me about that?

AP: There is a major industry built around the creation of image. Everything from media to clothing to pharmaceuticals is sold to people (male and female alike) simply for the sake of maintaining an arbitrary body image. It's hard to point out exactly which corporate element started this cycle, but you can easily see when it began. About 100 years ago, as industrialization and capitalism were really getting into their stride, companies began to spring up which preyed on women's self-image as a marketing tool to try to get them to buy products they didn't need. Of course, the philosophical basis for this goes back thousands of years. There

has been a hierarchy of elites and non-elites based on appearance. Certain people were given the "luxury" of attaining a certain physical appearance which has almost always been physically abnormal and often unhealthy.



A//POLITICAL

Bound feet, corsets, makeup made from poisonous materials are all examples of this absurdity. The modern beauty image is equally ridiculous. Women are expected to be about 20-30 pounds underweight to fit the western ideal. They are not expected to have any body fat except for traditional sexual areas such as breasts. There have even been studies by so-called scientists which calculated attractiveness based on a waist to hip ratio of .7 (which means an attractive women's waist is 30% smaller than her hips), a virtually impossible achievement. Of course this does not just apply to women, men also have an ideal body type which society asks them to achieve. However, men are given much more social leeway when they do not fit that body type. What we have to realize is that aesthetic choices are not an objective standard. They vary individually, and we must recognize the beauty in that variation. If people were to judge each other's appearance based solely on the ideal type, the world would be full of ugly people.

MRR: You seem to be concerned with animal rights. Are you vegetarian or even vegan? Are there a lot of vegetarians in the USA? In France, vegetarianism is growing, but it's not like in England where a lot of people are vegetarians. Is there an ALF in the USA?

AP: Everyone in the band is either a vegan or a vegetarian. We all come to a pro-animal liberation stance from a variety of perspectives; some ethical, some political. Animal liberation is a big issue for some Americans, but it is not a huge movement incorporating a large portion of the population. Only about 2% of Americans are vegetarians (which comes to about 5 million people), but it's safe to say that many (if not most) of them do it for health reasons and don't care about the animals themselves. Baltimore is home to one of the biggest vivisectioners in the country, John's Hopkins Hospital and medical school. There have been many anti-vivisection protests over the years and the largest crowd they've drawn is maybe 50 people. This is often typical of protests for animal liberation. There are active ALF groups in the US carrying out actions to liberate animals from abuse by stupid humans.

MRR: Firearms are a big problem in the USA (There are 36,000 people killed per year because of them) and the firearms lobbies are very strong, especially the National Rifle Association. Could you tell me about that?

AP: America is a country obsessed with guns. It comes from a historical tradition of individualism and violence which this country was founded (really stolen) on. The John Wayne/Clint Eastwood archetype is built into the national conscience. It would be unfair to say that everyone has a gun, but there is a significant portion of the population for whom guns are as important as their family. A large part of why the handgun murder rate is so high has to do with the connection between the illegal drug trade and violence. Many handgun deaths are due to wars over territory and problems resulting from the drug trade. Another reason for the high rate of handgun violence is the social frustration felt by many young men. They find themselves in a position of social powerlessness where they cannot control their own lives and turn to violence as a means of establishing themselves in their community. This is aggravated by the easy availability of guns. The National

Rifle Association (NRA) is really a whole other issue. Their membership tends to be conservatives who view their gun ownership as a cultural tradition from Americas past when a weapon was necessary to protect oneself from animals such as bears and wolves and criminals. They oppose restrictions on firearms because these would effect their ability to hunt. It is true that their political influence has limited the introduction of legislation to control the sale of firearms. The NRA also has a support base among the militia groups who feel that the government has gone too far in instituting social welfare policies and other programs which help out the poor and minorities. These people actually believe that the government is persecuting the right-wing and they need guns to fight the liberal regime! That's not to say that the government hasn't cracked down on opposition groups, but the US government is far from liberal by any means!

MRR: What are your immediate/long term plans for A//Political and the Crasshole Collective?

AP: Our immediate plans are to work on our newspaper, *Agitate!*. We hope to spread our message of political activism and anarchism to the east coast punk scene which has become mired in chaos punk stupidity and apathy. We want to make anarchopunk a serious political movement that other anarchists will respect rather than look down upon. Future plans include a discography 2xlp/cd, and possibly a couple more 7"s. We'll see what happens after that. As far as the Crasshole goes, we will continue to work on the projects we already do (Crasshole Records, Counterculture Press, and the APF). It looks like the future will bring a lot of activity for us.

MRR: Do you have anything special to say or add a message for the readers?

AP: This was one of the most detailed interviews we've ever had. Unfortunately, most of these questions require more detailed answers which simply cannot be covered in this format. If you want more information on any of the issues raised, feel free to write. If you send some money to cover postage we'll send you a bunch of our communiques, past

(and current) issues of Counterculture, info on the A.P.F., and whatever else we've got lying around. PO Box 65341/Baltimore, MD 21209/USA or e-mail svysotsk@lynx.neu.edu, Durruti36@aol.com, or seiditous@aol.com.

"Planting The Seeds Of Revolution" Cassette/Booklet/Badge, Crasshole Records, December 1997.

"Propaganda By Deed" 7" EP, Crasshole Records, November 1998.

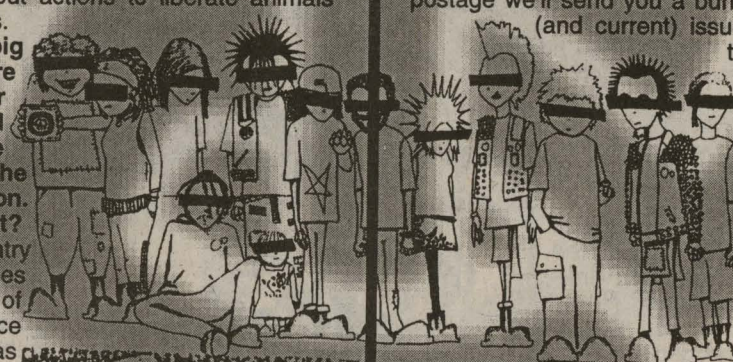
"Punk Is A Ghetto" 7" EP, Profane Existence/Skuld Releases, December 1998.

"Autonomous Action" Split w/ Counterpoise 7" EP, Autonomous Action Records, June 1999.

...and the following compilations have unreleased songs/different versions:

"A.P.F." & "Love Is The Basis..." on "We're Here To Ruin Your Fun" A.P.F. Benefit Cassette/Newspaper, Crasshole Records.

"Seen As A Whole" on "Why Must We Die For Your Science?" 7", Dire/Action Records.



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BUMP-N-UGLIES

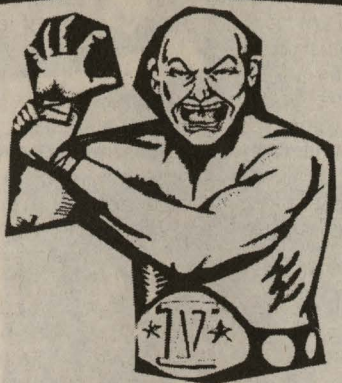
The Bump-N-Uglies are a hard-core punk rock-n-wrestling band from Detroit that's been around for a few years now. They are infamous for live shows that mix punk rock and hardcore wrestling. A typical show would include Bubba getting hit with a barbed

wire bat, several 8 foot tables being smashed, people being hit with folding chairs and then lit on fire, and insane amounts of blood and energy.

They have a single out on their own label Chairshot Records, songs on a few compilations, a new single "Diary of a Madman" that will be out in October on Transparent Records, and a new LP titled "The Finer Things In Life" that will be out in January on Chairshot Records.

The Bump-N-Uglies are "Playboy" Bubba Mackenzie on vocals (PBM), Amado "The Natural" on guitar (Amado), Rob "The Italian Saint" Dziak on bass (Rob), and The Josh on drums (The Josh). This interview was done by Paul from Transparent Records (TR) backstage on Friday, August 28, 1999 at The Magic Stick in Detroit, before the show. [Note: At this show, after some extreme wrestling, Rob had to get 5 staples in the back of his head and The Josh broke the edge of the stage off with his head resulting in a LARGE bump. And it was a great, and bloody, show.]

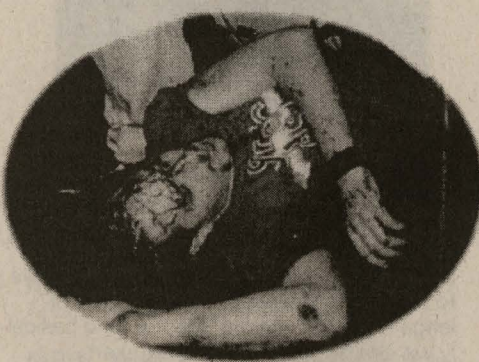
MRR: Is there anything you don't want me to mention.
The Josh: Do not mention The Josh. Do not mention Triple B. My new identity is Dynamic Josh Movado.
MRR: Is there another Bump-N-Uglies?



PBM: It doesn't matter if there is another one. What's your name?

MRR: I think they're more famous than you are. I don't want people to confuse the bands.

PBM: Wait, wait, what's your name?



MRR: Paul
PBM: IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT YOUR NAME IS. And it doesn't matter what their name is either because we're the fucking Bump-N-Uglies, the most beautiful Bump-N-Uglies, and the greatest band that ever lived. So it doesn't matter about any other Bump-N-Uglies besides these Uglies. Besides, they don't spell it the right way. Isn't that right Mr. Holstein?

MRR: I read in the Orbit that you guys use fake blood?

PBM: Hey!
Amado: First of all, it was Jam Rag.

MRR: Jam Rag, that's right.

PBM: If I ever find the person that wrote that I'll kill him. Or her.

Amado: They printed a retraction.

MRR: But they had a picture of you with fake blood all over your face?

PBM: They retracted that. That was real blood.

The Josh: Real blood.

PBM: I challenge

any press agent, and journalist, any TV anchor, to come down to the show.

And inspect our wounds after the show and tell me if it's fake. And if they still say it's fake, then we have two tables waiting for them. And a barbed wire bat. If anyone wants to say it's fake, all they have to do is come....

Amado: And Band-Aid's because we care.

The Josh: And a 265 pound, flying, dynamic, bombastic, individual known as Josh Movado.

MRR: Next question. Can we smoke marijuana back here?

PBM: Yes. Yes we can. I was hoping you were going to ask that question. In fact, it was three questions too late.

MRR: Do you play the Dwarves cover of '3 Seconds' live?

PBM: We'll do it tonight. We'll do anything for you.

MRR: So you're recording a new album at Ghetto Recorders?

PBM: Yes. Now let me just give you an idea of the...bombasticness...of the new upcoming LP. We spent around 18 weeks in the studio.

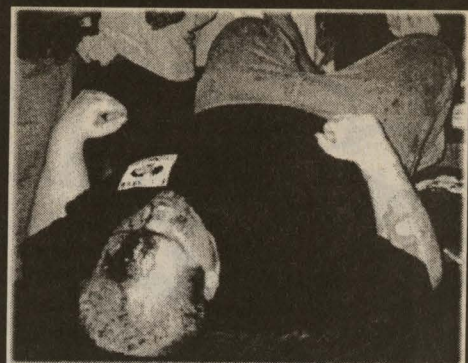
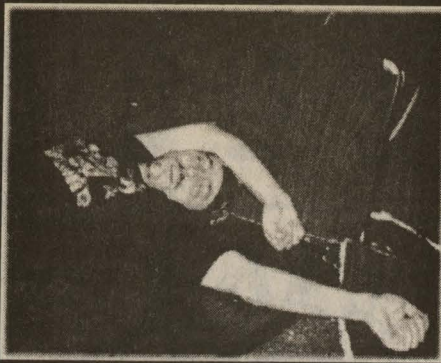
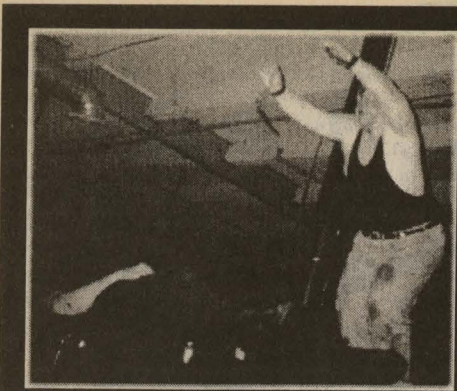
MRR: 18 weeks? What the Hell for?

PBM: Ok...writing.

MRR: Writing. In the studio?

The Josh: Getting all the T's crossed. Get-

BAND of 1000 HOLDS



ting all the I's dotted.

MRR: When I worked with the Dirtys, they wrote the songs in their van on the way to the studio that morning. Then they went into the studio and recorded them.

The Josh: Well that just shows the unprofessionalism of The Dirtys, then, doesn't it?

PBM: What he means to say is that we spent approximately a day and a half mixing and recording. What we've basically come up with is the greatest album ever made. Bar none.

MRR: So it is pretty good. Is it more about wrestling?

PBM: It's based on the lifestyle that is the Bump-N-Uglies.

Amado: Yes. It's going to be titled 'The Finer Things In Life'.

Rest of band together: 'The Finer Things in Life'.

MRR: Drugs, wresting, booze, stuff like that?

The Josh: Courvoisier, Movado watches.

Rob: Beautiful farm animals.

The Josh: Yes, yes. Expensive Cognac.

PBM: The life of a rich affluent playboy such as myself.

MRR: Why do they call you Playboy Bubba Mackenzie?

PBM: Everybody knows I'm the true, shall we say...womanizer of the group. I'm definitely the most sexually electric of the group.

Amado: Kind of like Paul Stanley.

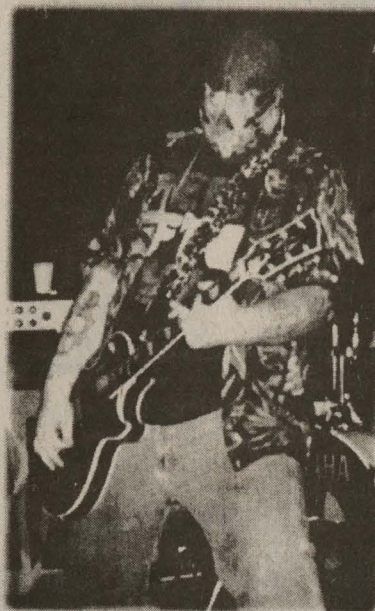
PBM: Yeah, you know. The women see me on stage and I exude this thick, gluttonous sort of sexuality that just excretes from my pores.

Amado: And it is gluttonous.

PBM: Being a playboy isn't just sex and making love, and wining and dining these unimportant women. It's fine cars, expensive watches, expensive clothing.

MRR: I noticed you all have these expensive watches on. What's the story? A jewelry heist?

The Josh: My name is Movado, OK? The word Movado itself actually means 'always in motion'.



MRR: I heard you guys played with The Trash Brats. Did any wrestling break out? Have you ever wrestled another band?

PBM: No other band has ever had the balls to step up to the plate. I posted a challenge if you will, on the internet, and basically we challenged anyone. No takers.



MRR: Did anyone see it and reply?

Amado: They were afraid. Didn't you smell it in the air? That smell of urine, all throughout the world. They called it yellow Thursday. Everyone saw it, and in unison, they soiled themselves.

MRR: So how come you guys don't get free beer backstage? Don't you have demands....

The Josh: First of all, I have Courvoisier wherever I go.

PBM: How it goes is...beer is what the common man drinks. We do have demands, per performance. However, as you know, we have opening acts. And these bands generally are heathens, they're filthy, they stink, common boobs, commoners, poorhouse welfare recipients (other band members are inserting some of these insults) and we have aged cognac, a deli tray with prosciutto and fine Italian cheeses, grapes. So we don't keep that back here. It's in my bus. We each have a tour bus.

MRR: Is that your tour bus outside? I saw a tour bus. I heard that some reggae band was playing next door. But everyone I talked to was here to see the Bump-N-Uglies.

The Josh: You know why they're here to see the Bump-N-Uglies, Paul? Because you can be sure as the day is long, that when Dynamic Josh Movado is in the building - all will be entertained. Thank You.

Amado: Might I add that we are working with our various teams of managers and agents to put a clause in our contract requiring that our opening acts shower prior to arriving at the club.

MRR: Aren't tonight's opening bands, like Social Scare, supposed to be good. Have you played with any acts that you thought were really good?

Amado: Oh yes.

MRR: Like who?

PBM: We've had some great bands open up for us. The Business opened for us a couple of times. The Anti-Heros opened up for us.

Amado: How about Kiss. Remember when Kiss opened up for us? And Aerosmith.

PBM: Peter and the Test Tube Babies opened for us. When The Offspring opened for us at St. Andrew's Hall, we were in-

formed that The Offspring, even though we were the headliners of the evening, that we were not allowed to go into The Offspring's dressing room and into their deli tray. But after consuming several marijuana cigarettes and proceeding to drink half of a fifth of Courvoisier, we ate the entire cheese platter from their deli tray. They couldn't keep me separated. Will that be duly noted?

MRR: That will be duly noted. I'm not a big Offspring fan myself. I have heard a few of their songs. Moving on, I noticed you have a line in a song from your new single that's a tribute to Madman Pondo, about downing Ike Turner. It's says 'I'll drop you like Ike Turner'.

PBM: I'll drop you like Ike Turner would drop you. Ike dropped any sucker that tried to cross Ike. Not just Tina. Tina was a stepping stone to Ike's success, up the musical ladder. Any sucker that got in the way of Ike Turner got dealt with. Just like the Bump-N-Uglies deal with problems.

The Josh: Let me ask you a question. Do you like cake? Why don't you have a piece of this cake? PAUL. HAVE A PIECE OF THE CAKE, PAUL. You lousy little shit. Well, say something Paul.

MRR: What about ICP. I heard you guys were offered a tour with ICP?

PBM: You done said the wrong thing Paul.

Amado: Now you've had a piece of cake.

PBM: Our relationship with the Insane Clown Posse goes way back. It's purely platonic, were homiez. We go way back, we've wrestled together and hung out. Watched wrestling. We've done shows with them purely for the, uh, our fans wrote us and said - listen you guys haven't played in a while. You guys, ICP are gonna be playing. Why don't you put yourselves on the show, so we can see you guys play.

MRR: I heard you played the Vans Warped Tour local stage.

PBM: Money talks in this business, as they say. There were a hundred thousand reasons why we were at the Warped Tour. One hundred thousand green reasons.

Amado: When you have fountains pouring out Courvoisier, and you're swimming in it.

PBM: There's never enough money Paul.

There's never enough money.

Amado: The finer things in life.

PGM: In fact our guarantee is going up as we speak.

Amado: Did you shower Paul? Did you shower today?

PBC: Next question for the Bump-N-Uglies please.

MRR: Has anyone ever gotten hurt in the wrestling show? I've seen some crazy stuff. At St. Andrews Hall I'd say that stage is about four feet high. And The Josh dove off that stage onto a table. And at the Magic Stick, you broke two tables off of the dividing wall. In fact I



think is was this guy...

PBM: This is our arch nemesis Inferno. He fears no bumps, no heights. Fear is not a word in his vocabulary.

Inferno: He has suffered many broken bones because of this.

MRR: So you have broken bones?

Amado: Paul, did you shower?

MRR: Well, maybe not within a reasonable time period.

Amado: We need to get you a shower. Give him the keys to our tour bus, to shower.

PBM: One particular man did get set on fire at a show. Inferno set somebody ablaze.

At the hands of Inferno I've basically suffered 15-16 concussions within the last year of touring. I sustained multiple lacerations.

Blood loss. I've slipped into comas after shows. I've had teeth knocked out, re-

placed with gold obviously. Busted fingers, busted arms, blown out knees. Separated shoulders. But you know, the next day I'm always ready for the photo shoot. Always ready for the photo shoot. That's what is so great about me, Paul, I'm always ready for the photo shoot. Photogenic Bubba Mackenzie they call me.

(knock on door by Bubba)

('Sir your Courvoisier is here' in high-pitched voice by The Josh)

PBM: (opens door) Your going to have to wait, we're doing an interview (slams door). See, that's what I mean about being a playboy, Paul. The bar is not even open yet, and somehow there's an army of teenage girls out there waiting for the Bump-N-Uglies to come out.

MRR: Do you run into a lot of problems with that?

Rob: One time they threw so many panties on stage that we couldn't find our instruments.

Amado: There's another clause that we need to put in our contract. When girls come to Bump-N-Uglies shows they must have a card that they have been recently tested. Paul, did you shower today?

MRR: Yes, I do.

PBM: We basically make a living sucking the life force blood of our fans as they pay money week in and week out to come see us. However, these same people, who granted their money is definitely good enough, so to speak. These people are not what you would say are desirable and some of the male members of the audience are highly undereducated, very primitive, almost inbred upbringing. They're the kind of guys, you know.

Amado: They are the kind of guys, that if they weren't at a Bump-N-Uglies show, they would be at the local bar playing darts.

PBM: Or at home beating their wives.

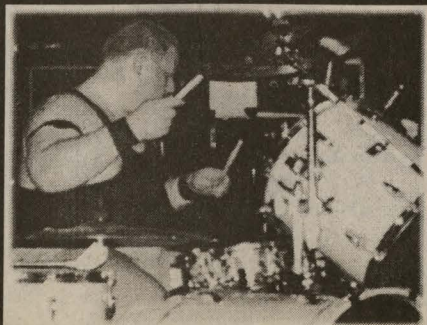
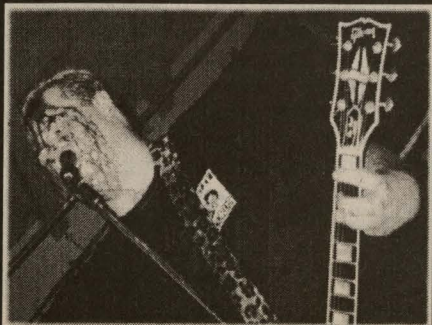
Amado: Now Paul, did you shower?

Amado: And also, Bump-N-Uglies are for the children. For the children, one love. (band starts singing)



MRR: I smell a bootleg Bump-N-Uglies disk coming out.

Amado: One last thing. Paul - did you shower?



Pressure Point

Interview by Bruce Roehrs

Photos by Hali Monterichard

MRR: We are going to interview Pressure Point, with Mike and Ken, singer and guitarist respectively. For four years you've been playing music together and you've known each other even longer than that, right?

Mike: Yeah, a lot longer...

MRR: How long?

Mike: Since about 1984.

MRR: Did you get into punk about the same time? Did you both grow up in Sacramento?

Ken: I grew up in Tucson, Arizona, for the most part. I came out here about '84 and Mike was still a youngster. I ran around with the older kids.

MRR: And in '84 there were many bands circulating through California that were probably stopping in Sacramento. Do you remember some influential bands from that era that came through your town?

Ken: Shit, there's so many. Back then I used to see everyone, bands from here, bands on tour, lots of influential ones.

MRR: Were there all age venues in Sacramento back then?

Ken: Oh yes, The Club Minimal, Club Can't Tell.

MRR: And would you get to see the LA bands, like the Circle Jerks and Social Distortion?

Mike: Absolutely!

Ken: I played in the band that opened up in '84 for the Circle Jerks and Fang. We played without a drummer.

MRR: What was the name of that band?

Ken: Industrial Hate

MRR: Did they ever have records out?

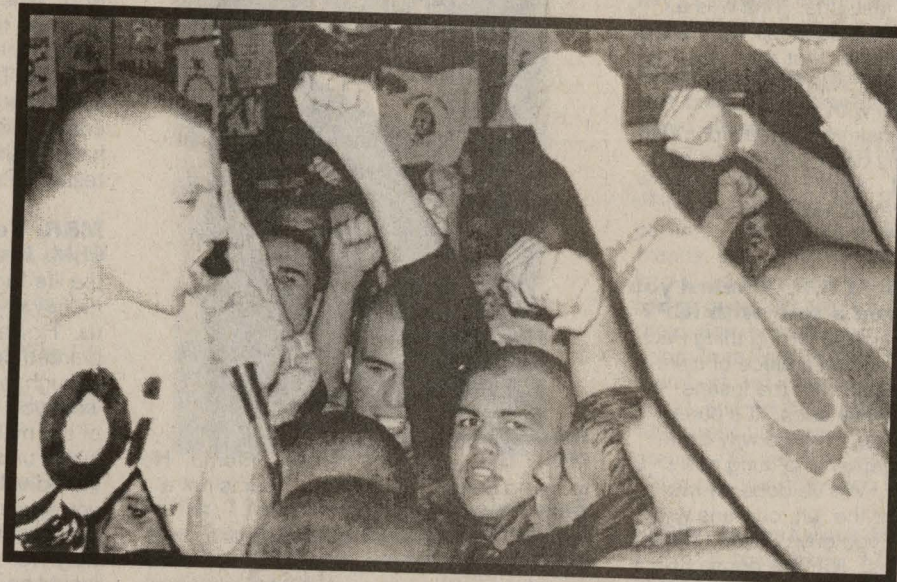
Ken: We recorded a tape and brought it down to Maximum Rock and Roll Radio Show one night and got it played.

MRR: Mike, what was the first band you were in?

Mike: This band formed out of the ashes of a band called Deep 6 and basically Kenny is the only hardcore member that was left in that band, that's in this band. They had some

people leave and Kenny and I knew each other for years and I had never been in a band before, and he asked me to sing so I said I'd give it a shot and we tried it out. And for whatever reasons, that band kinda fell apart and Kenny and I just picked up the pieces and formed an Oi! band.

MRR: The first time I saw Pressure Point was probably going on two and a half or three years ago, and to me the sound then was closer to what I would call hardcore from the old days. Now I see you moving towards a more melodic Oi! sound.



Do you think that's a fair analysis from a fan's perspective?

Mike: I think that's fair, we really started out to play Oi! - that's what we started out to play - street punk - but it was difficult at that period of time, in Sacramento especially, to find people who would play that kind of music and be associated with skinheads or streetpunk or Oi!. It was difficult to find people who weren't afraid of the stereotypes or the labels or the problems that are associated with it, so we had to find kids who had the heart first and the talent second and keep it simple for a while, and let those kids develop. Now we're able to play what we've always really wanted to play. Do you agree with that, Ken?

Ken: Oh yeah - at that time we were writing songs at the level of the musicians, and, like Mike said, heart before talent.

MRR: Let's talk about how that skinhead scene grew in Sacramento - Were you both running with skinhead crews back then?

Mike: By the time I became a skinhead I saw Kenny at shows every week. He was a skinhead and a black guy, as a kid you didn't see a whole hell of a lot of that in Sacramento, so he helped a lot of us get

into it for the right reasons.

And he, for whatever reason, stood in contrast to a lot of the other stuff that was happening at the same time. And I think back then it was different, for me - politics was never a part of it, you know? Coming up it wasn't about being racist or antiracist, it was about brotherhood, it was about taking care of each other. It was about listening to music, and there were some guys who were right-wing, and they had reputations. But those were usually the first guys who would take care of

Kenny if people were hassling him - or would take care of me if people were hassling me. So I really don't think there was a racism problem in the scene in Sacramento, until about 1987, 1988.

Ken: Back then people were into it, you know, skinheads and punks in Sacramento.

'Cause it's such a small community scene, that if you were a punk or a skin it's all about togetherness, and as people started factioning off and fascists were coming in and it started breaking off, that was about '87, '88, and there was all the media hype shit. And at that point people chose to go that way and some kids, like Mike, he went away for a while in '91. And he goes to Boston and there's a whole different thing going on over there and he doesn't see what's going on over here. Here a whole different thing had developed, and by '91 you had WAR Skins and American Front, and all these kids that were saying "okay you guys go out in the suburbs and stay out there, we're going to stay downtown". Then, like a lot of my friends, good people I grew up with back in '84 who were punks, and became skinheads, had taken on that ideology, that Nazi ideology. A lot of people I hung out with deeply, and to this day we can't hang out. We don't talk. They see me, they go their way, and I go my way. It hardly ever gets violent or anything like that, but it's just a weird thing. And now there's a



way we did it, we had to take the scene back, and that may sound a little dogmatic but that's the fact. And if it wasn't for kids sticking together and unifying together for a scene, not just for skinhead, not just for punk, not just for hardcore, but for the scene itself, there would be no scene in Sacramento.

MRR: You are a tireless fighter for anti-racist skins and are always trying to unify them.

Mike: What matters is that were all at the same shows. We all come from the same parents, which is fuckin' punk rock music, and we're all there to enjoy the comaraderie and brotherhood. That's what it's all about, so to me, it wasn't about me being a leader or me having a higher profile or a bigger name than anyone else, it was just me doing what I could.

Ken: I think that what our thing is as a band, we're trying to present music, you know what I mean? By us being in a band we can connect with other bands around the country get them to come to Sacramento - play with them and let them know Sacramento is a vibrant place to come and play. And as far as the whole going out pursuing Nazis and all that kind of stuff, you know, first, I'm a musician. I like to play punk music and I like to have a place to play punk music in Sacramento. And so yeah, we've spoken out about it, and as far as what we have to say from the stage...we say it and we back it up. And the kids are going to do what the kids are

going to do. I'll always tell the youngsters, y o u know h e y , y o u better think about what you're doing before y o u go out and do it.

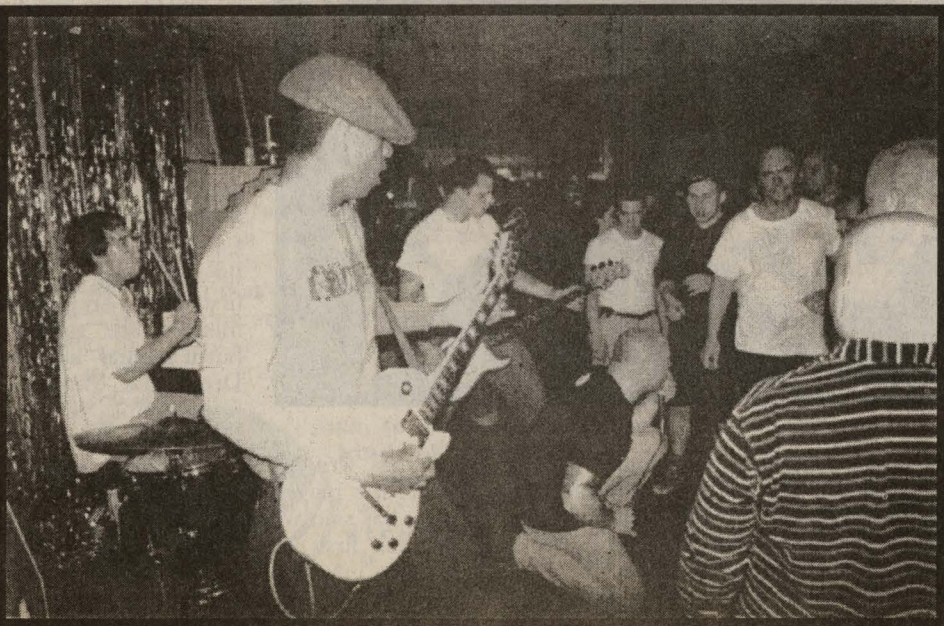
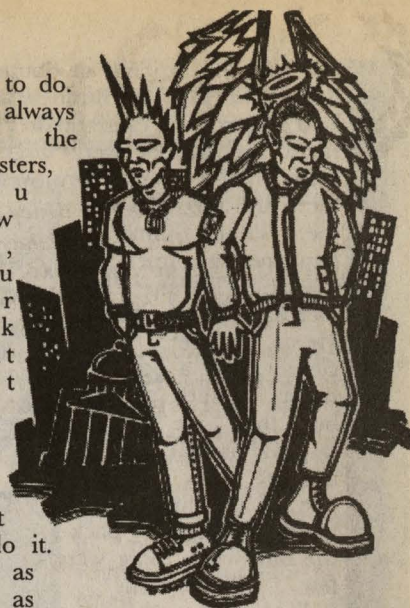
And as far as violence, the only reason for violence is if you get attacked, other than that, just fuckin' kick it.

Mike: And I guess the only comment I would have with that, is we're not pro-SHARP, but we're definitely anti-Nazi. There's not any individuals in the band who are SHARP. I'm a skinhead - I speak for me. I am pro-skinhead, that doesn't have to come with an apology or an explanation. If you understand what a skinhead is, you know I'm not a racist, enough said. Having said that, I don't go hunting for Nazis, that's a waste of my time. I have more important things to do with my life. I want to promote my career, my family, my band so on and so forth, however I do believe that if Nazis come to shows, and they are wearing swastikas, and they are pushing their politics and their beliefs on you, then its up to me, it's up to him, it's up to everyone in that show, in that scene, to rise against fascism. And I don't necessarily promote violence, but when somebody like that comes to a show and acts out like that, the only form of communication that they are going to understand is the lowest common denominator, which is violence.

MRR: After all other communications fail, then you lower yourself to their level and beat the shit out of them?

Mike: That's what has to happen. And it's not just me, it's not just him, it's not just them, if somebody comes to our show and they're racist, and I don't know they're racist, and they are not pursuing a racist agenda, they are not voicing their racism, and pushing it on somebody else, then they don't concern me. They have a right to believe that, but the minute they voice that racism and push it on somebody else, and seek to harm somebody because of that, then it does become our concern.

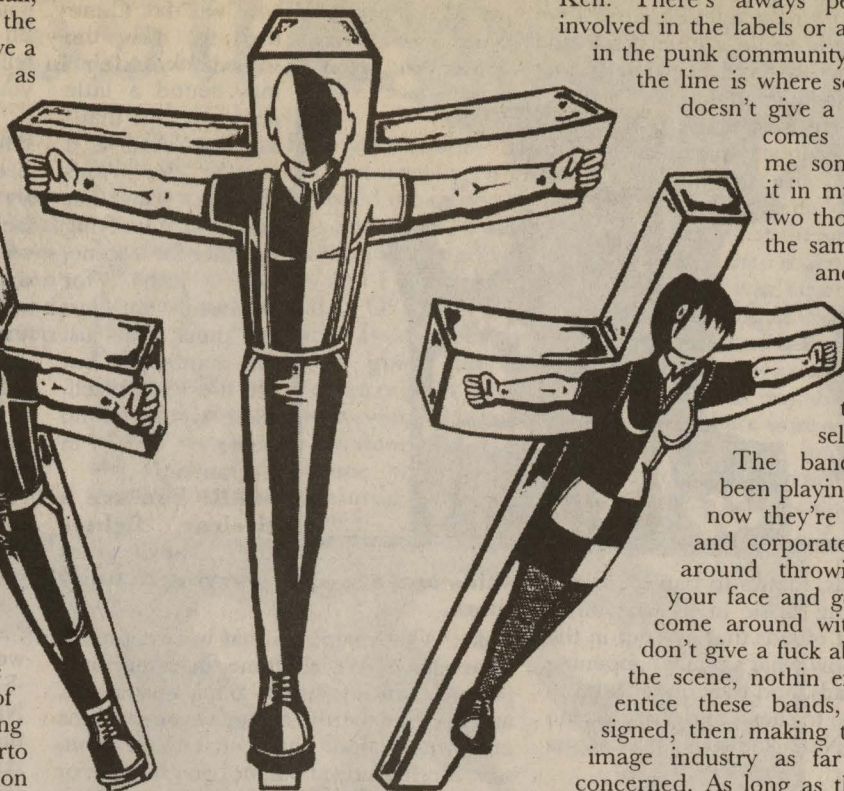
Mike: If you go back to the old days of skinhead shows in England - for



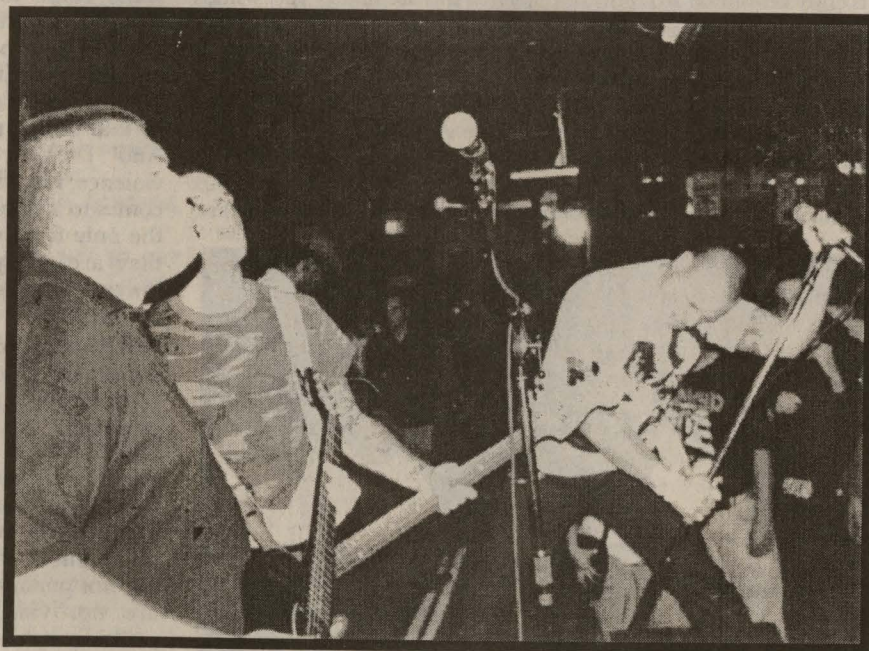
example the incident in South Hall, with bands like The Business and the Last Resort, who clearly didn't have a racist agenda but were targeted as being racist 'cause they were there and they played - well the same thing has happened in America to the bands like the Anti-Heros. The Anti-Heros are clearly not a racist band, but they are targeted as that because they were one of the first US Oi! bands. I remember back in the day when there were a few publications and individuals who called Agnostic Front racist and referred to them as Nazi sympathizers. To me that's ridiculous. I don't think there was one guy in the band that was pure white and if you've ever met any of those guys they are the farthest thing from racist. Roger Miret is Puerto Rican, he's got "latino" tattooed on him and he sings half his songs in Spanish, but yet in the '80s the media focused on him because they were a pro skinhead band, and called them racist. That's just another example of that. I don't feel that I have to go through life and carry this banner of an "anti-racist skinhead" over my head. I don't owe anyone an apology.

If someone wants to ask me what I believe, I'll tell them - if they want to believe it they can believe it - if they don't, fuck off! 'cause I don't give a fuck!

Mike: Bands like the Bruisers, bands like the Anti-Heros, bands like the Dropkick Murphy's, bands like the Trouble, the Ducky Boys, the Templars, the Lower Class Brats, I would hope, ourselves, the Authority certainly, there's a lot of bands now who go out there - they go on tour, they don't apologize for what they sing about - they don't apologize for being skinheads or being associated with skinheads - they don't apologize for that - they sing loudly, boldly, and proudly about what they are and the kids in the scene. We have so many of



these bands putting the record straight because they have so many good labels who are putting out these records - it doesn't matter about the media, because we're underground and we always want to remain underground. The minute we don't remain underground in this society we lose our edge and we lose what we're



all about and that's my honest opinion. We don't really need the media, cause we've got good labels, we've got good bands and as long as we keep our scene alive on that underground local level then we don't have to worry about nothin'.

Ken: There's always people who are involved in the labels or actively involved in the punk community. Where I draw the line is where some dude, who doesn't give a fuck about me, comes to me offering me something, throws it in my face, he signs two thousand bands in the same day anyway, and tries to entice me because the band I play in has the capability to possibly to sell a few records.

The band could have been playing for years, but now they're getting a draw and corporate starts coming around throwing money in your face and getting bands to come around with them. They don't give a fuck about the music, the scene, nothin except trying to entice these bands, getting them signed, then making this big media, image industry as far as labels are concerned. As long as the people who are running the labels are actively involved in the scene—are in bands, have played in bands, are doing it for the love of the music, and are not out there saying okay we're doing it for punk rock and then go sign a rave band—as long as that shit is not going on and as long as it's from the heart, then the label's cool and the kids will want their music and you want the kids to want your music.

MRR: That's a nice goal -without corrupting the ideals of it - to play music for a living - that would not be bad.

Mike: If that happens I would be really surprised, 'cause none of us are that pretty and my voice is not exactly that good—it's a little too gravelly for that. However, if a band sets out and that is their sole goal and sole purpose, then they're wack in the first place and their motives are suspect, but if a band, like the Dropkick Murphy's for example, if that band who from day

one has written the lyrics they want to write, has played the music they want to play, has said what they want to say (and on their first record there are songs that are pro union, pro skinhead, not exactly causes that appeal to the masses or the

fuckin bastards in power) and they are now able to make a little money I am guessing and to do a little better and play music—a band like that I can't say anything bad about.

MRR: The Dropkick Murphy's have been one of the most helpful bands - everywhere they go they try to get a small local band on the show and they try to keep the ticket price down for the kids, and get an all ages venue when possible.

Mike: And it's really good to see someone like Al Barr singing for them, 'cause Al Barr paid his fuckin dues with the Bruisers - went through line-up changes and never ever made any apologies and never tried to jump on any bandwagon. He always played the kind of music he wanted to play - now to see him have this opportunity after paying his dues is great, because now they got more of the old school. And Rick Barton, now he's in a fuckin' band that's actually helping him out and that's great 'cause those guys have been around for a while.

MRR: You have had a little bit of college education, haven't you?

Mike: Yeah, I've had a little bit.

MRR: Are you still pursuing anything in that area?

Mike: I have about a year to go.

MRR: For a college degree?

Mike: Yeah.

MRR: And what degree would that be?

Mike: Political Science. Kenny is also a college graduate.

Ken: I worked as a counselor for a while in a mental health hospital - did that for about a year, got burned out. Right now I've just been doing music, and later maybe I'll go for a masters degree.

MRR: Is alcohol a factor in your band? I don't ever see you drink, Mike.

Mike: I don't drink. I'm a recovering alcoholic, so I don't partake in alcohol, but if the other guys in the band want to drink, that's their business and as long as it doesn't get in the way of the music, that's fine.

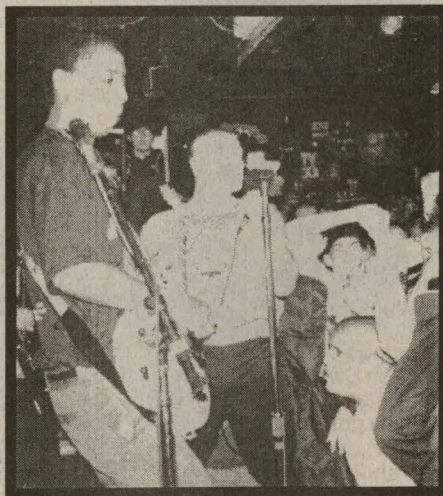
MRR: There has to be a kind of an undercurrent of strength that's coming out

of recovering alcoholics. If you look at Mr. Fredericksen or Mr. Casey, you can name quite a few very powerful men that are working in



the kind of music we love .

Mike: Yes. I think what they've done is they've redirected all their attention and perhaps some of the things that caused them to drink - I'm just speaking from my own experience - I think they've directed it towards the music and towards the scene - that's certainly what I've tried to do. Lars is an individual, whether you like his band or



not, whether you have opinions about the videos or the direction that the band has taken, he has certainly taken his negative characteristic and made it a positive, and he's directed all his efforts in a positive way by producing bands for free, like the Dropkick Murphy's, or like flying to England and spending all day and all night keeping The Business out of the pub and making them go to the studio to finish recording a new record.

MRR: He produced the fuckin' best record they've done in years.

Mike: I agree, and he's done both of our records now.

MRR: Would you be able to go on the road and support this new LP if it started to catch fire, and would you be able to go back to New York and Boston and take a month off?

Ken: I can leave - I can get a job whenever, so that's why I like keeping it open. I don't want to get too serious in a job and then have to leave. Just for the sake of helping out the people who put out the record we would have to tour eventually.

MRR: How would your music be recieved in rural America?

Mike: Some of the lyrics that I write about are directly related to the correlation between the family farmer and the steel or auto worker. I personally am not opposed to modernization, but what I am opposed to is when you've got somebody who's given the

factory and a corporation or an industry forty years of his life and a robot is invented that replaces his job and they just lay him off. I think that is up to that Corporation, and without getting too political, I do think that somebody is obligated to take him and compensate him for the forty years of blood, sweat, and tears he's given that corporation. If he still needs to work to make a living, then re-train him to do something where he can still work forty hours a week, hold his head up high, and have access to all the things that everybody, whether they're flipping burgers or trying cases before the Supreme Court, should have access to. There are just certain rights that if you're working forty hours a week, I don't care, you should have access to certain things.

MRR: Medical care would be a good example. These guys work all these years and they retire into this medical system that doesn't care for them adequately. The health care for the elderly in a country like Canada or Norway where medicine is socialized is better.

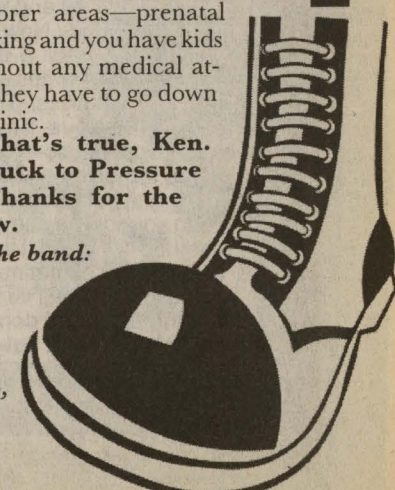
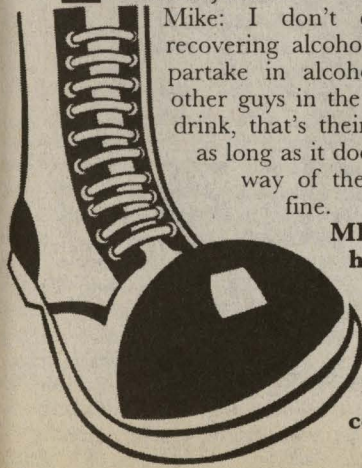
Mike: I agree.

Ken: And a lot of times babies in certain areas; poorer areas—prenatal care is lacking and you have kids going without any medical attention - they have to go down to some clinic.

MRR: That's true, Ken. Best of luck to Pressure Point. Thanks for the interview.

Contact the band:

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San
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The Victims

The Victims are an eclectic four-piece punk rock band started by Neil and Josh. They have a wide range of influences, from Crass to Minor Threat, and kinda sound like a little of everything—usually like a cross between streetpunk and pop punk. They also have a new record coming out very soon. Thanks to Josh—he made it possible for me to interview this righteous band. Interview by Jin Lei.

MRR: Who are the Victims?

Josh: We were a four-piece, and everything we've put out is with that lineup; Jesse

Bordeau on guitar, Josh Pierce on voice and guitar, Neil Pouliot on drums, and Ross Farley on bass. Jesse would sing backup sometimes, and Neil and Jesse did a lot of lead and backup vocals on all the recordings. We also have a lot of friends, too many to mention, that would come and sing vocals with us when we recorded, and we like to think of them as a small part of the band.

The band took a little break, but didn't really break up, and reformed with Josh and Neil and our new bassist Nate Menier (from local bands Social Defect and Crackwhore). Nate jumps around a lot, and sings stuff too. This has definitely turned us in a slightly different direction. Jesse and Ross were always important to the band's structure and flow, and we respect them, but feel the change might be good as well. We remained the Victims because Neil and I have been the songwriting core of the band, even though everyone is equally important. We would have no qualms about Ross and Jesse playing the old songs with their bands in the future, but this is the new Victims.

MRR: When did you begin all this?

Josh: This actually stems out of an old band I had when I was like 14 or 15, called Filth. Neil joined that band on drums toward the end of the group, and our bassist, Matt Kowalski (a great fellow if you ever meet him) left to pursue his own evolving musical tastes. (He wanted to play hardcore and jazz, and we became the Victims. That

in high school at that point—it wasn't serious, we were a little kid band, but we had hell of fun.

MRR: Who is in charge of your art direction?

Josh: As far as graphically? Like the jackets and stuff? I actually do most of that, but Neil has had a big hand in it. He drew the crazy clown on the inside of the "Subterranean" vinyl. All our old show posters, Neil and I did. We used to sit around and do stuff like that, because we went to school and cut class together. Now I look back, it was probably a bad idea, because I know a lot about a lot of things, but I still can't do math! Neil can do that stuff, though, he's smart with numbers. I do more of the art direction now, with the bands, and the label, but a lot of it is just making other people's ideas coherent. Like the Evenmind and Jesse and the Rippers albums on Sweet Filth. I put together the final product and tweaked it, but the bands did all the ideas, I just polished things a little. I do a lot of show posters and stuff too. I come up with most of the Victims things now, because I like to do that. I made our new-school logo and stuff. Almost all the Victims' photography is my dad's, or by our friend, Erin McGovern.

MRR: Who wrote the lyrics?

Josh: When we first started, I wrote almost all the lyrics, just because I was the one singing, so I just kinda made stuff up as I went along. After the first tape, Neil started writing things, (he actually wrote most of the stuff for a while) and we'd write together (when we got tired of making show posters). Now he writes some stuff, and I write some stuff, which makes for a nice balance, because we write about different things. Neil writes about girls and poppy subject stuff, I write about boys and politics. The songs about growing up and being stupid are by both of us. It makes for a nice balance. The same thing happens with our music—Neil writes some, I write some. Some times it makes us too eclectic, because people don't like some stuff, but they like others, but it keeps us from being one of those bands where every song sounds the same. The best stuff is when we sit down and work together as a band. I think it's better that way, too, because you send a message sometimes with a band, and it's good to know everyone agrees. Like, I've talked to people who play bass in bands, and sit in the back and don't do anything, and don't agree with the message they present, but help out anyway, and that's not as cool. I want everyone to feel okay about what's being said, even if I'm the only one saying it, which I feel was part of the problem with the old line-up.

MRR: What about that anti-Nazi song—what was your original intention?

Josh: Oh, "Hitler Youth." Yes. I knew some gay friends who got beat up by rascists, and I also knew some friends who were like, "I don't care if they're racist, as long as they're nice to me, you know, unity and all that". That's not okay. When you see something, a bad element

in the scene, you have to drive it out before it spreads, change it or something. Unity is not accepting someone because they're "punk" or "skin" or whatever you think you are, when they still preach hate, because then they're being divisive, and you're just promoting that by allowing them to stick around and spread their hate. So this song talks about how the fascists are bad, and all that stuff, which is pretty obvious. People ask me why I'm preaching the same message. "Nazi punks fuck off." Well, until there aren't any more Nazis, the message still needs to be shouted, because when you look around you realize we haven't won yet. So I guess it should be "Nazi punks still fuck off" or something. The song also deals with the concept of pacifism, and

something about how someone can get you so riled up you just punch them in their ugly face. The use of force isn't ever a good idea, but it's inevitable if it's ever necessary. It kind of deals with the inner conflict presented by the type of situation. I guess the song originally ended with the assumption that this would be my exception to pacifism, but I don't really always feel comfortable with that conclusion. It's still a conflict for me, and for a lot of people. The other issue with that song was the line "Seig Hei, Mother-Fucker", which if you hear the song is obviously a sarcastic insult to the goddamn Nazis. The problem is we never thought people outside of the state, let alone the country, would hear that song, and I'm very afraid non-English speaking people will see a song called "Hitler Youth" and only pick out the line "Seig Heil" and come to the obviously incorrect conclusion that we're a Nazi band. I don't sing it that way anymore, and the new recording won't have it, but everytime I send that record overseas, I have to include that little note, just to clarify things.

MRR: Are there any bands you really hate?

Josh: I don't hate any bands, but hate some bands' music. There's a couple local HC bands, that play really bad new-school HC, that think old school is like anything off Korn's first album, and I don't like that. Someone should buy these kids a Black Sabbath record, then they can start playing "heavy" music. Mock grind is funny, Neil plays in a joke grind band called Anal Feast of the Dead, but when people sing like cookie-monster and their bands don't play notes, just fast noise, and they're serious about it, I don't like that. It's kind of annoying when bands play music with an important message in the lyrics and think that's an excuse not to have good music. I mean, I'm not saying people should all have to be great musicians, that's not punk, but I like my music to have notes, and I like something with a rhythm. I'm just old-fashioned. The only time I'd hate a band was if they were racist or homophobic or sexist or something like that, that I have no tolerance for. Outside of

boneheads like that, I don't hate people, just their music.

MRR: What's the band you like the most, and like to play with?

Josh: In Harm's Way is a band of guys about four years older than us, that play some pretty original street-punk stuff, which is nice, because that genre's getting old quick. They have new stuff, but they were on the split CD with us with their old stuff. They rock, and they're all really nice guys devoted to getting a positive message out, and having a fun time. Hale Hack is always getting us shows and hooking us up and stuff. We love In Harm's Way. They recently moved to Boston, so if you live around there, you have to go see 'em. They fucking rock out. The Wards are also another great band, and they were on the split CD too. They've been playing around Burlington since before I was born, they're genuine old-school. They're fun. It's fun to see guys as old as some people's parents still playing punk rock. We were also all really psyched to play a benefit show for the local youth club with a local post-core youth crew HC band that has since broken up, called Common Ground. They were some of our heros when we kids, 'cause they were the coolest band in town. Their singer Eric Burdo still does stuff around the scene and is just one of the most genuinely nice guys and greatest musicians I know. Our first show was when the Business came to town, and the other band on the bill cancelled, and we asked the club if we could open. They let us, but we didn't have our bassist, and we played all the Business' equipment. They were the nicest band, to let a bunch of snotty brats with mohawks play their guitars and shit. I couldn't understand a word they said, they were so fucking Cockney, but they were the greatest guys. We also played opened for some great band that was on tour

The Victims

with the Fiendz, they were called the Revolvers. They were really nice guys and they rocked. And all the bands that buy us drinks for letting them use Neil's drums, they all rock.

MRR: Have any unfortunate things happened at your live shows?
Josh: Uh, every show is unfortunate, it seems, although as of late, it's been pretty good. Neil used to always get too stoned or drunk before gigs, unless we managed to keep him dry (not an easy task) but now he doesn't do that anymore. My guitar is always breaking, and there were those couple of gigs Jesse almost didn't show up at. Once, our amps were switched to the wrong ground or something—the mics kept shocking us, but we didn't know anything about that, so we just played a whole show where whenever we got near the mics, current would arc onto our lips, and my mouth was all numb.

And then there was the show I drove to right after my grandmother's funeral and Neil had some illness where he could barely stand and had already played in the opening band and I had lost my voice from being sick and being at a protest and Jesse's guitar was all too thin. That sucked. We cleared out the room faster than anyone that night.

MRR: Is it easier now for you to conduct music as your main job?
Josh: Well, it's easier without school, but it's not my only job. I work at a factory, from seven at night until seven in the morning. Between the record label and my real job I probably work 70 to 80 hours a week sometimes. But I don't make any money off the record label. I do it out of love, and some attempt to bring unity to a really divided scene. Nate goes to college, and works some fast food job, but he plays in 30 bands. I think music is his main job. He runs a tape distro too. Neil always has some little job to tide him over, and I guess I'll be getting a real one now that he's graduated and everything. I don't think we ever plan on not having real jobs, but the music comes pretty far ahead in our priority list.

MRR: When will your band end?

Josh: I guess when we feel it's not fun anymore. We ended for a couple of months

once because it wasn't fun. That's the important part of this band. We have no delusions about the Victims changing the world. We do it for fun. But it's still nice to see that other people care, when I get orders from kids and they say how much they like us, or when a new band tells me they have our first two tapes and that's what got them into punk rock. I guess that happens a lot more to a band like us because we're from Vermont. We had a lot of middle school kids that dug us for a while, which was funny. I hate to think we're that accessible. I'd like to think parents were throwing our music away because it was blasphemous or something.

I guess it might end if we had to have another major line-up change, too. I feel a little awkward about me and Neil being the only original members, but we were the two that started it. I wouldn't want it to be just one of us left. That would be saying the band was just that person, and it's always been everyone involved. Ross and Jesse and Neil and me and Nate and Matt and everyone that's come into the studio or sang along or helped us in any way, those people are the band.

MRR: Why did you call yourselves the Victims?

Josh: This sounds sad, but really, just because it sounded punk rock. It was short, and it was a name that began with "the" and our parents didn't like it. We got annoyed with people telling us we weren't victims though. But it quickly evolved into kind of a statement against all these talk show guests and the culture of victim-hood that evolved a few years ago, that whole, "it's not my fault, I'm really a victim too" thing. There's a point where you need to take responsibility for yourself. I understand that some experiences can fuck you up, I've been there too, but in the end, who's the one ultimately responsible? I suppose in some cases, if you've been pushed way past the edge and you're not really sane to begin with, it's not all your fault, but usually in the long run, you need to stand up and say "I did this." Not, "I did this because someone else did something to me". That's the issue the whole song "Disaster" on the 7" was supposed to deal with, but it wasn't clear, because we ad-libbed the lyrics. That's why we put that sample from Repo Man in there.

MRR: Minor Threat is an important influence on you, right?

Josh: Why, does it show? I guess Hitler Youth is kinda that sound a little, like early MT. The new version we're recording has an intro that's a direct rip-off of "Filler". I guess they were an influence, but not more than anything else. I mean, I used to be really super straight-edge, at one point I had an Xs on my hands every day until I got ink poisoning. I even drew 'em on the side of my head next to my

mohawk. Neil's always done drugs, but he likes Minor Threat a lot too. A lot of bands influence us, just like a lot bands influence everyone else, and some show—and you're a fool if you don't think you sound like someone else in some way—but we also sound like ourselves on some level. People keep saying we remind them of the Gërms, though I don't see that, even though Ross and I loved them. We're pretty balanced musically. We were influenced by a lot of Minor Threat, and Bad Brains, and the Ramones and street punk too. We like Conflict and the Exploited and GBH and Blanks 77 and we all used to listen to Anti-Flag all the time. But we also listen to silly poppy-stuff, the kinda stuff MRR always hates, and that comes out on songs like "Girl From July." We listen to a lot of not-punk too. I mean, I like old-school rap, (not this shit nowadays that's all about money) and Neil listens to old stuff from the '50s and '60s. We all love the Stray Cats too. And we used to play Elvis covers and Monkees covers. And growing up in Vermont, until you get to be older, you don't always know about punk, so when we were little we'd listen to bad alt-radio crap, and I guess we have some of that in our sound too.

MRR: Do you have hobbies other than music?

Josh: Nope. All we do is play music. No, actually, Most of us are really into art although some of us are better than others. And we like to skateboard. I bake things and screen print, and we all go to shows. Neil loves horror movies and things that are scary and he's definitely a very serious recreational drug user.

MRR: Why did you name your label Sweet Filth?

Josh: Because the band used to be Filth, and when the old bassist left and we turned into the Victims, he and I were gonna start Filth Records. But I didn't want to sound like Filthy Records—that used to be another label—so I added the Sweet in front, because I was really into the whole idea of dichotomy at that point in life. Now I'm stuck with it, but it's fun. It doesn't carry too much of a message, so I can do what I want with it too, which is exciting. I get to put out records by anyone. I put out Crackwhore, which is really like a punk rawk riot grrrl thing, and I got to put out Evenmind, who are just really great heavy new school HC. And the Victims are on it, all punk and shit, and I might put out a 7" for this really great queer folk performer, know. It's all about the odd dichotomy of things, and unity. Putting Unity into the Community, that's what my friend Emily says.

MRR: What's your future plan?

Josh: With the band, just to keep rockin' into the next millennium so if we ever put out a greatest songs CD we can be the band "with a career spanning over two centuries". No, the Victims would like to start playing a lot more gigs—it's hard, living in Vermont, though. We want to put out two new records, one of all our stuff we recorded that hasn't been released yet, and one out soon, but probably on a tape or CD cause it's like 30 songs) and another release of all our new material. I'd love to do a little thing with like three 7"s or something. That would be cool. We also have a split 7" with Donfango and their label, Deifer Records, from Chile, that's coming out soon, and we're really excited about that.

Someday, I'd like to make the label self-sufficient, but it never will be, because I can't bear to charge the kids more than two or three bucks an album. I just want to keep putting out records for great bands, and helping people out. I'd love to do a bunch of 7"s for a while, maybe a bi-monthly 7" series or something. It's an idea I've been bouncing around. I'd like to be able to get a partner in this too, so I don't do everything myself. I'm putting out a comp at the end of the year, it's all about unity, so bands should get in touch. I'm also looking to trade more records and get a distro really going. People should write us to order things, or talk, or ask for help doing stuff, or trading records (we love trades for distro): Joshua Pierce/The Victims/Sweet Filth/22 Broadway Avenue/Essex Junction/VT 05452-3040/USA. Email me at: Victim576@aol.com, or check out our web page: thevictimsarecool.net and sweetfilthiscool.net (no "www"). And let's make the whole world rock'n'roll in that really good sort of way.

"Punk before profit, people before punk!"

Victims' Discography

"Reject" 10-song cassette

"American Waste" 15-song cassette

"Subterranean" 7-song 7"

Three tracks on "Lemcke Won't Like It" 3-way split CD

plus a split 7" soon, with Donfango from Chile

all releases on Sweet Filth (split is also on Deifer Records)

also numerous songs on comps, but I don't know all of those

THE END OF...

OUTLAST



The OUTLAST 10" entitled "Positive Hardcore, Positive Youth" sums up about everything I love about hardcore. The music is pure energy, taking it's influence from the early 80's instead of any modern pop or metal bands. Their lyrics are anti-society with enough youthful optimism that you can't help but feel that there is something out there that is better than the shit we live in. This mixture of fast energetic hardcore with positive lyrics is what made OUTLAST so fucking rad.

Unfortunately for our scene, OUTLAST have passed on, but luckily for us they finished with their strongest material. The 10" mentioned above is the best full length of youth crew hardcore in the 90's (it will soon be re-released as an LP on Underestimated in the US), and their last EP was a just the icing on the cake. If you haven't had the plea-

sure of checking em out, get one of their releases while you still can..... here' one of their last interviews. (max)

Outlast interview conducted by Andreas Hagberg, from I Hate The World That I Think Hates Me fanzine. For the complete interview send him \$1 for #4 of his 'zine (at the address below) Photos by Kristofer Pasanen.

MRR:-So, what's the main reason for this final show?

HENRIK:-When we first decided to quit Outlast I didn't feel like doing anything more. It felt silly and ridiculous to do a final show. But so many people have asked us to do it, everyone seems to want to see us, so why not, lets do it. At least it's fair to them. But there are selfish reasons involved too of course.

MRR:-Like what?

HENRIK:-Like, I want to do this one

more time, because it's so fun to perform. At least that's what I think.

MRR:-But is it hard to accept that Outlast is gone?

HENRIK:-Yeah, in the beginning, when we first decided to split up. Everything we've done all those years felt in vain, for nothing. And we had worked so much with the band.

MRR:-And with Outlast you had the possibility to travel to all these places and shows, never pay any entrance. I mean, whenever there was a show, it seemed like you guys played.

HENRIK:-Actually I don't have to pay entrance now either (because he works as a show-organizer), but I'll do it anyway. I mean, first it was hard to accept that Outlast didn't exist anymore, but you had to accept the fact that we couldn't exist forever. I always knew that sometime, someday we would split



need to be creative. They don't have the inspiration, or they're just lazy, and if they don't wish to be creative, if they're satisfied with being passive, then it's okay to be passive. If you feel an urge to do something, you should do that too, at your best ability. You shouldn't do things just for the sake of doing things, because there exists a certain pressure on you to do things, because if you do, it won't be good. It has to come from inside, and you have to find out what it is you want to do in life, something you're good at. And I mean that's so individually. But also, now when I quit doing this band, I end my creativity in that way, and then I think it's about time for someone else to replace me up on the stage

cause it doesn't sound good. But it's a really weird dilemma with creativity and passivity.

MRR:-When you say "We are supposed to be different, but I guess I'm just a body to you", in the song "Make-Believe Alternative" on the last record... It's been said thousand of times through the history that punk/hardcore is for the cast outs, those who doesn't fit in with the "normal" society. But do you really think that makes sense in hardcore today? I mean are the kids involved with hardcore because they have no other place to go to? Because, sometimes, at least I wonder if I went to a fashion-club or a hockey-game instead of a hardcore/punk show.

HENRIK:- Urm... Very hard to say, people at Hockey-games don't fit in with hardcore either, they are messy and only start trouble (laughs). I don't know, a lot of kids probably go to a hardcore-show in order to meet friends and they have friends in the scene, it's like a social entertainment. And I don't know if a lot of them feel they are outcasts. But at least that's how I felt, and that's why I started to go to hardcore-shows, because I felt different and I wanted to

**ING TO CHANGE DURING THE COMING YEARS,
IMPOSSIBLE FOR ME TO BE YOUNG UNTIL I DIE."**

up. But I hoped we would manage to be like 40 before it happened, but things never go the way you want them to anyway.

MRR:-One thing I often noticed with Outlast is this message to be creative yourself. But I think that in today's society, or punk/hardcore community, it takes passivity to create that creativity. You know, for example, playing soccer yourself is creative, but to be able to accomplish tournaments or games, you need an audience. I guess some supporters share the players creativity out on the field and think they're creative themselves. Which I don't think they are. Is this a hopeless situation that only a few people can be creative, or should passivity be divided more fairly?

HENRIK:-It is possible that it should, but in one way, there's different ways to be creative on. Not everyone does the same thing, the whole time. But the whole issue with passivity and creativity, I mean, you need it, and I need it if I'm going to do the things I want to do and be creative, undeniably.

MRR:-Yeah, that's the point I wanted to discuss with you. Because if you want to keep your distribution alive...

HENRIK:-...I need someone to buy my records, right. But they could just do a record themselves and I buy that. Then it would be a circle, so everyone is creative in some way. If everyone released a record, everyone could buy each others records. But in reality there's not a lot of people who feels a

and be creative in that way instead. So that I'll get inspiration from someone. I always try to urge people to be creative, you know, do something with your life, and then it's me who gets infected by their creativity, instead of me, infecting them from the stage. And that's actually a pretty cool situation to be in for me. I hope that maybe someone can inspire me to do something new. That would certainly be great, because I haven't felt that in a long time, many years. I'm never looking forward to go to a gig, it just become routine. Same thing with reading zines, listening to new records, there's only few I really like. I expect so much from the people who're supposed to be creative, that are creative, even though not everyone has the same ability.

MRR:-The development turned out to be that after some time you'll be looking for other stuff, weird records... But it doesn't have to be a bad thing.

HENRIK:-No, of course not, but I have to admit that I rather listen on more easy music than all this complicated music. I went back to old 3-chords punk-bands from the eighties, for me, that music is more refreshing than listening on some guy playing the flute in a hardcore song, because I don't get it, "what the hell is this?" Alright, you want to do something odd and original, and maybe you have an aspiration to be original and go for that, fine, but for me I rather prefer old punk-songs than violins or flutes in hardcore songs, be-

do something different. But still, it was a cool and tough thing to do, and that's the whole point when you've made it that far, you're only interested in doing the right things and wearing the coolest clothes. Just like with everything you do in life you wouldn't be doing it if you didn't think it was a cool thing to do, right? Because otherwise you wouldn't get any response to what you were doing.

MRR:-But was that what you were thinking about when you wrote that lyric?

HENRIK:-Well, not really. I want people on a whole to try to be different, as individuals, but that's not what you look at, you only look at the surface of every human being. Like the size of the body, or just the outfit you wear. You look at how people look, without considering that that's maybe how they want to look, they may have an urge to look different. And everyone, that during some period joined the hardcore/punk scene, has at some time chosen to be different, maybe because it is cool or whatever. Still, you choose to be different, you search for an alternative to disco's.

MRR:-But it feels that being different is something you choose, for a lot of people (you could just be a normal guy/girl hanging out at the local pub if you chose to, why don't you?).

HENRIK:-Yes, but maybe I chose to be different as well, because I wanted to be different. And some sort of personality must have formed me during all these years. Maybe I was different al-

"THE WORLD SUCKS, WE BUILD OUR OWN GRAVES, WE KILL OURSELVES, WE KILL NATURE, AND THEN THERE'S 15 MINUTES WHEN WE DON'T HAVE TO THINK ABOUT THIS, AND THAT'S WHEN YOU DO A GIG"

ready from day one, because through my life I have searched that path. But that's nothing I can give you a straight answer to, it's subconscious, because I can't say that I'm that different. But I would certainly appreciate if everyone would own some sort of individual trust, so that everyone would look more into what they want to do, and not what others do. Preconceived statements are pretty common.

MRR:-In some song on the last record you say "But no sir, I won't clean your boots". Have you got that feeling in real life, "this is fucking it, I'll refuse this", but still you've done it? Because I get that feeling when I read that lyric.

HENRIK:-Hmmm, about military service or direct influence when it comes to obeying orders I guess it's similar to every job. I don't think I have ever felt that "No way, I'll fucking do this", but I'd love to. But I have started to do that, now, when I started to grasp things.. But there are certain things I wouldn't do, for example, I would never be a part of any military, no way, and I would never work at Arla or Shell, and there's no one that can force me to do that.

MRR:-But how long do you expect to resist society's expectations on you to grow up, get a real job, car, house,



And I must think that I've done a pretty good job to fulfill those desires so far. And growing up? I'm not so fucking old so I don't have to grow up...yet (HENRIK: is 21 now). But Benjamin Vallé (Nine) once said a very good thing about growing up, he said, "kids have fun, parents have anxiety, you choose". But I think it's difficult to overlook all the things in the adult world, because I have to take responsibility for myself, I can't just rely on others, making my ex-



children? How long do you think you will have a will to resist? And when if you choose to resist, what influence do you expect your resistance to have in the rest of your life?

HENRIK:-I have nothing against the phase of growing up, I'm not especially frightened by this age-thing, but I know what you're getting at. Taking my resistance that far depends on responsibility, you have to take a look at what opportunities you have. If I'm alone my chances to avoid growing up is pretty big. But in case I'm not alone, in case I have children, then I would never have such an opportunity, because I then have to satisfy other people's needs.

MRR:-Alright, but since you do resist, still, you have to expect something in return, otherwise you wouldn't resist so much, right?

HENRIK:-I expect to live my life as I want to. That's my biggest expectation of the life I live and of course do

istence suffering for the ones I care for. I can't do that! I must take control over my own life, therefore I've created a disruption. Maybe I don't want to grow up, but I'm forced to because I want to take care of myself. I might not grow up in the way that everyone expects me to, to take part in the whole circus. But I know that I'm going to change during the coming years, so therefore it's impossible for me to be young till I die, and I don't want to be young till I die. I want to change, I want to be influenced by certain happenings so that I can develop. But I wouldn't... not today, I have nothing against living in a house, but I don't want to borrow a lot of money from the state just to buy that house. Because to be able to pay back that loan I would need a job, that I need to fight against others to get. And I need some sort of career, that I don't want. There's where my road is divided into 2 different directions basically, what am I going to do? Feel good or fulfill short-time desires?

MRR:-So, when I read your lyric to "15 minutes" I get the feeling that you don't believe in constant happiness, right? How many seconds, minutes, hours per day are you actually happy?

HENRIK:-It would depend on what day it was. If you asked me on a Saturday I would say that I'm happy almost the

whole day. If you asked me on a Monday, I'm not happy at all.

MRR:-But about that song, you're trying to maintain that you're happiness last for 15 minutes, generally?

HENRIK:-It sort of look like this: The world sucks, we build our own graves, we kill ourselves, we kill nature, everything and then there's 15 minutes when we don't have to think about this, and that's when you do a gig or see some other band perform. Because then we're able to shut it out for a moment, and those are the only minutes when we're not constantly reminded of it.

MRR:-Yeah, and maybe we're only happy for 15 minutes now and then, but that happiness is so incredible that we manage to bare all the other shit around us every day.

HENRIK:-Yes, 'cause happiness can last for only one second and last for a whole day.

MRR:-We seem to accept that if we only get a small piece of happiness we're satisfied with it.

HENRIK:-I know, but there are certain people who tries to deprive take away our happiness, by telling us that we're not allowed to do this, because they do not want happy people, they want bored people just to single them out, people who obey whatever order they are told without a single bit of questioning. If you're happy, you won't do that. By the way, have you seen that commercial on TV? That guy is happy, he has won a lot of money and tells his boss to fuck off. He is happy, otherwise he couldn't have said such a thing. And if you have happy people, they will question everything, and you don't want that to happen. Religion is a big part of that...

MRR:-Yes, they can allow us to have limited happiness, only so we will accept to live in misery and boredom the rest of our lives.

HENRIK:-You feel happiness when you pray to God, and then you have to do what he says. That sort of means that you have to do what everyone tells you

ing in the wrong direction, how do you think we can make it go in the right direction again?

HENRIK:-For me, personally, the hardcore-scene would be much better if everyone would care more about what they were doing, and why they're doing it. Because I've seen those trends come and go now for so long, and I can't understand that people buy them. Oh, sure, I bought the whole Krishna shit, bought books and necklaces, started to be interested in their ideology... But today I would never do that, seriously. I would want everyone to think more individually, what I want to do and why. That's the right direction for all people, in every society. To stay away from this "sheep-mentality" that exist everywhere. Still, it's a desire from us human beings to do that, so again, I can't sit here and judge all people and tell them that they're doing wrong, because they aren't. But that's the thing I think we ought to reject, or try to reject at least.

MRR:-And also, one need to realize that he or she is a part of a trend.

HENRIK:-Just realize that you're doing it 'cause somebody else is doing it. It's not you that have decided what you do, instead you just did it because it happened to be the right thing today, so you figured you were clever, but seriously, are you? Aren't you just convenient? I don't think you question yourself at all. You just do things to belong to something, and that's an idea I can't really understand. That's not what it should be about, it should be about being yourself. Of course you do these "sheep-mentality" things from time to time. But everyone should start to think and question upon their own individuality, instead of just doing what everyone else does. That's the conclusion of all our rambling.

Discography:

"S/T" demo self produced

4 songs on the comp. Tape "Uprising"

Uprising Tapes #1

"Conspiracy" demo Uprising Tapes #3
"Icing" comp. CD, Wounded Records, WR12

"Friendship" mcd, Wounded Records, WR14, 10 Songs

"Deaf and Wounded", low budget sampler, Wounded Records / Deaf And Dumb

Records, DW01, 2 Songs

"Where We Belong" comp. CD single
Bridge Records, B.O.C 001, 1 Song

"Trust" mcd, Wounded Records, WR17, 8 Songs

"The Rise of European Civilization" comp. CD, Point Break Records, PBR cd.00-01, 1 Song

"Sthink with Bastard Vol. 1" cd, some promo cd, Bastard Clothes / Convert Distribution, 1 Song
Outlast / Endstand split ep, 7", Bridge Records / Gray Days Records,

B.O.C002 / GDR, 3 Songs

7" with the Inside Front #10, 4 Songs
(one of the best magazines in the world of Hardcorepunk)

Outlast / Section 8 split Ep, 7", Holy Fury Records, #2, 2 Songs

"Break The Silence" comp. Ep, 7", Putrid Filth Conspiracy, PFC001, 2 Songs

"Positive Hardcore, Positive Youth" mcd / 10", Bridge Records, B.O.C007, 19 Songs

"a ramble in passion" 7", Bridge Records, B.O.C014, 5 songs

1 Song on a Minor Threat tribute on Envelope Records

2 songs on the Get Into The Pit comp. cd, One Try Records, previously on Positive Hardcore

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SWEDEN

(Watch out for the American press of the Outlast 10" and 7" on one LP, released by UNDERESTIMATED RECORDS)

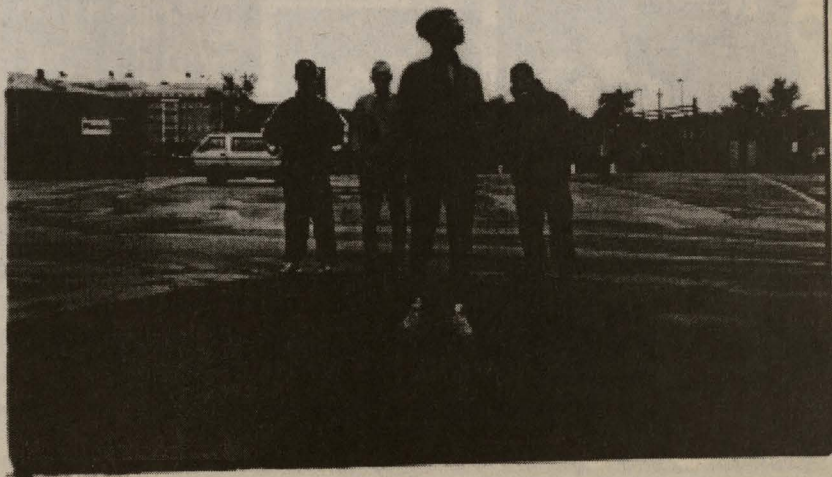
I ALWAYS KNEW THAT SOMETIME, SOMEDAY WE WOULD SPLIT UP. BUT I HOPED WE WOULD MANAGE TO BE LIKE 40 BEFORE IT HAPPENED

to do, or those who stands above you, like priests, cops...

MRR:-But HENRIK:, still about those 15 minutes on stage with Outlast, they won't exist anymore, or will they?

HENRIK:-I can get those 15 minutes of happiness when some other band play instead, hopefully. It just has to be a damn good band, maybe Section 8 or Forced Into, you know, a damn good band. If I was going to see Fugazi I would be happy for the coming 3 years. That only, would indeed make me happy, it would be the ultimate thing.

MRR:-You've said that you think the hardcore/punk scene in Sweden is go-



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IS04 - "Welcome to the Bay"
31 Band Compilation CD

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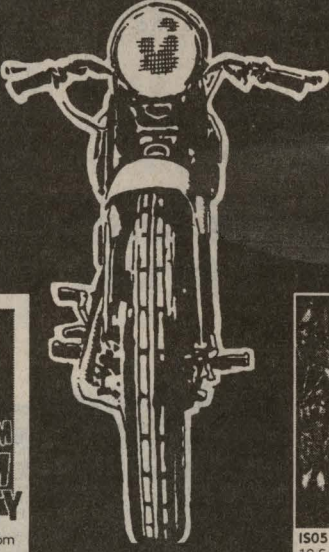
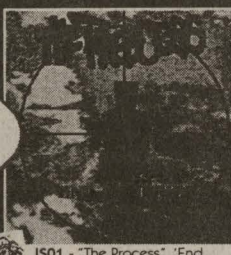
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IS08 - "Cell Block 5" "King of
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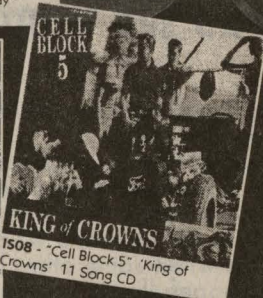
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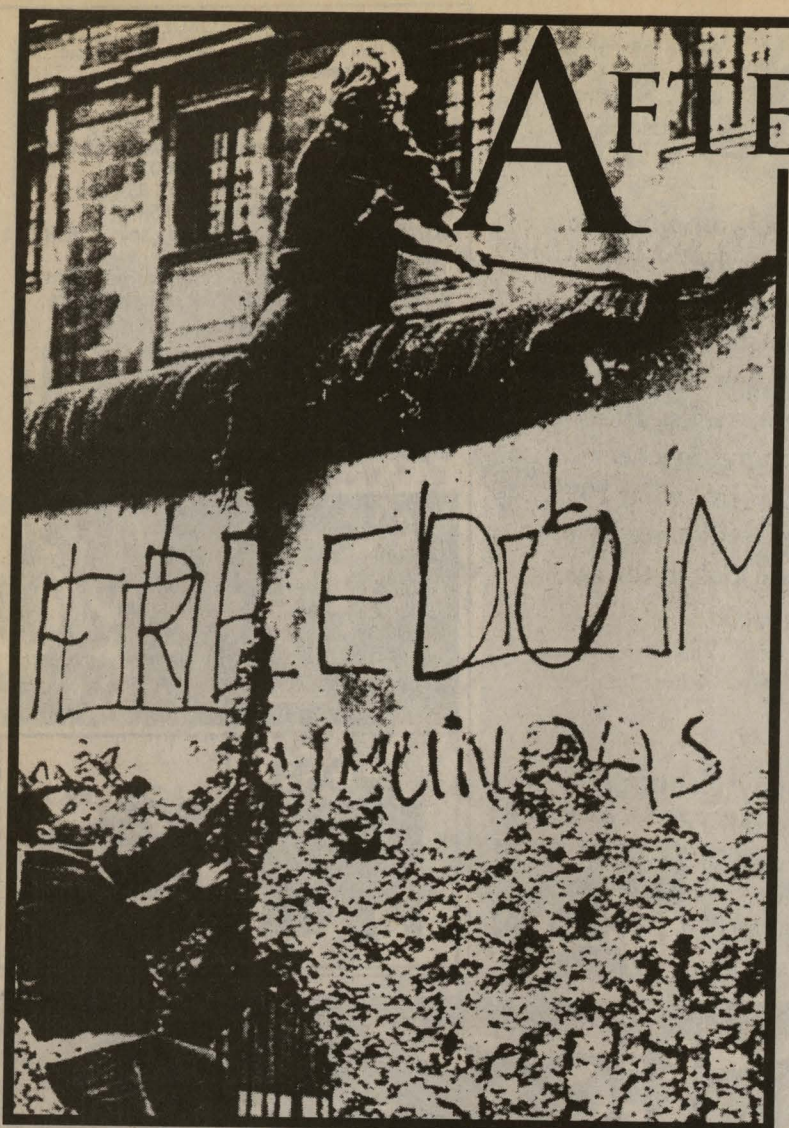
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DIY PUNK ANIMAS



by Lane Van Ham

"It is impossible to get lost in Berlin, because you can always find the Wall."

This line from Wim Wenders' 1987 film *Wings of Desire* serves as an apt metaphor for what is widely referred to as "the Cold War era." During that time, the entirety of global politics seemed to be cast in terms that referred back to this thing, this tangible, material embodiment of conflict that divided East from West. Anytime the world seemed confusing, all you had to do—or so it seemed—was remember the Wall.

Actually, the Wall was not built at the start of the Cold War, nor did the Cold War end when it was destroyed.¹ But its symbolism was not unfounded: if the Wall was coming down, it meant the beginning of a new era. Unfortunately, as is often the case, the new era—what has come to be referred to as "globalism"—has brought not a change in social inequalities, but a change in the rationales used to justify and maintain them. Cheery rhetoric about "becoming one world" conceals the truth that, while the infamous "Iron Curtain" has come down, many other barriers to human freedom have not. Some of them are being shorn up; in other cases, architects of the new order are building new ones altogether. This is the reality of the post-Berlin Wall era. This is 1990s America.

THE DOLLAR CURTAIN

All the glowing talk about "the New Economy" only goes to show how a big lie, repeated often enough, can assume the strength of everyday, taken-for-granted truth. The Dow Jones continues to rise, gas prices are low, inflation is in check. We are regaled with a new generation of

AFTER THE FALL

VICTORY FOR DEMOCRACY?

Horatio Alger fables featuring mantras of "hi-tech," "growth," and "innovation," suggesting a veritable cornucopia of cyber-wealth waiting to be snatched by heroic entrepreneurs. To read the papers, it would seem we've never had so many opportunities to have it so good.

Mortimer Zuckerman, Chairman of *US News and World Report*, provides a typically upbeat account. Defying the naysayers who considered America down for the count in the '80s, says Zuckerman, "Everything that should be up is up—GDP, capital spending, incomes, the stock market, employment, exports, consumer and business confidence. Everything that should be down is down—unemployment, inflation, interest rates." Other signs of health include new jobs, technological innovation, and a new surge of "energy and talent rising from the bottom up," embodied in figures such as Bill Gates.

But while Zuckerman and others gush about how economic indicators suggest continued prosperity for "America," we might ask ourselves, "which one?" Certainly, recent years have been an ongoing celebration for *corporate America*. But behind the comforting lore of job creation and new millionaires is another picture, one that challenges the use of the stock market to measure the common good. For instance, Holly Sklar reports that in 1998, the average worker made about 14% less than they made in 1973. For such workers there are two basic choices: one is to just accept the decline in living standards; the other is to supplement that income in some way, by getting another job or working more overtime. In short, most people are working harder than ever just to stay where they were 25 years ago.

The issue of overtime, in fact, provides us with some insight into just what it is that might be considered "new" about the "new economy." According to the Fair Labor Standards Act (FLSA), the concept of overtime means time-and-a-half pay for every hour per week over 40. But Labor Department surveys have found that FLSA provisions are routinely broken across industries. For instance, some companies have simply started to claim that certain periods of the workday don't count as "work" (such as cleaning a restaurant after it's closed). Others find ways to classify employees (usually as "managers") in such a way that the law need not apply. The practice is so widespread that a study by the Employer Policy Foundation estimated that the amount of overtime pay illegally withheld from workers exceeded \$19 billion every year.



Even still, it is remarkable that in a time of alleged economic boom, so little of it appears at a level relevant to most Americans. The '90s are the ultimate refutation of the myth known as "trickle-down economics." The theory, no less prominent under Clinton than Reagan, supposes that the best way to provide for the general welfare is to leave things to "the magic of the marketplace" by giving business free rein. Unhindered by government regulation (so the story goes), commercial activity will increase so dramatically that the production of wealth will inevitably "trickle down" from high-rises to suburbia and the inner city alike, thus benefiting everyone. As it happens, though, the Clinton years have merely extended the

trend dating back to the '70s for wealth to grow ever more concentrated among a small minority. For instance, the top 1% of households in the United States hold more wealth than the bottom 95% combined. And while much is made of American prosperity being reflected in the rising number of households that own stock, the distribution here is not much better: New York University economist Edward Wolff estimates that in the massive stock market increase from 1989 to 1997, about 42% of the profits went to the richest 1% of stock owners, while the bottom 80% shared 11% of the

profits between them.

THE RACE CURTAIN

It is inadequate, however, to talk about economic disparities in the United States without talking about race. Certainly it is indisputable that minorities are represented disproportionately among the lower class—a phenomenon that has been pointedly described as the “Brazilianization” of the United States. Yet time and again, the mainstream of white political discourse has reaffirmed its commitment to denying the economic impact of historical and contemporary racism.

For instance, conservative columnist George Will recently issued the declaration that “race is of steadily declining significance.” As such, the topic of race relations is meaningless and irrelevant, somewhat akin to leprechauns or the Easter Bunny. But even worse, suggests Will, is the danger that such talk will generate the dreaded sense of “victimhood” (nothing is more terrifying to conservatives than the possibility of victims—unless, of course, they are Cubans or fetuses). In this popular tale, we are made to believe that the civil rights movement has done its job, and the problem, henceforth, is not race, but colorblind issues of economics. As Will puts it, “today, the principal impediments to upward mobility are not institutionalized repressions but certain behaviors, best understood in terms of class rather than race.”

It is certainly a welcome development to hear conservatives (Will is not alone) praising the civil rights movement and openly discussing class as a feature of American life. But when it comes to the alleged insignificance of race in American economic disparities, they are simply wrong. On the one hand, it is true that minorities have been hit very hard by changes in the domestic economy over the last 25 years. It is also true that these changes cannot be chalked up to some kind of diabolical racist conspiracy among corporate planners. But there is also abundant evidence that blacks are hurt by discriminatory practices independent of such macro-level reorganization.

The economy of post-War America was based on large-scale industrial manufacturing, and the jobs provided by such industries were attractive for two main reasons. First, they required little training, which meant you could get one without a college degree. Second, they were often unionized and well-paying. As representation in these fields became more racially diverse, so did the prospects for uplifting the economic situation of minority Americans across the board. Events since the global economic recession of 1973, however, have dashed these hopes. The ongoing shift from manufacturing to a service economy (“deindustrialization,” as it’s commonly known) has increased the importance of higher education, and diminished opportunity for those unable to pay the cost.

As a “colorblind” development that has hurt minorities without any evidence of overt racism, deindustrialization seems to support those who claim that racism is no longer to blame for American economic apartheid. But plant closings are only part of the picture in which African-Americans and Latinos are more likely than whites to be either unemployed or underpaid, because these conditions tend to prevail regardless of the overall economy. As a general category for employment, “service industry” is fairly broad, and just as its enthusiasts say, it has generated a large number of new jobs. But the pay within this general classification varies widely, and the highest paying jobs in service industries tend to be those that require a high degree of training. This would appear again to be a “colorblind” issue, for if, as some claim, the problem is simply one of education, then poverty is simply the choice of those who do not pursue it. If minorities choose to be less educated than whites, then

it is because they are stuck in a “culture of poverty.” Undoubtedly, there is such a culture, marked by practices of survival that develop in concentrated areas of economic depression. Unmentioned, though, is the extent to which these areas are themselves products of racism.

Furthermore, race still appears to work against African-Americans in cases where the veritable playing field is level or even tilted to their

advantage. According to sociologist Stephen Steinberg, there are surprisingly few studies on employment discrimination, but those that have been done reveal that employers have a marked prejudice in favor of whites, even when applicants are equally qualified. Other studies have found that unemployment among blacks with a high school degree is in fact higher than unemployment among whites without one.

Nonetheless, liberals and conservatives alike continue to announce that there is no sense in minority-based political action; the very concept of “institutional-

ized racism” is now considered bogus. The fact of the matter is no matter how honored its heroes and events are now, the civil rights movement challenged the comfortable assumptions of white supremacy in America and scared the hell out of a lot of people. Denying its continued relevance is ignorant at best; at worst, it is a case of outright deception by those afraid or uninterested in confronting unpleasant realities.

THE CARCERAL CURTAIN

“The more freedom is extended to business,” writes Eduardo Galeano, “the more prisons have to be built for those who suffer from that business.” Galeano wrote those words over 30 years ago, but their essential truth has been borne out by the Bush-Clinton era. The “curtains” of money and race are largely symbolic, but in criminal justice in general and imprisonment in particular, these metaphors become very real, oppressive realities.

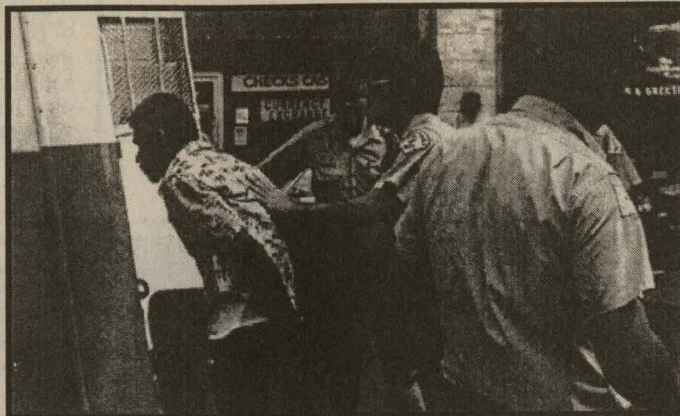
Like racism and economic inequality, the spectacular growth of the prison system is a trend that predates the ‘90s. But the last decade has seen the trend deepen in a way that should constitute a national scandal.

Though its crime rate is not markedly higher than other Western nations, the United States imprisons about 555 of every 100,000 citizens. This is five times higher than the rates of Canada and Australia, and as much as seven times higher than most European nations. Since 1980, the US prison population has tripled, resulting in the construction of 600 new prisons.

Most remarkable, though, is the extent to which the prison boom has disproportionately affected African-Americans. The rate African-Americans are imprisoned is seven times higher than that of whites, and among males aged 25-29 the rate is ten to one. Strictly speaking, this statistic may be meaningless, since African-Americans and whites could be arrested for crimes at rates comparable to those of imprisonment. (Note: This excludes the likelihood of racial discrimination in making arrests in the first place.) But this is not the case: for violent crimes, black arrests outnumber white arrests by about five to one, and for more everyday offenses, the ratio is three to one.

As it happens, the nation’s legal system is undermined by structural imbalances that allow justice to be meted out unevenly along lines of both race and class. Minorities are underrepresented on juries, free legal counsel provided to the indigent can be scandalously inept, and race is often a factor in law enforcement search and “profiling” practices.

More frustrating, however, is that even if the system could be cleansed of its biases, our national fixation on punishment would still be dysfunctional for two reasons. For one, every dollar spent on an after-the-fact “solution” like a prison sentence represents a dollar unspent on before-the-fact, preventative measures—namely, social services. This is



nowhere more evident than in the shameful fact that in the '90s, the number of juveniles imprisoned doubled. The cost of building a juvenile detention facility is about \$60,000 per inmate, and the annual cost of imprisonment is \$20,000 per inmate. Yet phenomenal increase in spending has occurred at precisely the time in which public officials have vehemently denounced "big government" by shredding welfare budgets. Most tragically of all, though, is that prisons generally do not serve to rehabilitate. The National Criminal Justice Commission notes that "as ever more young men and women are socialized to the cell blocks and then are returned to the streets, the violent subculture of the correctional facility increasingly acts as a vector for spreading crime in our communities." In its present state, the criminal justice system represents a vicious cycle, responding to anti-social behavior by putting people in a position where such behavior will only be reinforced.

It is somewhat ironic that the popularity of "get tough" policies are considered an "expansion" of the criminal justice system. True, more money is being spent, but in crucial ways the system is in fact narrowing, as the range of action is reduced to nothing more than harsher conditions and longer sentences. Meanwhile, the burden continues to be borne disproportionately by those who have historically suffered unequal treatment under the law. The Clinton Administration, for all its rhetoric, has done nothing to challenge the dismal prophecy of the Kerner Commission 30 years ago: "Our nation is moving toward two societies, one black, one white—separate and unequal." In 1989, a study by the Sentencing Project revealed that on any given day, one in four African-American males between 20 and 29 was imprisoned, on probation, or parole. In 1995, a follow-up study revealed that the number had risen to one in three. Every new prison thus becomes a monument to America's unfulfilled promise of equality, a crucible of dreams deferred.

IS THIS VICTORY?

Media commentary on the 10th anniversary of the fall of the Berlin Wall will probably not focus very much on the domestic condition of the United States. An honest meditation on the matter, however, could prove quite sobering. The common interpretation of why the wall came down, of course, is that totalitarianism simply lost out to the more virtuous system of democracy. To be sure, an overview of wealth distribution, racial discrimination, and the criminal justice system forces us to question just what kind of triumph has been achieved, but there is still a further, and more ironic point to consider. Start with the assumption that the fall of the wall means "the good guys won." In the wake of such a development, one would expect a dramatic surge in practices associated with the ideals of the victorious side: unhindered by fears that an "open society" would be vulnerable to communist manipulation, the past ten years ought to demonstrate an ever-widening, more participatory democracy in the United States.

Interestingly, this is not the case. On the contrary, the past decade holds much evidence that the victorious side has failed the very principles that allegedly carried it to victory over the "evil empire." It's no secret, for instance, that the general public appears to have little faith in that great hallmark of democratic society, the election. For instance, in the 1994 mid-term elections, only 39% of eligible voters actually voted. On one level, the statistic serves as a devastating register of public apathy, yet this does not tell the entire story. Surveys reveal that voting is more popular among the wealthy, highly educated sectors of the population. To wit, the less money you have, the less likely you are to perceive the ballot box as making a difference (in the 1994 elections, only 27% of those with incomes below \$15,000 participated). Electoral politics has always been by and large a game for the wealthy and powerful, but recent years have made it even more true that on voting day, money talks and the rest of us listen. Some of this is illustrated by the 1996 presidential campaign, in which candidates spent an estimated \$800 million—a disgusting figure made all the more so by the fact that it is *three times as high* as the cost of the previous election in 1992.

The '90s have also witnessed an astonishing acquiescence to cer-

tain forms of centralized, even repressive control. Despite the much ballyhooed "end of big government," the state has in fact widened its powers in a number of ways, encroaching on civil rights and militarizing society through programs that emphasize anti-terrorism, the drug war, or immigration control. The abuses of "law and order," though, sometimes seem to pale alongside the everyday influence of corporations. Certainly, big business is far and away the largest contributor to the skyrocketing cost of running for public office.³ But what is even more startling is the success elite planners have had in making market forces appear not just benign, but even benevolent and liberatory. We can find a laboratory of such a philosophy in Celebration, the Florida town owned and operated by the Disney Corporation. Celebration, as *New York Times Magazine* put it, is "based on consumerist, rather than republican, principles," meaning that homeowners have been willing to surrender major decision-making to the corporation so long as their property values remain high. The article quotes one resident as conceding, "This is no democracy, I know that. But, hey: it's the '90s." Accountable to no one but the wealthy few who can afford to buy significant amount of stocks, the appeal of corporate rule—an end to the bickering and inertia commonly understood as "politics"—is eerily and uncomfortably akin to that of fascism.

This is perhaps the final and most important wall in America today—the erosion of the very concept of public life. With corporations calling the shots and governments providing the firepower, there is an almost palpable sense of disenfranchisement and despair.⁴ From the standpoint of what is "realistic," envisioning alternatives can be strenuous and even depressing.

But here we must return our attention to the Berlin Wall, for what Stephen Steinberg says about maintaining the fight for civil rights holds true for democratic struggle across the board: "The lesson of history, imbued in the folk wisdom of the civil rights movement itself, is that it is important to 'keep your eyes on the prize,' and not be deterred by the seemingly insuperable obstacles of the moment. Typically the seeds of political transformation are planted by visionaries, and must wait for a more propitious set of conditions before they germinate and come to fruition...For this reason it is imperative to keep alive an emancipatory politics that is *not* tailored to 'political reality.'"

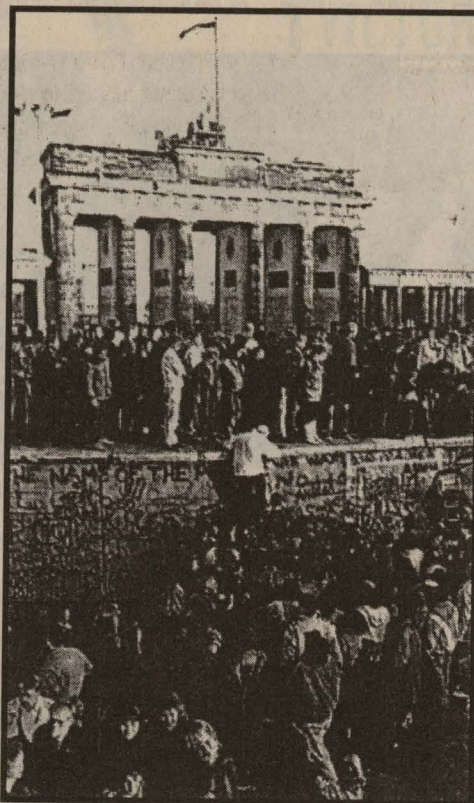
These are wise words, and the sentiment behind them was undoubtedly familiar among those who maintained resistance to tyranny in Eastern Europe. Sometimes, the push for social change graces us with visible, if gradual, results. Other times, as when the Berlin Wall fell 10 years ago, it happens rapidly, catastrophically, a surprise even to those who worked hardest for it. Such upheavals may be sudden, but behind them lie the lives of people who labored intensively, even despairingly, with little more to go on than the faith that change would someday come. Today, our situation is much the same, and these are the standards to which we must rise. After all, *their* walls came down. Shouldn't it be our turn?

³The Berlin Wall was built in 1961; it fell in November of 1989. The US government officially recognizes September 2, 1945 as the start of the Cold War, and December 26, 1991, as its end.

⁴David Cole points out in *No Equal Justice* that the furor surrounding the OJ Simpson verdict was that it inverted the standard results of the American criminal justice system: "The features that worked to Simpson's advantage, and that occasioned such outrage among whites, generally benefit whites. Whites have a disproportionate share of the wealth in our society, and are more likely to be able to buy a good defense; white defendants generally face juries composed of members of their own race; and a white person's face is not stereotypically associated with crime. Thus, what dismayed whites in Simpson's case is precisely what generally works to their advantage, while what blacks cheered is what most often works to their disadvantage."

⁵Simultaneously, objections have been raised to campaign finance reform on the grounds that capping such contributions would violate the First Amendment—which only goes to show just how expensive "free speech" really is.

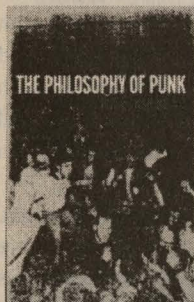
⁶In 1998, three of the nation's Top 10 selling prescription drugs were anti-depressants. Prozac, the most famous of these, was number two on the list overall; the number one spot was held by Prilosec, which is used to treat ulcers.



The Philosophy of Punk: More Than Noise! • Craig O'Hara

171 pages • \$12.00

AK Press • PO Box 40682 • San Francisco • CA • 94140-0682



A friend of mine gave this book to her mother for Christmas. A couple days ago I told her I was working on a review of it for *Maximum* and asked her about why she sent it to her mom.

"It's the perfect gift for a mom like mine who thinks that every punker is a Nazi. And, it emphasizes all the good things people do in punk without making punk seem too dangerous."

And, that pretty much summarizes my whole reaction to this book: it's a good gift to give your parents if you want them to stop worrying about your involvement in punk.

Don't get me wrong. Craig O'Hara's *The Philosophy of Punk: More Than Noise!* is well-researched and truthful. In fact, in his preface, O'Hara describes how he became involved in punk in the early Eighties, and our stories are similar enough that at first I hoped I had found a book that would chronicle and put into words so many of the powerful emotions that have kept me involved in underground music for so long. Fifteen pages in, I was looking forward to this book, but by the end of it, I had to force myself to finish it off.

It's unfortunate, because punk needs something to preserve and capture some of the energy and at least a sliver of the crazy, sometimes fucked-up ideas that float around this "movement". Punk is often chronicled by 'zines of limited distribution and records of limited pressing. Brilliant bands appear out of nowhere and fade within a couple years, totally unrecognized by the next generation of punks to come along. So many of the mediums that represent the spirit and aesthetic of punk — flyers, 'zines, and demo tapes — are transitory and disposable, and this makes books like *Hardcore California* (which O'Hara frequently quotes, by the way) so important. I had hoped that *Philosophy of Punk* would be one of those books.

But, it didn't happen. *Philosophy of Punk* is frustrating, poorly written, and boring to the extreme. It has little or no new information to offer someone who has been involved in the punk movement for any time at all, and lacks the passion and enthusiasm that would make a new convert to punk want to delve deeper into the politics of the movement as a whole. It is a coldly academic book that would have made a better college term paper, and, to be honest, the only person I can imagine wanting to read a book like this would be my dad: someone with enough of an interest in the history of music to give a shit and enough misconceptions about punk to feel like he had really learned something new.

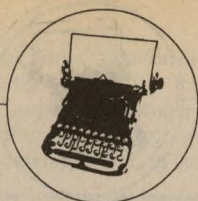
But, then again, I'm not sure I'd want to foist something as poorly written as this book on anyone. O'Hara's style is dry and hard to read. The only parts of the book that come alive and capture any of the essence or raw energy of punk are the quotes from other punks, and even those moments are few and far between. Throughout, it is also hard to tell

when O'Hara is describing his own personal political views or when he is attempting to describe what he sees as the philosophy of punk in general. Even worse, he adopts a manner of writing that gives us a sentence like, "More important than accepting one's alienation, the queer must be able to look for the reasons as well as other examples of alienation and oppression outside of his/herself." Or, "There is little evidence of the holistic environmental idea that allows for (and in some cases obliges) the killing of animals, even in debatable cases of overpopulation." What? Why don't you just drop the intellectualism and say what you mean? Honestly, Craig, you end up sounding like a bureaucrat and your book ends up reading like a government document on punk rather than an insider's view.

Additionally, I was just plain confused by O'Hara's use of photos in the book. First of all, there are no captions explaining the relevance or importance of any of the pictures. The pictures are simply labeled with band name, place, and date. Then, they are just scattered in a haphazard way throughout the book. It was annoying to find pictures of interesting bands or people on a page without any mention of them in the text, and in some cases bands were placed in entirely inappropriate chapters. Since there are no captions to tell us otherwise, are we supposed to assume that Scared of Chaka are a skinhead band? That Circle of Shit are a well-known straight-edge band? That The Descendants defined the anarcho-punk sound? Or, that SNFU represent DIY ethics? And, just what in the hell is a picture of Pig Champion doing in the chapter "Sexism, Feminism, and Open Homosexuality"? I'm sorry, but there's no excuse for that. It's just downright lazy to have thrown the book together that way.

And, speaking of laziness, O'Hara also did a piss-poor job of updating this book for the late Nineties. There is no mention of how the increasing popularity of punk since 1992 has influenced, and watered down in some cases, the philosophy of punk. There is, in fact, very little updating of the book at all. A perfect example of this is how O'Hara discusses Tim Yohannon and *MRR* and *Profane Existence*. Rather than actually taking the time to rewrite the chapter on 'zines from the current time frame, O'Hara spends several pages talking about Tim Yohannon and *Profane Existence* in the present tense and then spends exactly three paragraphs stating that since 1992, *Profane Existence* has decided to call it quits and Tim Yohannon passed away. Again, that's just lazy. If you're going to publish a "new edition" and send out copies for review in hopes of publicizing it, the least you can do is actually revise what you wrote instead of just tacking on a couple of extra paragraphs here and there.

Actually, O'Hara doesn't quote a single fanzine published or record pressed since 1992. He completely ignores any contributions to the philosophy of punk made since then and he totally ignores the ways that punk has been forced to adapt to its widespread popularity and increasing commodification in the past seven years. Whether we like it or not, punk means something entirely different to a generation of kids who came of age watching Green Day on MTV rather than hearing Jello Biafra sing about how the Dead Kennedys were banned from it. However, not only is there little in the book about this commodification (aside from an offhanded condemnation of Chumbawamba for selling out — after quoting them as punk gurus a dozen or more times in other places!), but O'Hara does not mention at all how this process is undercutting punk's sense of itself as a threat to society as a whole.



In fact the notion of punk-as-threat is downplayed throughout. O'Hara presents a very safe-and-sane view of punk as a scene filled with do-gooder anarchists and deep-ecologists who only break things when guided by political principle. By ignoring the rebelliousness and seeming self-destructiveness that attracted so many of us to the movement, it not only ignores so many of the things that make punk fun, it also seems to say, "Don't worry about those punk rockers, folks. They may dress a little funny and seem a little strange, but underneath it all, they're a bunch of well-meaning kids who are out to make the world a better place to live in." Yawn. It makes me want to go out and litter just for the hell of it.

Perhaps, however, the most discouraging aspect of *Philosophy of Punk* is that it is a book almost completely starved of passion about a movement that so many of us have passionately and energetically devoted our lives to. In that sense, it misses the point entirely and does not capture what I see as the central driving force behind punk — the idea that all of our political views, our anger, our frustrations, and our alienation from society at large can be translated into twenty-five minutes of adrenaline, sweat, and guitar-driven noise.

Come to think of it, this is a book that I wouldn't even wish on my dad. — Doug Grime

Trips: How Hallucinogens Work in Your Brain • Cheryl Pellerin

262 pages • \$23.95

Seven Stories Press • 140 Watts Street • New York • NY • 10013



Cheryl Pellerin is an independent science writer for broadcast and print. Her work appears regularly on both the Discovery Channel and The Learning Channel. Her articles have appeared in *Environmental Health Perspectives*, *Industrial Robot*, the *Baltimore Sun*, and the *Washington Post*. The idea for *Trips* is more than ten years old. In 1986 Pellerin was completing her BS in science journalism at the University of Maryland, where

she wrote her honors thesis on LSD research. A few years later, she realized the importance of writing a book that would make the news about the hallucinogens flowing out of 1990s research labs accessible to the general public. From 1991 to 1995, she attended technical meetings and seminars on hallucinogen research all across the country.

This book won't tell you how hallucinogens work, because no one knows how they work on the brain, or much on how the brain itself works, for that matter. The author admits that a better subtitle for this book would be, "How all these really dedicated researchers have spent their careers studying hallucinogens so they can figure out how the brain works and every year they make little progress," and that pretty much sums up *Trips*. Most of the book focuses on LSD research and the rest is dedicated to other hallucinogens.

Trips will inform you how neuroscientists, pharmacologists, medicinal chemists, and psychiatrists think LSD and other hallucinogens work in the brain, with cartoons, science illustrations, interviews, and

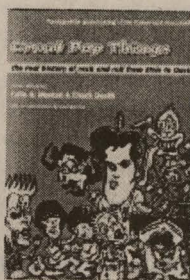
research findings. Every so often, federal attitudes and actions related to drug enforcement regulation and public information are added, so you can kind of get an idea of what these doctors were, and still are, up against to get approval for testing drugs.

In the interviews, Pellerin just lets the researchers and regulators speak for themselves, so you can get a feel for the perspectives of people who have studied psychedelics every day for years. You will read how they describe their work, talk about the research process, deal with other researchers and form opinions about the drugs they control and investigate and the people who use them. In the text and research findings, every phrase or word that might need explaining is presented in layman's terms. Add the well drawn illustrations, and you will have a better understanding of a subject barely understood.

This book is worth reading, if not for the wealth of information, then for pages filled with drawings and comics by R. Crumb. I have never used hallucinogens, but if the time ever comes, because of this book I'll know which stories, flashbacks, dying brain cells, etc... are real and which ones are just stories made up by a government afraid it might lose its control on society. — Mike Sexx

Great Pop Things: The Real History of Rock and Roll From Elvis to Oasis • Colin B. Morton & Chuck Death
232 pages • \$16.95

Verse Chorus Press • P.O. Box 14806 • Portland • OR 97293



This collection of comic strips, also called *Great Pop Things*, is drawn by Chuck Death (aka Jon Langford of the Mekons) and Colin Morton, and reprints a lot of what has run in *NME*, the *LA Weekly*, *Record Mirror*, and *New City*, none of which I have read.

The comic sets out to answer the question, "How can pop change the world?" and comes up with examples ranging from "Nazis try to change the world with their Wagner and fail dismally," to "Dylan: he tried to change the world by setting various suggestions about how the world should be changed to music and singing them with his acoustic guitar, then by making various suggestions about how the world should be changed couched in gnarled gnostic songs backed by a large electric rock band," to "Bruce Springsteen: he tried to change the world by giving his wealth away — which is actually quite a good way" to "the Sex Pistols: they tried to change the world twenty years after they had first changed the world."

Many of the observations are witty and irreverent, but a lot are so steeped in British humor and musical arcana as to make them inaccessible. The focus is not all on punk, and I got lost in references surrounding the Pink Floyd and Led Zeppelin stories. The authors never seem to run out of David Bowie material, which is overdone (not just in this book), but the Smiths/Morrissey satirizing is hilarious. Some of the bands mentioned, like Suede, Pulp, and Oasis, never reached pop-icon status here that they did in the UK, and those bits come off as dated. Most of the descriptions of artists, though, are amazingly accurate in their humor, my favorite being "Tom Waits: he tried to change the world

by making that token weird album that normal people have in their record collections."

Overall, the strips are funny and enjoyable, though the book meters quite a large dose. I'd suggest checking out the weekly segments in the publications mentioned above to see if it's your thing before running out to buy the book. If you like them there, you'll love them here, but it's a weird book to jump into cold.

— Brianna J. Chesser

I Was A Murder Junkie: The Last Days Of GG Allin • Evan Cohen

128 pages • \$15.00

Recess Records • P.O. Box 1112 • Torrance • CA • 90505



The little blurb on the cover of this book says "before Marilyn Manson, there was GG Allin." Well, you know Recess had to be kidding, because Marilyn Manson and GG have next to nothing in common. Manson doesn't have the guts to push the myth of rock to the extreme bordering on parody that GG did, and Manson sounds better than GG ever did.

But that's not really the point. No figure in punk rock is easier to write about than GG Allin. The man bashed his own teeth in, threw shit at the

audience; destroyed his health and eventually sacrificed himself on the altar of self-destructive rock and roll. If you can't write an interesting story about that then well, you suck.

Evan Cohen does write an interesting story about his time as roadie on the last Murder Junkies tour, almost in spite of himself. This book could have been much better, and I'm sure as GG's corpse continues to rot we'll get better books about the man, but for now this will have to do.

The parts of this story you're supposed to love, GG jacking off as teenage girls piss in his mouth, GG getting drunk and headbutting some girl, etc., etc., just come off as boring, tedious stories that don't compare to the hundreds of hours of live footage of GG that circulate throughout punk rock, but the writing around these stories is interesting enough to make this book highly readable.

I found it very interesting to read that while the Murder Junkies and poor Evan had to split a hotel room, GG got his own in which to cavort with the underage girls and drink himself silly, and that while GG didn't drive, he always road shotgun. Pretty rock star behavior for a punk band if ya ask me. But still, GG was always more rock-n-roll star gone bad than punk rock ideologue.

And the money they were making! Jesus Christ — seven hundred to a thousand dollars a night — that ain't bad for throwing shit around and fleeing angry promoters. I'm told GG didn't see much — if any — of this money, which is a crying shame, 'cause we all know no one was there to hear the music.

The story of poor Evan's fall from grace is interesting as well. Evan starts off the tour as a nice punk boy from New York, but by the time he gets to Chicago he's lost his sense of morality almost entirely. This passage of Evan thinking about littering in a house they're being

put up in might give you a hint: "you wouldn't have thrown garbage on the floor in somebody's house — not before the tour — would you? I guess not. But God...I wonder what else I've been doing that I haven't noticed in the past weeks." Too much time with GG and you're throwing gum wrappers all over the place.

Something else I found very interesting about the book is the whole locker-room mentality that seems to permeate the hotel shenanigans. The drummer sticks a cane up his ass, so GG sticks it further up his. Proof that he's a bigger sleazebag. Evan doesn't get laid, so he's a fag, and GG gets all the girls to piss on his face, so he's not. Funny how the frat house mentality permeates even this most debauched of arena's.

Is the book good? Not really. Parts of it are very poorly written and the type is way too big. Did Evan really not have anything else to say? There's little talk of GG's death and really not all that much detail of life on the road. I happily would have read a hundred more pages. IS the book worth getting? Definitely, if only because of the slight insight it gives us into the world of one of the most important people in punk. I hope this will spark someone to write a better book, but for now I'm happily with what little information I got.

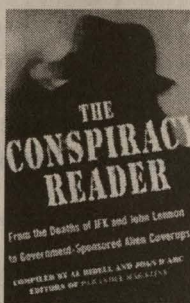
— Sean Sullivan

PS. Don't even bother with the CD. It's worthless.

The Conspiracy Reader • Compiled By Al Hidell and Joan D'Arc

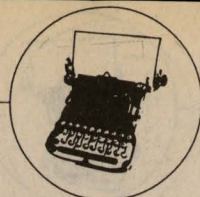
337 pages • \$18.95

Citadel Press • Carol Publishing Group • 120 Enterprise Ave • Secaucus • NJ • 07094



I wasn't looking forward to reading this. Like probably most of you, when I think of conspiracy theory, I think of ranting right-wingers or Trekkies. I have no problem believing that groups of powerful men make decisions and plans to commit crimes, and that most of the atrocities committed on earth are done so deliberately. In fact, I find this explanation to be much more plausible than some vague idea of random circumstance. The average person's refusal to believe in conspiracies has always seemed to me to be based on the notion that "people wouldn't do that", a notion that has always struck me as more wishful thinking than actual belief. However, thanks to the media, (and the aforementioned Trekkies) the idea of officials colluding to manipulate power has gotten totally wrapped up with stories of alien nasal probes and Jesus aspirations in tortillas. (The oldest trick in the book? Associate your critics with nutjobs).

Well, this book has both. The people who put this together edit a magazine called *Paranoia*, a 'zine dedicated to conspiracies. There was a lot here which made me think, and a lot that was just plain dumb. All of it, however, was rather entertaining. When one gives up the feeling of being embarrassed for getting into this X-File stuff, there is no doubt that it gets the mind working and offers interesting ways of looking at stories, especially ones we thought were "old news" to us. A theory doesn't always have to be backed up with tons of facts; often it is enough



to point out the idiocy of the Official Story. Raising questions and exploring possible explanations doesn't have to mean you totally believe these theories, only that you are able to entertain possibilities.

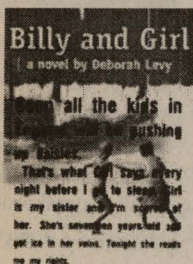
We start off simple enough: JFK (speaking of idiotic official stories). I certainly have avoided much of the hoopla on this topic for some time, so I may not be the best judge, but I was quite intrigued, and found this to be something I haven't heard before. Ted Kennedy and Chappaquiddick come logically out of that; again, some new thoughts (to me) and by the time I got to "Who Killed Yitzhak Rabin", I was getting pretty hooked. Then, the aliens. David Bowie? Alien? He had all those songs—please.

But then it's right back into it, the MOVE raid in Philadelphia, Leonard Peltier, secret societies, CIA, Nazis, mind control... All of this was fascinating. Once I got over my "they aren't gonna fool me" attitude and let it roll, not only was I genuinely entertained, but forced to rethink what I had thought before, and face that there was so much that didn't make sense about things—who is to judge what is "far-fetched" and what is "fact"? Most of the book is written in essay form, with some interviews to round it out. Well written, dynamic, engaging. I was pleasantly surprised. I am reminded again that my personal biases are quite arbitrary and serve little purpose but to limit my own mind. I wouldn't say that I'll be going to any conventions anytime soon, or starting a radio talk show, but I don't think I'll be quite as prejudiced against conspiracy theories in the future. It really doesn't hurt to listen to a theory, even if only to make you examine and reaffirm what you believe, and there is always the chance that something new may be suggested—either directly or indirectly. I suppose on some level it still does a disservice to write about Paul McCartney having Lennon killed in the same book as a case of the US government framing a Native American activist, but if you look at it from the point of simply opening your mind, there may be more than you were presented with, it all starts to fit into place. — Gardner Fusuhara

Billy and Girl • Deborah Levy

185 pages • \$13.95

Dalkey Archive Press • Illinois State University • Campus
Box 4241 • Normal • IL • 61790-4241



In the last forty-some years, since the end of World War II also signaled the end of England's status as international string-puller, the British literary scenes have produced an extensive body of work shaped by acidic anger and hopelessness. Themes of urban decay, cynicism, and moral alienation recur in everything from the works of Alan Sillitoe and the Angry Young Men to more modern writers like Irvine Welsh, Iain Banks, and Alan Moore. In some ways, the social progression of Britain might be

seen as a prophecy of what waits for the United States; many of our own social trends, like violent ruptures of class divisions and mass alienation from the political system are only less advanced versions of trends that have been extant in Britain for years.

In *Billy and Girl*, Deborah Levy seems to be trying to add to that tradition by creating a postmodernistic tale of childhood that combines vicious rage with absurdist comedy and a tragic view of what childhood

really is. Unfortunately, what she comes up with is something rudderless and self-satisfied that chokes on its own PoMo hipness.

Billy and Girl are brother and sister; they live alone, and are fifteen and seventeen years old, respectively. Mom left them several years ago, shortly after an accident which involved their father catching fire. They haven't seen him since, and he's assumed to be dead. The two of them support themselves through Girl's job at a supermarket called FreezerWorld and money their grandfather sends them periodically. Girl spends her spare time searching for their mother by going door-to-door or through local stores and randomly addressing women as "Mom". Billy spends his time dreaming about being a plastic surgeon or psychiatrist in Hollywood, surrounded by blondes with massive breast implants, and writing the definitive book on pain.

Beyond this, it gets very difficult to say what the book is actually about. The plot weaves almost randomly through various viewpoints and obsessions, zigzagging all over the place, but never really moving in any real sense except when it absolutely has to. In addition, you never really get the sense that you've been allowed near the real core of the character; there is never any compelling reason for the reader to bond with the characters, so complete and overwhelming is their postmodern detachment. Both Billy and Girl are driven to find "Mom", something which makes sense on a straightforward, intellectual level, but thanks to the slickness that pervades Levy's writing style, it's never something that hits at a gut level. We never feel the sense of desperation or need that must be driving the siblings to look so ceaselessly for their mother, and so it remains meaningless, just like the rest of the book.

Writers like Irvine Welsh and Iain Banks depend on an intuitive emotional connection between the reader and their characters to drive their novels home. Even when their characters are engaged in acts of grotesque cynicism and degradation, like murder or drug addiction, we can feel deep enough into their core to understand why they ended up in that situation. In the case of Billy and Girl, their actions seem arbitrary and directionless, and there's just no reason to give a damn. — Chris Hall

Ivan Petrov: Russia Through a Shot Glass • C.S. Wilson

241 pages • \$12.00

Garret County Press • 828 Royal Street #248 • New Orleans • LA • 70116



Have you ever had a feeling, whether it be from a book, a movie, a television show, or any type of media, that something is doomed from the start? This book gave me that feeling. Not from the cover or the idea behind the book, but from the letter the publisher sent with this book. The feeling of approaching doom was derived from the signature of the publisher, one Harvey Wallbanger. Now, I'm all for comedy, for laughs, etc.—but this just reeks of smugness, of thinking yourself a little more hep

than the rest, basically it pissed me off. As I opened the book and began to read I tried not to let that ruin my judgment. I needn't have worried, there were plenty of things to dislike about this book other than the publisher.



This book purports to be about Ivan Petrov, a Russian vagabond. The author and publisher would like you to believe it is a document of his life and times, from the days of Stalin's rule through today. They also want you to see this book as some kind of deep telling of the failure of the Russian culture. What you get in lieu of that is nothing but the story of a drunk. It does not matter one bit that the protagonist of this tale is Russian; he could be of any nationality and the book would remain the same, just with different names of the towns and cities. The story is one that has been told numerous times over the years and it has been lived by many before, from Boxcar Bertha to Herbert Huncke, to any number of people riding the rails, drinking and surviving today. The difference being that Bertha and Huncke told stories a bit deeper than "I got drunk, I got arrested, I got released, I got a job, I got drunk..."—wash, rinse, repeat. For two hundred and forty-one pages it's the same endless story and it gets a little old. By the end you are praying that our pal Ivan will die of alcohol poisoning or a beating. Alas, that never occurs, and we are left with an epilogue that finds good old Ivan alive, in the States and, you guessed it, drunk.

If the reader has had any type of history teaching in their past that even touched on the Soviet Union, they will glean no new information from this book other than the fact that there were a lot of people drinking just about anything they could get their hands on to get and stay intoxicated. As a sociological or historical document it offers nothing. As sheer entertainment... well, it offers none of that either.

If there had been something else beneath the surface, some saving grace, this book may have been passable. However, the writing is in need of a stronger editorial hand, the flow of the book is incongruent, and the language too simple at points. Just because you are an independent publisher, this does not give you the right to pass pap for art.

I'm sure everyone knows someone in their life that continuously replays the same stories over and over. A very boring proposition, correct? To anyone that has read any type of beat literature, this book will remind you of that friend and how much you dread it when they open their mouth. —Trent Reinsmith

Seek! • Rudy Rucker

364 pages • \$35.00 hardcover/\$16.95 paperback

Four Walls Eight Windows • 39 West 14th St. • New York • NY • 10011



Of cyberpunk's fab four (Shirley, Gibson, Sterling Rucker), Rudy Rucker always impressed me as the genre's JRR Tolkien, with his capacity to sustain imaginative alternative realities that border on the fantastic in his fiction. Rucker compares himself to William Burroughs, "with his wise, dry voice of hallucinatory erudition and his rank, frank humor" in his somewhat tongue-in-cheek analogy between beat and cyberpunk literature in "Cyberpunk Lives!", one of thirty-two essays in this non-fiction collection.

Meant as a companion volume to Rucker's collection of short stories called *Gnar!!*, to be published next year, also by Four Walls Eight Windows, *Seek!* is a somewhat mixed bag.

That's in part because the book is intentionally eclectic, a free-ranging

compilation of articles, interviews, manifestos, book reviews, travelogues, musings, rants, and random notes. The previously published and unpublished pieces here span almost two decades, and sometimes don't comfortably fit even Rucker's broad categories of science, life and art. *Seek!* encompasses everything from aspects of Rudy's family life, his personal interests in pornography and religious mysticism, and his sobering up after years of beer and pot to "[t]he electroshock excitement of the computer graphic world [...], the thoughtful artfulness of writing [...], the clarifying formulas and occasional revelations of math [...], and the humble public service of teaching [...]" Don't get me wrong. Rucker is frequently brilliant, but an anthology this catholic is bound to be uneven. The book's shotgun approach lays down a wide buckshot pattern in the hope that the majority of shot hits its mark. Over half of the essays in *Seek!* do connect, which is another way of saying almost half of them don't.

"Life" is the weakest section of essays, with far too many tedious travelogues merely filling pages. That said, Rudy's hilarious story of making drunken threats against Jerry Falwell ("Jerry's Neighbors") and the poignant "dog-happy" eulogy for his orange and white collie/beagle ("Memories of Arf") stand out. Rucker is stronger when talking about "Art," and in his element when discussing "Science". Both sections dish up sometimes thought-provoking, occasionally dazzling ideas, ranging from his assertion that it's much more important to create artificial life than artificial intelligence, to his notion that "[p]ornography is always the first private use of any new media technology." He offers a convincing definition of cyberpunk fiction around the themes of "the fusion of humans and machines" and "a desire for a mystical union with higher consciousness," yet his effort to elevate the science-fiction genre into a literary movement through "transrealism" amounts to little more than an unimaginative hack on magical realism, with backhanded admonitions for SF authors to write better. "A Brief History of Computers" tosses Thomas Pynchon, Fritz Lang and Allen Ginsberg into the mix with Babbage, von Neumann and the usual cyber-suspects in a literate, entertaining survey that still manages to miss the obvious. One product of the human mind, computing machines, have served as metaphors for the human mind and the world those minds perceive ever since Babbage conceived of his difference and analytical engines—the metaphor evolving with each of Rudy's six computer generations. Rucker's robots and cellular automata, no less than his use of parallel computing as some ultimate cosmic allegory (as when he assumes "[t]he world has been running a massively parallel computation for billions of years") are the latest historical incarnations of this rather tired fallacy that equates man or life or the universe with the machine under the noble guise of ferreting out some universal operating instruction to everything ("All is One. [...] The One is unknowable. [...] The One is right here...") Rudy's holy grail fantasies of the "simple computer program type thing that is the universe — not a model of the universe but the thing itself" occasionally read like a Silicon Valley rewrite of a *Dr. Bronner's Pure Castille Soap* label.

As a struggling SF writer, I'm always interested in material I can mine for story elements and plots. There are enough interesting ideas in *Seek!*'s grab bag that I can recommend it for a fairly good read. Buying the book, even in a \$17.00 paperback, is another matter. The damn thing doesn't have an index, so its reference value is extremely limited. I got it in hardback and for free to review, but I would pick it up at my favorite used-book store, where I'll probably sell this review copy. Not even the diehard fan who needs to own everything Rudy Rucker ever wrote should have to pay \$35 for the hardback. —"Lefty" Hooligan

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL MOVIE REVIEWS

THE SARAGOSSA MANUSCRIPT AND HIPPIES DON'T MIX

There is nothing more stupid than to go to a Grateful Dead concert in San Francisco. I have never been to one, but a simple walk down Haight Street on a Saturday afternoon reaffirms this for me. People who weren't alive in the '60s pretending to live in their warped version of the summer of love. Yuck. Since I live in San Francisco and the Grateful Dead are no more, I decided to do the next worst thing, go to see Jerry Garcia's favorite movie.

It amazes me that a 3-hour Polish film from 1965 that takes place in Spain would be aimed toward hippies. They made Fillmore-style posters that said, "In Memory of Jerry Garcia, Francis Ford Coppola and Martin Scorsese present *The Saragossa Manuscript*. In fact, it was quite funny to see the so-called hippies leaving the movie about half way through. It's a fantastic film. It didn't center on hippies or drugs or the '60s so I guess they were mislead, but it was a good marketing concept to get people to go see this great movie. Those responsible knew it would work and since hype is what gets people to the movies these days, they did what they could.

Rekopis Znaleziony w Saragossie (The Saragossa Manuscript) is an incredibly beautiful film with a very twisted plot line. I guess that's why Jerry liked it so much. It is kind of trippy. The film had been edited down many times from its 3-hour length since it was originally released in 1965 and parts of it had been lost for years. Jerry Garcia was the one who set out to have it restored to its original state, though he did not make it to see the final product. That's when Coppola and Scorsese come in. The hardest part is to overlook all this outside nonsense that had nothing to do with the film, but you should. The film is worth it.

The Saragossa Manuscript is an amazing collection of stories; each one appearing inside the other and in the end it all makes sense. The film starts out during the Napoleonic war on the streets of Madrid. One of the soldiers finds a book in a building. The French army moves forward, then retreats. The Spanish attack, but the soldier is so fascinated by the book he stays behind to read it, although he does not speak the language. The Spanish soldiers invade the building where he is, but he still doesn't move. The captain of the soldiers starts reading too. He says it is the story of his grandfather and begins to translate it, sending the soldiers off to fight.

The rest of the movie is the story of an army captain named Alfons. He is heading back to his family in Madrid. He has to pass through the land of gypsies and inquisitors to get there. Some of his men get scared and take off. He decides to spend the night in an inn. The inn is somewhat haunted and each time he tries to escape, he ends up back in the same place. Fortunately, for us he enters the inn each time. He encounters two Moorish women whom he marries (both of them) at their request, a priest who is exorcising a man, priests of the inquisition who want to kill him for heresy, a noble man who says he wants to help him escape, but is really trying to set him up.

Each person has a story to tell and by the time Alfons ends up at the nobleman's house, the storytelling begins to go inside one another until the point where people in the audience start groaning (at least at the screening I attended). A person inside a story would say, "I have a story to tell" and so on. At one point, the film was 5 stories within the original. It was incredibly fun for me, though I'm sure incredibly confusing for the hippies and the couple making out in the aisle in front of me. I like the obnoxiousness of the story within a story within a story, etc. I think the director Wojciech Has was having a good time too. At one point in the film, a reference is made to all the stories being told and an inquiry as to whether we are following what is happening. The characters are asking each other, but you know the point is directed to us as viewers.

The film is shot beautifully too. It is done in black and white with a great deal of landscapes. The various themes of death, love

and honor are all represented by appropriate symbolic settings. The recurring shots of two hung gypsies, surrounded by lots of skulls, the busy streets of Madrid and the sword fights. The film is shot in a serious way that lends to and exaggerates all the comic details occurring throughout. There are some brilliant comic bits. Alfons' father is constantly getting into duels. When he loses to one gentleman, he apologizes for disturbing the man's dinner.

If *The Saragossa Manuscript* is not out on video (I haven't been able to find it), I am sure it will be soon. The film was based on a book by Jan Poticki who committed suicide a year after the book was published. I'm sure there are some underlying themes that I was able to discover the first time around. I really want to see it again. Don't let the Jerry Garcia thing or the length bother you. It is a fascinating film filled with interesting scenarios. In the end, they all come together.

Another film in the same vein I saw was *Wandafuru raifu (After Life)*. This was a Japanese film by director Hirokazu Koregeda. In this film, we experience a week in the waiting room for the after life. The recently deceased check in with a receptionist and then meet in a conference room where they are told that they need to pick one memory from their life that they would like to take with them to the next. The memory will then be filmed by the caseworkers so they may take it with them. Each character is then sent to a private room where they meet with their caseworker to discuss their memory and get the details for the reenactment.

There are many inconsistencies in the plot line. The biggest one being why do they have to reenact the memories and make films when videos of each person's entire life are available. I figure it has to be that people's memories of an event are always different from the actual events, so I can easily let that one pass me by. Although, I figure if I end up in this place it probably won't be with such a diverse group of people. I'll end up in a room with a bunch of Johnny Thunders wannabes or something almost as bad. At least, according to this film, we wouldn't have to interact too much.

Most of the characters make up their mind pretty quickly, but there is the one guy who doesn't want to remember anything and the rebellious 21 year old who won't choose a memory, not because he can't, but because he won't. The two characters are interesting, yet annoying at the same time. Though, it's the 21-year-old who eventually helps the man make up his mind.

Interspersed with the stories of the deceased is the story of the people who work in this place. How did they end up there? Why did they get chosen for this work? Etc. This to me was a more fascinating plot twist. I was wondering about it from the beginning. They seem to have a past as well as present life with this job. There was even the insinuation of a little romance going on. The film does give me enough details about this that I was satisfied, I won't give it away. See it for yourself.

My final film for this month was a funny little short film by an Oakland filmmaker Grady Runyon called *Slammy Windshield*. The film focuses on an aging rocker named Slammy who has pretty much given up on the rock and roll life style. He drinks and eats constantly, but manages to keep up his yard. Then he gets a call for a comeback show.

The film was shot on video, which in this instance adds a washed-out style to a washed up rocker. Although, the medium was probably chosen for monetary reasons, it works on other levels nonetheless. The storyline accentuates the amateurish filmmaking to a point that you wonder if maybe it was done that way purposely.

The attention to detail is nice. Slammy is obsessed with the color red. His guitar is red. He eats red food. He drinks Tecate beer (red cans). He wears red clothes. Even his wife and child wear all red. Though it is a tragic story, the comedic parts (everyone loves to laugh at aging rockers) build the story nicely. He may be a washed up rocker, but we feel for him at least a bit.

At the screening I went to at a small, but crowded venue,

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL MOVIE REVIEWS

people cheered for Slammy, but were silent at his demise. Although, I think it was Slammy's dog played by Falstaff who had the most fans. People shouted "Falstaff" every time he appeared. I heard there is going to be a sequel and both films are to be shown back to back in the future and will also be available on video. — Carolyn Keddy

The New Sci-Fi Revisited

Science fiction films, with plots beyond simple logic and special effects that frequently upstage everything else, can't be touched for sheer spectacle; unfortunately, your average sci-fi flick from any era has the shelf life of warm cheese. After a few decades, they're farmed out to rep theaters for camp value.

If you ignore early career throwaways like *Rabid* and *The Brood*, David Cronenberg seems largely to have escaped that fate. His latest, *eXistenZ*, takes on an addiction William Burroughs might not have anticipated in *Naked Lunch* — the fashion of video gaming as a means of expanding the envelope of virtual reality. Hiding behind rows of evenly ordered crinkly and straight blond hair, master programmer Allegra Geller (Jennifer Jason Leigh), basically a retiring sort, has invited beta-testers to try out her latest video game masterpiece, which she calls *eXistenZ*. It's a multiplayer role-playing game that by-passes computer monitors with meta-flesh game pods that hook right into your nervous system through a port installed at the base of your spine; the pods themselves are rubbery, semi-living organisms that exist only to play, and offer a game experience beyond pixels, and as vivid as life.

No sooner are the beta testers plugged in than a gunner springs from the audience. Using a gun made entirely of organic material (a neat ploy to pass security), the assassin shoots human teeth like bullets to try to kill Geller. He's terminally subdued by a gun-toting security team, but not before Geller and her game pod are injured. Now it's up to marketing executive Ted Picul (Jude Law) to guide her to safety and find someone who can repair her pod, which has the only copy of *eXistenZ* in its memory. But she has a price on her head from shadowy dissident elements, and even her biggest fans find it easy to succumb to greed. No one can be trusted. Except *maybe* Picul, who has to prove his trustworthiness to Geller by getting a game port installed in himself. Playing games, it appears, you can discover a person's true nature.

And so they hole up on a cheap motel and play. Real-life gamers will be amused by this virtual world segment of the film, a droll parody of the contrivances programmers put into their games; non-computer owners may shake their heads, confused. As the pair steps through what seems like the next level in their understanding, a murder plot surfaces, and suddenly Geller (or rather, her gaming alias) is the victim of a plot all over again. Picul's weapon just happens to be the same organic gun that had almost killed her in the real world, and to their surprise, the game is gradually forcing both of them into actions disassociated from their real-life identities.

Cronenberg's play on game culture takes its cue from a wealth of games that call upon the user to shoot, fight, vaporize, or run over victims. You'll find Cronenberg's style of allegory similar to *They Came From Within*; there, the excesses of the sexual revolution are imaged as an invasion of phallic slugs, red-dish creatures that enter their victims through any convenient orifice and force their host into every manner of perversity in the name of replication. Here, the director poses a question rather than making moral judgments: at what point does virtual reality cloud a person's ability to perceive existential reality? I personally think that gaming's worse side-effects are flabby butts and minds, but the heady concepts in *eXistenZ* will fire synapses in the most sedate computer zombie.

Last year, when the new print of *The Saragossa Manuscript* made a city-by-city tour of international art houses, it was

hard to imagine how an unclassifiable art film — a very long unclassifiable art film, from Poland — could possibly find its audience.

Repackaged for the '90s as a psychedelic retro-hit, it's hard to classify *The Saragossa Manuscript*, a 1965 cult classic based on a decameron by 19th century post-Renaissance man Count Jan Potocki. A fantasy, an adventure saga, a philosophical puzzle...whatever genre this three-hour movie fits into, it was significant enough to attract the attention of Martin Scorsese and Francis Ford Coppola, who collaborated to restore the film to its original length and anamorphic glory, with subtitles you can actually read. I don't pretend to have any critical distance when it comes to this film, and neither do its adherents. Revivals bring in sellout crowds; even the late, great Luis Buñuel admits its one of the few films he's seen multiple times. It's seduced me back into the theater a half dozen times since 1966.

Count d'Olavidez (the late Zbigniew Czulski, dubbed "the Polish James Dean") is an obstinate, spoiled soldier and scion of privilege who proves his bravery by crossing the Los Hermanos, a mountainous region said to be filled with robbers and ghosts. The count's hired servants flee before nightfall (at about the time when evil spirits are rumored to appear), so he camps at an abandoned inn, the Venta Quemada. This sets him at the nexus of a terrifying conspiracy that may or may not be a product of his imagination.

Two semi-clad Moorish girls at the inn seduce and drug him; when he awakens, he finds himself on the ground near the gallows, inches from the corpses of two hanging thieves. A priest tries to convince him that his stay at the Venta will most certainly end in demonic possession, and he's willing to prove it. (It's there that the count gets a chance to meet Pascheco the possessed goatherder, whose eye was clawed out after his fateful visit to the Venta.) Later, when the Count falls into a small group of friends, a cabalist warns him of irresistible forces that are shaping his life, a gypsy taunts him with baffling stories, and a philosopher goads him with abstruse theories on the purpose of existence. And a huge manuscript appears and reappears, a book that tells the story of his life, almost as if it's already occurred. All of this happens in stories the characters tell one another, and stories within those stories, in dreams, and within still more stories, until one by one the tales interlock around him. The count's sanity begins to erode, as it would for anyone. Is he possessed by demons of the Venta Quemada? Is his only hope for an answer locked somewhere in that forbidden place? Or is he only the enlightened hero of a tall tale in a book, privileged to know he's a character, but unable to break loose from the fictional reality that surrounds him?

Potocki's decameron was devised originally partly to support the cause of science, but director Wojciech Has concludes his adaptation after having presented only thirteen of its most superstition-tinged chapters. It was a smart plan by a director known for meticulous adaptations. *The Saragossa Manuscript* leaves us with equal measures magic and burgeoning humanism — very much the way the world must have appeared to the book's author.

Poor Count d'Olavidez finds his mental resources sorely taxed along his adventures, and some audiences may feel the same way; at one point, the stories within stories get as many as *nine levels deep*. Philosophical puzzles add yet more amiable confusion. Cronenberg manages alternative reality as if life were like the multiple skill levels of a video game; *The Saragossa Manuscript* is more generous in the handling of its realities, taking the viewer through its levels like an elevator in a tall building, each floor opening into an exotic set of suites.

My advice? Take a ride. And if you do see it, be sure it's in a theater, where you can catch every inch of its incredible black and white ultra-widescreen photography. — Steve Spinali

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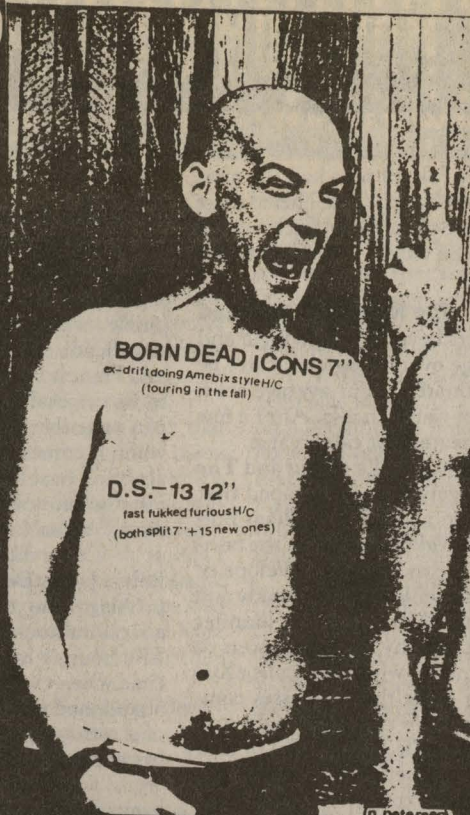
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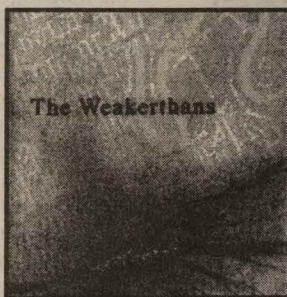
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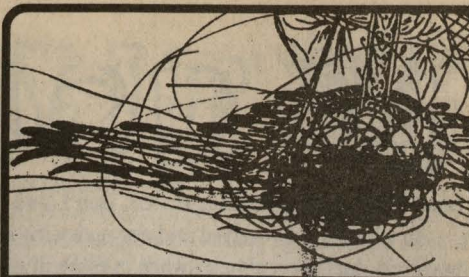
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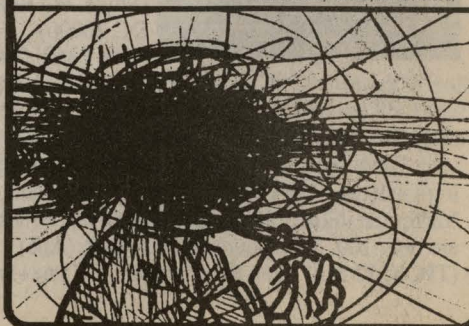
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ACCUSED - "Paint It Red" EP

Whoa! That's right, you read it correctly, a new fucking ACCUSED record. Well it isn't exactly new. The material on the record includes some live stuff, ROLLING STONES and DAMNED covers, as well as some weird-ass prank call sent in by a fan back in 1989. This comes with some killer art work, is on blood red vinyl, and is hand numbered and limited to 300 copies. Let the e-Bay bidding

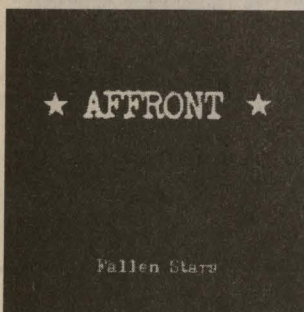
begin! (RC)

(Transparent, 6759 Transparent Dr, Clarkston, MI 48346)

ACHEBORN - "Tuesday Is Dead" LP

This is certainly more than I thought it would be. I've liked their brand of caustic European hardcore in the past—just about enough metal involved to keep the MRR staff on their collective toes. They've outdone themselves with this though—it's got the same scorching songs and fastidious delivery, but they've (ahem) *matured* as well—and it's a good thing. I think it's tough to pull off an full LP in this genre and maintain the interest—I was plotting to get my own copy as this was ending. Well done. (TM)

(Trans Solar Syndicate, Turmgasse 2/1, D-71063 Singelfingen, GERMANY)



AFFRONT - "Fallen Stars" EP

Awesome youth crew from DC, and from their regional location, you're guaranteed to hear a lot of influences from BATTERY and GOOD CLEAN FUN. It's a good debut and hopefully they'll keep at it. And once again, another fine record from... (MW)

(Phyte, PO Box 90363, Washington, DC 20090)

AGATHOCLES/PP7 GAFTZEB - split EP

Two sides of art-damaged noise and experimentation. Warning—not the AGATHOCLES you might expect. Not sure if I like it yet. Makes me think of Kraut rock like CAN or NEU. Weird. I think there are only 100. Save yourself the bother. (AM)

(TPOS, 12 Mill Plain Rd, Danbury, CT 06811)

ALL BETS OFF /SWORN VENGEANCE- split EP

The SWORN VENGEANCE tracks aren't as good as their debut EP on Back Ta Basics, but they hold their own. They play the ultra metal hardcore that has saturated the scene in the '90s, but with a little more flair and style that separates them from the rest. ALL BETS OFF is mediocre at best. As with most splits, one band seems to overshadow the other, and on this SWORN VENGEANCE do just that. (MW)

(All Bets Off, 530 Divisadero #121, San Francisco, CA 94117)



ALL THE ANSWERS - "The One Forgotten" CD

AVAIL-style melodic hardcore from Canada with decent lyrics about religion, school, conformity, the usual stuff. Two singers trade off, and one is good, the other is screaming and annoying, although a lot of people would like the screaming guy better. The guitar and bass are really good, and the drumming; not bad, though it could be faster. Overall a good band, but not the most original. (BC)

(Traffic Violation / Box 772 / East Setauket, NY 11733)

ALLISTER - "Dead Ends And Girlfriends" CD

A strong pop punk release here in the WESTON meets early BLINK vein. This could almost fit in on Mutant Pop too. A very enjoyable feel-good release from a band new to me. Keeping the pop punk dream alive. (RL)

(Drive Thru, PO Box 55234, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413)

ANTI-DOMESTIX - "This Demon Called Love" 7"

On first look I wasn't expecting much... funny, sometimes you get what you expect. Too much melody and not enough rock to make it OK. Let's just say if you like new lame emo and pop punk you might be mildly entertained, maybe even excited. I'm not sure, I don't know how you people think. (TJ)

(Cheetah's, PO Box 4442, Berkeley, CA 94704)



MUSIC REVIEWS

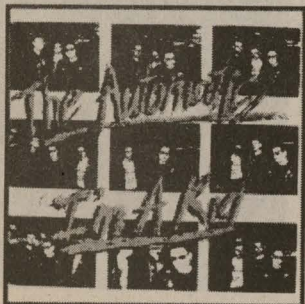
THE ATOMIKS - "Super Honky" CD

It takes quite a lot to get through my jaded psyche when it comes to surf, garage and rockabilly bands. I hear so many so-so ones that it becomes a little tedious to listen anymore. The ATOMIKS have managed to get through. They play a nice little hybrid of rockabilly and surf; some rocking songs, some ballads and some instrumentals. A much needed breath of fresh air in the garage scene. (CK)
(702, PO Box 204, Reno, NV 89504)

AURORA - "Compilation 1983-1998" CD

This release seems to be geared towards exposing this popular Hungarian band to a more international audience, because while the songs are all sung in their native tongue, the lyric booklet and sleeve notes are entirely in English. There's actually only one track (the best one, in my opinion) from as far back as 1983, then we jump ahead to '88, apparently missing out on the period when members were doing time for having anti-communist lyrics in Soviet-occupied Hungary. Not something Jello ever had to worry about really, eh? The band seems to have played the same kind of poppy punk throughout their career, with variations in production values, members, and adding a trumpet to the mix in later years. Good stuff and worth checking out if you ever wondered what was going on in Eastern Europe before the wall came down. (AM)

(Hulk, Eichendorffstr. 1, 93051 Regensburg, GERMANY)

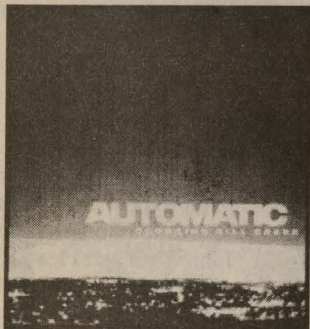


THE AUTOMATICS - "I'm A Kid/Life Of A Crime"

Here you got a fun lil' jukebox-friendly single from The AUTOMATICS. Crooning about being a kid, not wanting to conform to the rules, just wantin' to have a lil' fun... reminds me of many moons back when I played "It's Not My Place" by the RAMONES to my mom. "See, Mom do you get it now?" I said. Well, she figured it out eventually... even started wearing my punk shirts to

the grocery store just to fuck with me... so yeah that's what this record is good for... making Mom understand. Fans of the GROOVIE GHOULIES and Chuck Taylors take heed. (DL)

(Just Add Water Rock And Roll, PO Box 420661, San Francisco, CA 94142)



AUTOMATIC - "Crossing Kill Creek" CD

Well, it is cool that someone is trying to bring HC up to date. Sure, you can tell these guys have listened to DAG NASTY, as well as many post sXe HC bands, but they integrate those things into something of their own creation and personality. This has an honest (if occasional macho-HC's Achilles' heel) feel, and all the requisite aggression and drive. You can tell that it comes from LA, too, but

that isn't all bad. (BG)

(Indecision, PO Box 5781, Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

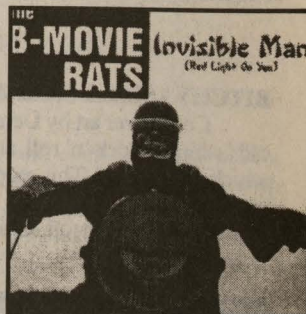
AUTOMATIC - "Crossing Kill Creek" CD

This is a little light for me, but it definitely has something. Catchy, good, and melody-driven with angst and passion. Reminds me a bit of EMBRACE—walking a fine line of shit I hate, but pulling it off and still rocking. (TJ)

(Indecision, PO Box 5781, Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

THE B-MOVIE RATS - "Invisible Man/Your Fat Friend"

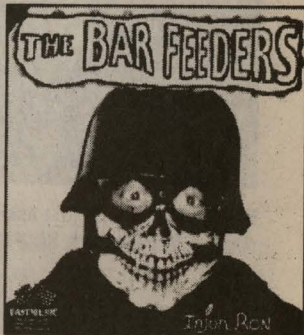
They operate on the SUPERSUCKERS principle, dipping fastish, drawling punk in country spazz-rock. Apolitical Americana is the name of the game, and they're good at it. Fuzzed-out too, man. "Your fat friend", though? Come on, now. Like the Top 40 kids say, that shit's so *tired*. (AC)
(Shrunkn Head, PO Box 264, Newport Beach, CA 92662)



THE BAR FEEDERS - "Injun Ron" EP

The BAR FEEDERS are local boys who have been around forever. They must be keeping it on the down-low, though, cuz I've never seen them. Fast and energetic, L.A.-in-the-late-'80s punk rock. These songs have some weird breaks and complicated parts that would be annoying if taken a step further, but instead it's what sets this band apart and makes them interesting. Good stuff, but it won't have you dropping out of school or ripping your clothes off or anything. (JN)

(Fast Music, 368 Broadway #511, New York, NY 10013)



BRASSKNUCKLES/ DIE PUNKROIBER - split LP

I've noticed that a few European bands have decided to play this unique brand of music. Take OXYMORON, an occasional ska breakdown, stadium choruses, an oi! oi! here and there, and a bizarre Fat Wreck Chords quality and what do you have? Beats me... Neither of these bands did a thing for me. (NF)

(Knockout, Postfach 100716, 46527 Dinslaken, GERMANY)

BRASSTACKS - "Just The Facts" CD

At times, these guys spit out some good AC/DC type rock 'n' roll with a punk edge, other times they have an aggressive Vulture Rock type oi thing goin on. Lyrically speaking, there's nothing out of the norm for this genre. Fighting, drinking, pride, working, being a skinhead, etc... But, overall it's better than most. (NF)

(Beer City, PO Box 26035, Milwaukee WI 53226-0035)

MUSIC REVIEWS

BELL - "A New Kind Of Rome" CD

Rock and roll from Seattle with girls on vocals who sound a little like Kat Bjelland. Hell yeah. It sounds like a more rock, less metal BABES IN TOYLAND, but a little bit on the slow side. The lyrics are funny, but not mind-blowing, and the guitarist and bass player play off each other well, both vocally and instrumentally. It's good shit, but I don't know if I'd seek it out. (BC)

(Yeah It's Rock / PO Box 85775 / Seattle, WA 98145)

BITCHY - "Black Socks And Happiness" CD

Cool cover art by Derek Hess. BITCHY is hardcore meets good old fashioned rock 'n' roll, and the result for me was a ZEKE flashback, which ain't so bad. This record loses its intensity at times, but overall it's enjoyable. (JV)

(Thick, 409 N Wolcott, Chicago, IL 60622)



BLACK MARKET BABY

"Bloodstreet Boys/It's Too Late"

.....is that old band from the early '80s????DC or something like that????they look plenty old on the back, so maybe it is them.....great name..... but..... the music is pretty ho-hum..... I played this a few times but I still can't describe it 'cause it's so run-of-the-mill..... DOLLS covers are cool again, along with STOOGES, MC5 and

RUNAWAYS..... just ask JEFF DAHL..... (SW)

(007, 534 East 14th St. #15 New York, NY 10009)



THE BLAST - "Barking Blast/Now & Here" EP

Oh yes! You lucky street-punks! The BLAST have come all the way from Nara, Japan to drop the motherfuckin' punk bombs on your unsuspecting ears! This 45 rocks! "Barking Blasts" rips like a mother-fucker right from the starting line—this is punk that makes you stand up and take notice! Fast guitars and top shelf vocals push this over the top!

Turn this single over and "Now &

Here" gives you an excellent Al Barr/Ken Casey lesson in street punk from all over the world! This is REALLY good! (BR)

(Shot & Shout, 21-1A-202 Yamazaki, Ikoma, Nara, JAPAN)

BLOODCLOTS - "Clot You To Rot" LP

Up-the-fucking-punk! rock from Seattle. The BLOODCLOTS' nasty second wave English punk sound suits the spikes and studs of the LP group photo. The scratchy bellowing from the singer coupled with the guitar's hooks puts this in nearly the same league as this month's DEFIANCE reissue. (TH)

(Helen Of Oi!, 35 Becton Lane, Barton On Sea, New Milton, Hampshire, BH25 7AB, UK)

BLOODPACT/VARSITY - split LP

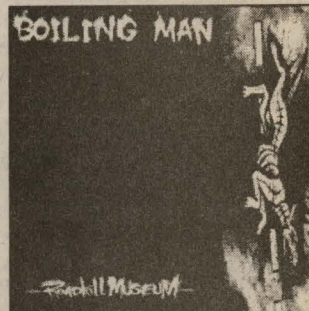
Yeah! Both bands break it down with some fast straight edge, youth crew inspired hardcore, and they complement each other well. I found BLOODPACT's musical and vocal styles to be a little harsher than VARSITY, though the vocal style of VARSITY's singer reminded me of Civ from GORILLA BISCUITS. Both of these bands are rad and deserve your support. So check this record out! (RC)

(+/-, PO Box 7096, Ann Arbor, MI 48107)

BOILING MAN - "Roadkill Museum" EP

Here's the new 7" from Six Weeks Records. Hailing from Connecticut, these guys deliver seven great angry grinding hardcore hits with intense raging vocals. Song topics include criticisms of the punk rock community and violence against women. Nice. Very nice. (SR)

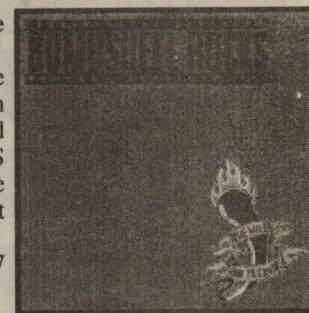
(Six Weeks, 225 Lincoln Ave., Cotati, CA 94931)



BOMBSHELL ROCKS - "The Will, The Message" EP

This comparison took some coming up with, but I'm sticking with it. Imagine a '50s Rock n Roll ballad put to a STIFF LITTLE FINGERS anthem. These Swedes don't meet the full potential of the comparison, but who could? (TH)

(Knockout, Postfach 100716, 46527 Dinslaken, GERMANY)



BUG CENTRAL - "The Meek Will Inherit Nothing" LP

English punk fucking rock. Great lyrics with sing-along choruses. Most of the songs are about conformity and alienation. Fast guitars and hard drumming back up great snotty vocals. Note: it doesn't sound stupid when English singers sing with English accents, but it does when American singers do. This is the band the SEX PISTOLS should have been. (BC)

(Helen of Oi!, 6 Nothcote, Docking, Kings Lynn, Norfolk, PE31 8ND, ENGLAND)

THE BULLYS - "Tonight We Fight Again" CD

I don't know, this ain't too good. It's stupid, and I ain't sorry. There's no dominant musical angle, it all seems to be written around the really shitty lyrics. Real middle of the road mid-tempo sound, copping all kinds of tude. Laughable, like John Cryer and Flea in the movie "Dudes", these are those kind of punks. Crap. The kind of shit your suburban aunt thinks of when she thinks of punk rock. Weak weenie. (RY)

(Headlock, PO Box 580 Midtown Sta, New York, NY 10018)

MUSIC

REVIEWS

CHAOS U.K. - "Total Chaos" LP

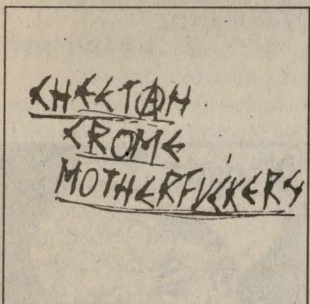
This is the first two EPs and album on an easy-to-find LP. If you don't know who this seminal hardcore/crust band is, you should probably get this LP if you plan to stay a punk. You've seen the patches, now own the records. Too much metal, grind, and noise for my taste, but still an important release. (BC)

Abraxas Srl / Piazza Maltoni 16 / 50065 Pontassieve (Firenze) ITALY

CHARGE 69 - "Religion Sacrifice" EP

Like most of this band's other releases, they play upbeat street punk with all the elements, shouted group choruses and the like, on the four songs here. This release is weird however, in that they sound almost note for note like OXYMORON, with the only distinguishing factor being that the vocals are done in French. (RM)

(Knockout, Postfach 10 07 16, 42-6527, Dinslaken, GERMANY)



CHEETAH CHROME MOTHERFUCKERS - "Four Hundred Fascists" EP

What the hell is the world coming to? For some reason, people are bootlegging CCM records now. Is there really a market for (relatively) obscure Italian hardcore from the dawn of time? Sticking to aesthetics, this is classic old school hardcore... Ugly music sticking its ugly face in the mugs of all the pretty boy punks.

J. Mascis once said that he loved the first DISCHARGE because it upset all the old fart '77 punks. This record is the same for me. A classic that helped define all European hardcore. (LH)
(no address)

CLOCKED IN - "Standing" CD

Started reasonable enough—punchy hardcore, tinge of emo, but nothing that would drive me crazy. Couple of songs later, and all I can think of was 24-7 SPYZ. Has that "clean" guitar sound that overwhelms everything else. Vocals are upfront, which I like, but the whole thing is produced in a manner that kills it—it's just too polished to be very engaging. (TM)

(\$9 ppd: Clocked In, 485 Oakdale Dr Apt C-38, Atlanta GA 30307)



CLUSTER BOMB UNIT - "And The Dirty Little Weapons" EP

Awesome Scandinavian style crust-thrash. These guys have been going at it for awhile so it's obvious that they have mastered the art of making distortion-laden crustcore. As good as any of their other releases (but the extra guitar solos add that extra touch), and to boot it's brought to you by captain crust himself! (MW)

(Havoc, Po Box 8585, Minneapolis, MN 55408)

COMBATWOUNDEDVETERAN - "I Know A Girl..." LP

Man, I fuckin love COMBATWOUNDEDVETERAN. You gotta like a 45 rpm LP, that has about that many songs. I enjoy that I don't have the slightest idea what they're saying. I enjoy that it's a wall of noise. I enjoy that every song sounds like a couple of chainsaws and a log splitter. I enjoy that they've employed the guru of production, Steve Heritage. I enjoy that there's a lyric booklet to read, and yet not understand. And no, I don't care whether or not you think this is "music". (TM)

(No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604)

CONTRA/SPLURGE - split EP

This release is nicely packaged, and even without a much-needed lyric sheet, it has the feel and look of something special. CONTRA is hardcore that could have come out of Olympia in the eighties, or at times the East Bay in the nineties. SPLURGE is a bit more on the melodic side, alas that Fat Wreck style. Kind of a let down after the CONTRA side. (JV)

(Traffic Violation, BOX 772, East Setauket, NY 11733)

COOTER "Looking Up" CD

These guys sound like MXPX, although I've never been into MXPX. But if MXPX finally put out a great record, it would sound like this. This is a catchy fast record with strong pop punk tunes and good powerful vocals. A damn near great full length. (RL)

(Fast Music, 368 Broadway #511, New York, NY 10013)

CRIKEY CREW/NO SIDE - split EP

The sound quality on the NO SIDE side of this disc is baaaaaad. Not bad like how Iceberg Slim is bad, but bad like it sucks. Makes me think of that episode of "What's Happening" where Re-Run sneaks a tape recorder into the Doobie Brothers concert. It's too bad, too, cuz what I can hear sounds tough as hell. Fast & crazy, sometimes sounding Oi, but with really bitchin' BLACK FLAGy guitar parts. The CRIKEY CREW side has way better sound quality. Their song has some cool chuggin' guitar parts too, but it drags on for a million-and-a-half years and the vocals are flat and gruff and boring. If I were you, I'd forget about this record and just go see NO SIDE live, or wait until they can afford a decent 4-track. (JN)

(no address)

CROCODILE GOD - "Stella" LP

Hmmm, more English pop punk. Usually I can tolerate this stuff more than its American counterparts. This release is all right. Not great, not deadly. The songs are decent, fast, tuneful affairs. The production is a little thin, but works. I like that they even put their chord changes on the lyric sheet. Nice touch. (BG)

(Crackle, PO Box 7, Otley LS21 1YB, ENGLAND)

THE CRUEL AND UNUSUAL - CD

Punks from Austin, TX. Serious punk with clever and intelligent lyrics—no wonder I can't get into it. Talented and unlike everything else—no wonder I'm a little bored. It sort of reminds me of NOMEAN-SNO, and it makes me uncomfortable. (RY)

(Mortville, PO Box 4263 Austin, TX 78765)

MUSIC REVIEWS

DAILY TERROR - "Andre Zeiten" 10"

Pretty great release by this long gone German outfit. This band saw its heyday back in '78-'82 and this compiles their entire vinyl output. Killer, snotty, sometimes mid tempo, sometimes more pogo-y punk that kicks much ass. (RM)
(Dirty Faces, Universitätsstr 16-44789 Bochum, GERMANY)

DEEP REDUCTION - LP

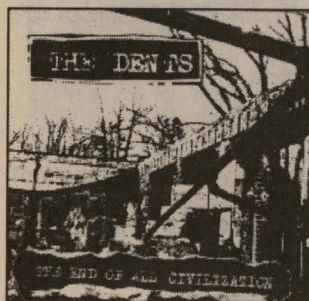
this record started out okay but got pretty pussy by side two..... mild pro-sounding "sixties in the eighties" kick-back music..... very kick-back..... stoner..... some slide guitar..... lazy voice..... loud deep snare..... it's okay, it just goes on too long..... I could see this lot opening up for the LONG RYDERS and the TEN FOOT FACES back in '84..... do you know what I mean, you poser-ass motherfucking shit for brain readers????!!!! (SW)
(Get Hip, PO Box 666, Cannonsburg, PA 15317)

DEFIANCE - "No Future No Hope" LP

Here's the reissue of this straight-up punk rock album including a cover of ANGELIC UPSTARTS' "Police Oppression." Of course the inside cover includes a portrait of the band. How many studs can you count? I lost track. "I hate everything I fucking hate it all." "Fuck them all they ain't worth a shit." "Fuck this city fuck this city up." With coruses like these, you gotta love these guys. Come on... (SR)
(Skuld, Malmsheimstr. 14, 71272 Renningen, GERMANY)

DEMONS - "...Come Bursting Out" 10"

These four Swedes are kicking the ass of some tremendously thick rock and roll. Impressive tempo, made the more so when one considers the sea some of the other Swedes have recently set sail on (HELLACOPTERS). (TH)
(Steer, Torbjørnklockares gata 5-9 a, 113 30 Stockholm, SWEDEN)



THE DENTS - "The End Of All Civilization" EP

This is a good punk record with political lyrics at times, and just a general pissed-off-at-the-system attitude. A little like the ANTISEEN, and worth keeping an eye out for. (JV)
(So Fuckin' What, 253 Alexander St, #322, Rochester, NY 14607)

DIE KASSIERER - "Jetzt Und In Zukunft Ofter..." 12"

A live recording of a group that sounds quite similar to another band that I reviewed in this same issue called PUNKOIBER. I didn't really care for that band and the same goes for this. Pretty-run-of-the-mill stuff. Um, cool picture disc though. (NF)
(Dirty Faces, Universitätsstr 16, 44789 Bochum, GERMANY)

DIMESTORE HALOES - "Revolution Into Style" CD

Spiked hair has made a surprising comeback, at least among upper management in the office I work at. It never went away for dedicated men like the DIMESTORE HALOES, who have the Rikk Agnew meets punk-version Mike Ness look down like it was yesterday's news. I like 'em okay, they're to the point with their English-style sing-along punk rock-and-sock. A little RANCID here, a little Johnny Thunders there. Give 'em your milk money. (JH)
(Pelado, 521 W. Wilson #C103, Costa Mesa, CA 92627)

DISGUSTING LIES - "Pewnegodnia" LP

Hailing from Poland, DISGUSTING LIES kicks out 20 songs of fierce, dual male/female vocal, Scandinavian crustcore. This style has been played a million times before, but what the hell hasn't. If you dig your crustcore faster and tighter than your average run-of-the-mill NAUSEA wanna-be band, check DISGUSTING LIES out. (MW)
(Malarie, Po Box 10, 60-170 Poznan 27, POLAND)

DISRUPT - "Rid The Cancer" EP

I want to put the warning call out there, this is a bootleg of previously released songs! The A side is from their split 7" with DESTROY and the B side is from their split 7" with RESIST. As far as DISRUPT tracks go, these are decent, but not my favorite. You could basically track down their "Unrest" LP and their LP of their split 7"s, both of whom were on Relapse and have a comprehensive DISRUPT discography. This EP, however, is a re-release of two already borderline unimpressive DISRUPT 7"s. Why not have just bootlegged one of those LPs that are so hard to find nowadays? (PB) (no address)



DISTRICT - "My Dad's A Punk" CD

Kind of a surprise here. Judging by the cover along with the fact that I've never heard of em, it made me think that this would be in the used bin ASAP. But this ain't bad at all. A few tracks are heavy heavy COCK SPARRER-influenced and the rest are really reminiscent of the BLITZ (when they were good). My main gripe is that it's way too produced. Also, there's no originality, but who is original these days? Not bad at all. (NF)
(Dirty Faces, Universitätsstr. 16-44789 Bochum, GERMANY)

DIVIT - "Low Speed Chase" CD

Jesus, how much money did they spend recording this? Huge, in-your-face production propels this Epitaph-style band along. Sorta reminds me of PULLEY or sometimes STRUNG OUT at the wrong speed. Fast and tight as fuck. And look at that gear! Does somebody in the band work at Univibe? (LH)
(Coldfront, PO Box 8345, Berkeley, CA 94707)

MUSIC

REVIEWS

THE DOUBLE NOTHINS - "Got Into A Fight.../So Glad"

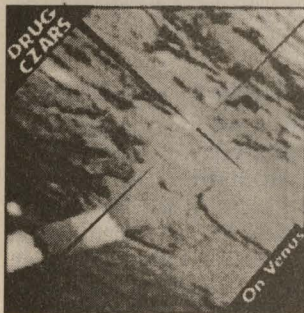
I guess the guy who does what is arguably one of the best punk mail orders in the world, Underground Medicine, needed even more to do with his time so he started this record label. So far, so good. Like the other releases I've heard put out under the Rapid Pulse banner this is catchy, snotty punk that sounds a bit like some thing you would expect to hear on Rip Off Records, but with better production. I like it. (RM) (Rapid Pulse, PO Box 5075, Milford, CT 06460)

DOCTOR EXPLOSION - "Viviendo Del Cuento" LP

Wherein the foremost exponents of Spanish beat smooth out some of their rough edges. Often an ill-advised move for rock and roll bands, it actually works out well here. In addition to a good bunch of slickly-produced rockers (including the great flamencoish "My Female Side"), there are a handful of very poppy (but good) numbers. "Surfin' Turd" is a song that the QUEERS might well wish they'd have written. Mucho gusto! (DD) (Subterfuge, PO Box 46055, 28080 Madrid, SPAIN)

THE DRAGS - "45x3" LP

Like some phantom AM radio broadcast (both in spirit and sound quality) this seeps broken treble knob garage rock into the ether. Take equal doses of garage, surf, and early punk and you'll get a rough approximation. It's like all the sweat and reverb from these songs bleached out all the bass frequencies, leaving only exposed raw nerves and libido. A cool (if occasionally uneven) collection of over 20 EP and comp tracks. (BG) (Empty, PO Box 12034, Seattle, WA 98102)



DRUG CZARS - "On Venus" EP

Solid HÜSKER DÜ, MISSION OF BURMA guitar workouts with that X-type double vocal thing, but with two guys instead of a guy and a gal. Supposedly, this has ex-members of the EAT, ROACH MOTEL, HARRY PUSSY, etc. Four decent tunes, fairly high on the "rock" quotient and deserving of your patronage and attention, or at least mine. Good shit. (JY)

(Fruit Bat, PO Box 772412, Carol Springs, FL 33077)

DUMMY - "Dank" CD

Heavy power trio stuff here. Lots of ROLLINS BAND influence shows through, but also some of the harder Chicago math rock. Pretty muscular stuff. All three are good musicians, and the production sounds good—only problem is that some songs sound more inspired than others. Also, some of the vocals start to sound very similar. Still, it's worth looking into. (BG) (no address)

EARTHMOVER - "Death Carved In Every Word" CD

In the pit with bands like ALL OUT WAR and TURMOIL, this band can hold their ground. Kickbox to circle pit, this fucking goes off! (TJ) (+/-, PO Box 7096, Ann Arbor, MI 48107)

ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN - "Rock & Roll Monster" LP

I'm down for the rock, but ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN have never tickled my taste buds. But enough people love 'em that they hardly need any words of praise from me. These are all from the Rik L. Rik vocal era and include the NEGATIVE TREND and F-WORD covers that appeared on 7" (exactly how many of the other eight tracks have been on one 7" or another is too time-consuming a task for me to pursue; Christ in a chicken basket, there's about fifty of 'em), and I've got to admit that Rik's voice has improved (his use of it, at least) over the years. A decent job is done on the MISFITS' "Queen Wasp," but "Savage" doesn't swing like the FUN THINGS. But, as I said... (DD) (Au-go-go, GPO Box 542d, Melbourne, Vic, 3001, AUSTRALIA)

ENVY - "Angers Curse Whispered In The Edge of Despair" CD

Hardcore that is a little confusing to me. At times the vocals make it sound like grindcore, but on the whole it feels like emo hardcore along the lines of HEROIN or even URANUS. Some of the guitar tends to move in the pop direction at times, giving it a catchy edge. Fives songs with vocals in Japanese (I think?) but the insert has the lyrics in English as well. (PA) (HG Fact, 401 Hongo-M, 2-36-2 Yayoi-Cho, Nakano-Ku, Tokyo, 164-0013, JAPAN)

EYELID - "Conflict's Invitation" CD

Four songs of metal influenced straightedge in the vein of EARTH CRISIS or STRIFE. Driving beats that go into those chugga-chugga breakdowns—with an occasional quiet emo breakdown, along with screaming vocals. Compared to so many of these types of bands, they seem to do it quite well. (PA) (Indecision, PO Box 5781, Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

FALL SILENT - "Superstructure" LP

Metal influence like a motherfucker, but this record is still high hitting on the punk meter. And not because of the boring "they're doing something different and that's what punk is about" view. FALL SILENT doesn't get swamped in crunch or lost in guitar noodle. There is the backbone of rock 'n' roll movement that even the most spastic of hardcore bands don't forget. The liner notes claim that FALL SILENT has spent several years getting this LP ready and the lyrical and musical craft benefited from every minute without becoming navel gazing. (TH) (702, PO Box 294, Reno, NV 89504)

FEARLESS/L.O.V.E. - split EP

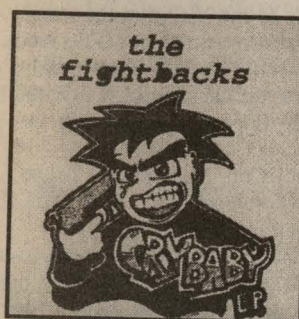
FEARLESS' pop-punk got my toe tapping with "Find Yourself" and kept me hooked with the harder "Speed". Unfortunately, they broke up. L.O.V.E. (LAND OF VALUABLE EARTH) is still together, and are a much more powerful girl band. They're looking for US distro/touring, and I hope they get it, because they are a fucking good all-girl hardcore band. The track "Nothing" is flat out punk rock, while "Real Mind" is a hardcore anthem. I wish there was more, because both these bands are really great. (BC) (Tae Nishigaki, 4-1-1-1017 Nishimakino, Hirakatacity, Osaka 573-1148, JAPAN)



MUSIC REVIEWS

FLATLINERS - "The Chaos Youth" EP

This fucking record rocks your world, punk rocker! We start off with "Fight for Yourself" which has a tough-as-nails TUNNEL RATS sound about it. The FLATLINERS rumble through two more rowdy bits of Texas style punk rock on side one. This raw-as-shit punk-rock record has great gruff singing with inspired electric guitar snarl. Side two gets underway with the smash-it-up hard-ass song "Livin' Like A Rat". Great! "Not one of Them" is a fine punk anthem with traded-off vocals and harmonies. A VERY good record! Get it now !! (BR) (A.D.D., 270 Central St., Hingham, Mass. 02043)



THE FIGHTBACKS - "Cry Baby" EP

Lo-fi hardcore with good melodies and teen angst lyrics. Pretty good but nothing too exciting. (HM) (12MFA, PO Box 310, Cherry Valley, IL 61016)



FRENZAL RHOMB - "We're Goin' Out Tonight" EP

The title track is a poppy little number that gets me thinking to myself: "Self, these guys aren't so bad for a Skate/Fat band". Then they force me to take back aforementioned compliment when they start in with that lame-ass bass solo. The other two tunes are pretty shitty as well. This is what would happen if MxPx and BLINK were to ever hang out at a skate park. I hope

you guys skin your knees for wasting my time. (BM) (Fat, PO Box 193690, San Francisco, CA 94119-3690)



FROM ASHES RISE - "Life And Death" EP

Quite a follow-up to the stinker they put out on Clean Plate last year. A mix up of AMEBIX and ANTI-SECT dirges with bursts of SEPTIC DEATH fighting through. Lyrical and stylistic bleakness abound, a trademark of Tennessee hardcore. (TH)

(Partners In Crime, PO Box 820043, Memphis, TN 38182)

FUNERAL DRESS/BANNER OF HOPE" split 10"

I'm actually eating granola while listening to this, which is probably grounds for execution. (I didn't buy it or anything. I just found in the house, I swear.) A crew of happy, spiky Belgian punks play basic older-style street punk, recalling more of 999 and ONE WAY SYSTEM than the newer, tighter stuff. That's better in my book...clean street sounds are sort of an oxymoron (pun, er, intended?) anyway. FUNERAL DRESS' (gruff) male and BOH's (shrill) female vocalist both rock the anthems. (AC) (Knock Out, Postfach 100716, 46527 Dinslaken, GERMANY)

F.U.2 - "The First Album By..." LP

"What a bunch of fuckin' freaks", as my grandmother woulda put it. We'll never know the true story behind F.U.2, but they were definitely English, certainly ugly (picture the cranked-out biker running the dart toss at the county fair and multiply him by five), and the acronym they employed as a name stood for "fuck you, too." Nice boys. Some thoughtful bootlegger has seen fit to reissue their 1977 debut LP so we can enjoy anti-classics like "Tax Exile", "Manic Depression", "Sniffin' Glue" and "Mean Evil Child" anew. Developmentally-disabled punk rock played by bearded headbangers, kinda stupid, kinda funny, kinda slow. The English CHILD MOLESTERS. I only made it through the first side, but don't let that dissuade you. (JH) (no address)

FUZZTONES - "One Girl Man" EP

.....in the late '80s it was very "uncool" to like the FUZZTONES..... polished '60s sound..... I think everybody thought they were a bunch of posers.... either that or they were jealous of 'em..... I didn't care one way or another....but the MUMMIES came along and changed everything..... it was "cool" to like "lo-fi" and '60s shit and the whole world caught onto it..... I still think it's "uncool" to like the FUZZTONES, but you'll have to admit, there's at least ten thousand bands out there that look and sound like them..... so I guess people were just jealous..... (SW)

(Sun Dazed, PO Box 85, Coxsackie, NY 12051)

THE GAIN/ CRUSH STORY - Split EP

This is more of a slower, poppy GAIN. I can dig their groove, but I prefer them fast and furious. CRUSH STORY sound even more pop and mid tempo. Decent pop. (HM)

(702, PO Box 204, Reno, NV 89504)



MUSIC

REVIEWS



GOJIRA - "The Don't Fear The Cookie Monster" EP

Primitive and crude fastcore that is on the border of grindcore. The opening sample is fucking awesome, as with some of the other stuff in between songs. Although sloppy at times, this is a good first effort. If you need a comparable, let's say that fans of the ULTIMATE WARRIORS will dig this. (MW)

(Soapdodger, 634 Millwood Rd, Toronto, Ont., M4S 1K8, CANADA)

GOLDEN STARLET - "Token Gadgy" LP

Ah, the classic SLAMPT sound if there ever was one (if there ever is one?). This collection puts together both of their classic singles and their demo tape. Imagine SHOP ASSISTANTS-style tribal drumming pushing along crazed female vocals and wall of noise punk guitar. Sorta like a more extreme HUGGY BEAR, with very clever (often ironic, never self-aware or at least never admitting it) lyrics. I had the good fortune of seeing them live when they played with J CHURCH years ago. Nothing is lost in the studio. Now rocking out as the INTERNATIONAL STRIKE FORCE. (LH)

(Paroxysm, PO Box 58133, Washington DC 20037)

GROVER - "The Dooks'll Work It Out! EP

One of the latest Crackle releases, this has a more raw and loose feel compared to SKIMMER and CHOPPER. Still a strong release, though, in fact this almost has an East Bay circa 1990 feel. (RL)

(Crackle!, PO Box 7, Otley, LS21 1YB, UK)

GUNSPIKING - "Strike, Light, Burn" EP

Why, it's the distinct female vocals and attention to time changes of FALSE SACRAMENT with a strong political hardcore twist. If the screamo of FRAIL was distorted enough for you, but too hectic, friend, this EP is for you. (TH)

(\$3: 27 Welsford St, #2, Pittsburgh, PA 15213)

GUY SMILEY - "Alkaline" CD

Nowhere on this CD does it say where this band is from, but my guess is Canada. They are hardcore rock in the GOOD RIDDANCE and BRAND NEW UNIT sorta way, but the CD kinda reminds me a lot of a better produced "Ourselves"-era 7 SECONDS. The songs are structured well, executed with good musicianship and the recording sounds terrific. Accessible and catchy. (PB)

(Devil Doll, PO Box 30727, Long Beach, CA 90853)

GUYANA PUNCH LINE - "Maximum Smashism" LP

Woah! This hits like a kick to the guts! Total fucking hardcore, from the spiraling scratches of the wall of guitars to the machine gun attack of the drums. The key to it all is the new philosophy of Smashism... the willingness to tear it all down and start from scratch. Y2K=Y1. Yep, this band has a punk rock pedigree, but who cares about that? As far as the listener is concerned, this is their first band. Hell, maybe this is THE first band. Comes with disassembly instructions. (AM)

(Prank!, PO Box 410892, San Francisco, CA, 94141-0892)

HELLWORMS - "Glamorous Drug Problem" EP

Already this is my favorite of the month and I haven't even listened to it yet. It's packaging like this that keeps me loyal to vinyl. A one-piece folding jacket with slot in tab closure, red and yellow clear vinyl, all covered in Greg Higgins artwork. This is the second(I think) release from these former members of VICTIMS FAMILY and they just get better. It was recorded and mixed in five hours and it sounds better than what a buncha wankers would take weeks to do. How punk rock is that? (DP)

(Very Small, PO Box 12839, Gainesville, FL 32604)

HERS NEVER EXISTED - "A Static State Of Developmental Disability" LP

I never know quite how to describe this kind of music. Eclectic arrangements with no-wave undercurrents and occasional open structures that build tension with varying degrees of success. A weird emo edge for such a punky band, almost reminding me of the VSS at times. Mix that contemporary West Coast style with doses of PRAG VEC or really early PERE UBU, and you sorta get the idea. Good vocals also really help define the band. (LH)

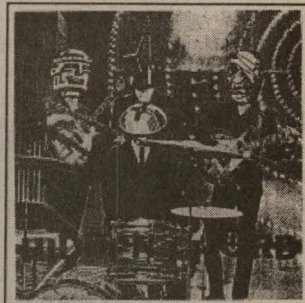
(El Sabado, 1442 A Walnut St PMB 407, Berkeley, CA 94709)

THE HIDDEN CHORD - "I've Blown it Again" EP

Former members of rockin' emo bands such as ORDINATION OF AARON and KILLSADIE, putting the emphasis on rock. The A side is a loud up-tempo rock song, and though they take a little distortion off of the guitar, you can hear a little of their roots showing through. The B side sounds at times like the CLASH, with some organ thrown in.

Confusing at first, pleasurable in the end. (PA)

(Modern Radio, PO Box 8886, Minneapolis, MN 55048)



HOLLY TREE - "Running Out Of Sense" CD

Wow! HOLLY TREE has that RANCID thing down. Those bass lines, the vocals and unintentionally dumb lyrics. A must have for RANCID complete-ists. (HM)

(Silly Sally, Rua Augusta 2190, Suite 222, São Paulo, SP, Cep 01412-000 BRAZIL)

HOG - "Máscara" EP

HOG play some brutal Mexican grindcore. The recording is really heavy, the lyrics discuss contemporary political and social issues, etc. Kind of like a more primitive DESPISE YOU. (MW)

(HOG, San Borja 633-403, Col. Del Valle, C.P. 03100, MEXICO D.F.)

MUSIC REVIEWS

HYMANS - "A Hyman World" CD

When this Swedish band came through my bin like five years ago, they received a typical merciless bashing, but that was when everyone was doing that copy-the-RAMONES shit, and they seemed to disappear anyway. Some things you shred in a review and then soon forget, I never forgot the HYMANS. First of all, for their ridiculous and horrible name, then for the most unabashed, talentless, thieving schtick I've ever seen or heard—really, the worst. Some of those bands I really dug, like HEAD and the RICHIES, and yes early QUEERS, but this is a complete copycat waste of time chord for chord. Dammit, just be gone already, you suck!!! (RY)

(Vamp, 92 Kenilworth Ave. S. Hamilton, Ontario, CANADA L8K 2S9)

THE JEWWS - "Heartbreaker" 10"

The title track is one of the catchiest songs I have heard in a long time. One play, and I am singing it all day. Fantastic. All the songs are great. Garage rock with very cool vocals. Attitude galore. I like it. (CK)

(Remedial, PO Box 66403, Houston, TX 77266)

JET BOYS - "Jumpin' Jet Flash" CD

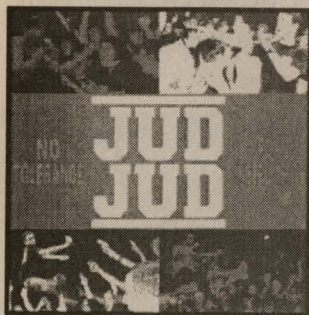
How don't you love a Japanese band singing "Kick Ass USA?". Awwww! If you didn't know, these kids rock... a lot! They don't exactly pick up where TEENGENERATE left off, but you wouldn't want them to. The girl drummer and vocalist, Skinny Minnie, has severe JOAN JETT-itis, and could sing more, for my taste. They give you many little songs. They don't ever let up—it's on adrenalin overdrive throughout. All three members trade off lead vocals, which keeps it amusing. There are so many borrowed song titles—"Stupid Jerk", "High Time", "Destroyer", "I Wanna Live"—I thought it was a covers record, but the only real cover is "I Wanna Fuck Myself". Embrace the JET BOYS. (RY)

(ZK, 3-3-2-1F, Shibuya, Shibuyaku, Tokyo, JAPAN)

JOCKS - "Martha Must Die" CD

Ok, the name says it all. Simple, repetitive, mindnumbing music to play at frat parties. (DP)

(New Disorder, 445 14th St., San Francisco, CA 94103)



JUD JUD - "No Tolerance For Instruments" EP

Back for a second round of their warped version of straight edge hardcore. Two guys doing modern straight edge style hardcore a cappella style. Hence the name of their band is JUD JUD. While I think this is brilliant, especially with the rip off of BOLD's "Speak Out" album cover, how necessary are two EPs of this senseless mindfuck? Nevertheless this is definitely worth checking out for some solid gut-busting laughs if you have never heard them before. No lyric sheet like the last EP. Now that was funny! (RC)

(Schematics, no address)

JUMPIN' BEANS AND THE MOUSTACHES - "Memphis/ Around And Around"

Gets the prize for most minimal/mysterious package this month: plain xeroxed sleeve, next to no information except for the songs titles and an off-white photo of three guys with instruments. Music within consists of two somewhat disembodied, deconstructed CHUCK BERRY songs. Plodding, noisy, and noise-drenched amid a slow druggy beat. BLUES EXPLOSION on a mixture of time-slowng pharmaceuticals. (JY)

(Ball, PO Box 152, Gardner, MI 04345)

JUMPIN' BEANS AND THE MOUSTACHES - "Strychnine/ Complication"

Two covers, recorded so poorly that you can barely make out the songs. In fact, "Complication" has barely any resemblance to the original. It's muddled, distorted, and lacking listenability. (CK)

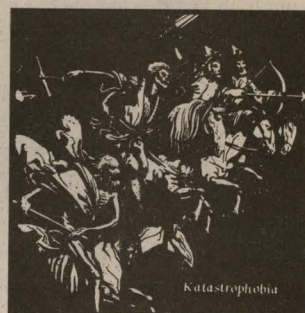
(Ball, PO Box 152, Gardner, MI 04345)



KALASTROPHOBIA - "Irreversible Damage" EP

Great stuff recorded a bit ago (1997) from this substantial European hardcore band. Huge poster sleeve with lyrics and so forth, and a smaller booklet with lyric explanations. The music is fast, charismatic and piercing—there's an urgency that few bands employ as well. Tell me there's more!! (TM)

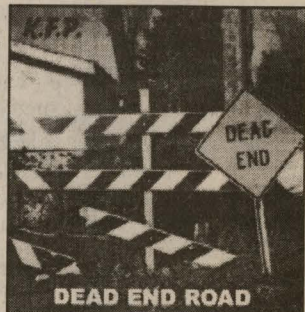
(Nabate, BP 92, 4000 Liege 1, BELGIUM)



K.F.P. - "Dead End Road" EP

Sloppy pop punk in the later QUEERS vein. A bit too sloppy for my tastes in this way over-killed genre. (RL)

(20516 Hwy 53, Gulfport, MS 39503)



MUSIC REVIEWS

KIDS LIKE US



KIDS LIKE US - "Truth Alone Triumphs" EP

KIDS LIKE US play straight-ahead melodic youth crew style hardcore a la VISION/DAG NASTY or JUSTICE LEAGUE. Lyrically, this EP deals with such topics as intolerance, staying positive, and questioning the things you do. In addition, there is a summary of what each song is about in the liner notes. I do find it sort of odd that

KIDS LIKE US condemn those who preach intolerance in the name of religion, but still thank both the Oslo and Brooklyn Krishna Temple. Still, besides that, this is another excellent release from... (JF)
(Commitment, Klein Muiden 38, 1393 RL Nigtevecht, HOLLAND)



KILLSWITCH - "Wreck" EP

"Wreck" is a little bit LA X in feel, as singer Ayn examines the destroyed contents of a room in her multi-pitched full rock voice. All three songs are up-tempo and fast, relying much more on basic rock energy than pop hooks or gimmicks. I have a feeling that a full-length could bring out moments of brilliance that aren't quite realized here, but this is a powerful, fun listen on its own. (AC)

(Firmament, PO Box 420484, San Francisco, CA 94142)

KLASSE KRIMINALE - "I Ragazzi Son Innocenti" LP

You skins and punks must be living right! Knock Out Records from Dinslaken, Germany has just released a great new LP by the famous anti-racist Italian skinhead band KLASSE KRIMINALE! This fucker has great music, great lyrics and continues the legacy of KLASSE KRIMINALE as one of the foremost standard bearers for this brand of oi! Most of the songs are up-tempo with an occasional slower melodic bit. Some of the lyrics in "This is Italy" are: "Taxes to live/ Corrupt parties, social climbers, mass media are boss./ Rich and poor people don't exist anymore/ Without a class we're even poorer." Superb politics. Fine songwriting. Get this record! (BR)
(Knockout, Postlach, 10.17.16 46527 Dinslaken, GERMANY)

KOAN - "The Imagery Is Senseless" CD

No lyrics here, so I'm giving them the benefit of the doubt by saying they're smart and not just trying to be deep (like most emo-pop these days). It's funny how many bands are willing to be trite in some lost effort at poetics. Well, this band is really catchy in an indie sort of way. Someone told me that this sounds like the PROMISE RING. It actually really reminds me of the VAN PELT meets WAXX. It's those Mac style Merge vocals that we all love so much. Really enjoyable, especially in this raw state. (LH)
(Halo Of Merchants, 3855 Narrows Rd, Erlanger, KY 41018)

KUNG FU RICK / BAD ACID TRIP - split EP

It almost pains me to listen to this EP. I missed KUNG FU RICK at Gilman Street, and was barraged with stories about how fucking great they were live. Anyway, this is some full speed ahead hardcore. Dark, heavy and pissed... it crushes. BAD ACID TRIP break out with six tracks of blazing fast thrashcore. Simple and stripped down, just how I like it. I would like to see these guys do a full length LP with like 30-40 songs on it. Now that would be rad. (RC)

(Josh Lyons, 49 Wilcox Street, Rochester, NY 14607)

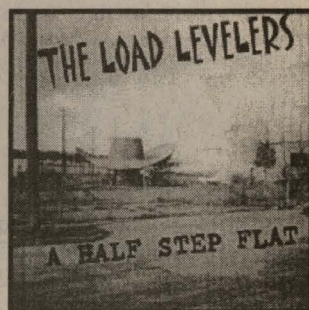


LAWRENCE ARMS - "A Guided Tour of Chicago" CD

Driving pop punk, heavily influenced by early JAWBREAKER, especially in the vocals. Unlike many others, they have a couple of things going for them: catchy song writing, songs that aren't too long (the correct length for music of the sort) and decent vocals. More of the second vocalist and more songs like "The Northside..." and "18 Inches", please. If you're a sucker for shit like JON COUGAR CONCENTRATION CAMP or GROUND ROUND, like I am, then you may be into this. (PA)
(Asian Man)

THE LOAD LEVELERS - "A Half Step Flat" EP

Good down home country thrash makes this my favorite record this month! This'll satisfy any NINE POUND HAMMER fans hungry for new tunes. (HM)
(\$3 ppd: Ain't That A Rat's Ass, PO Box 25453, Seattle, WA 98125)



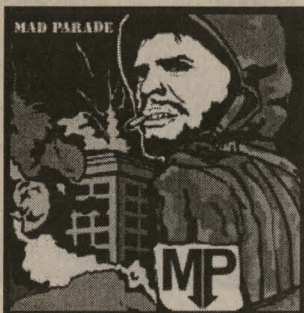
LONELY KINGS - "What If?" CD

More melodic punk, with a heavy rock influence and emphasis on melody. It's pretty solid, and has great production. The only problem is that it might be a little too slick. Not bad, overall. Definitely the spawn of bands like DAG NASTY and DOWN BY LAW. Mid paced and pretty rocking. (BG)
(Fearless, 13772 Goldenwest St 545, Westminster, CA 92683)

LUGNUT - "Like The Dickens" CD

Super fucking fast, super fucking tight (as fuck), super fucking Christian No shit, they reference "God" and bible passages throughout this CD, and they even have a song entitled "Punx For Christ". A good record to masturbate to! (JV)
(Screaming Giant, PO Box 101, Dana Point, CA 92629)

MUSIC REVIEWS



MAD PARADE - "We Stand Alone" EP

The old "wanna be 1979 brit punk" band from the '80s have a decent new release. I wonder if they still play "One Tin Soldier" live? This is a pretty rockin' release, especially compared to the later old MAD PARADE releases. I don't hear nearly as much of THE UNDERTONES vocal thing. Sounds good to me, even though I

haven't kept up with their more recent releases. Limited too. (RL)
(Dr. Strange, PO Box 7000-117, Alta Loma, CA 91701)

MAN WITHOUT PLAN/SUPER HI-5 split CD

I don't really understand split CDs as a format, except the whole cost-effectiveness deal. MAN WITHOUT PLAN is pretty good hardcore, but the vocals are awful, and I can only understand about 10% of the words. Enunciation is a good thing. Ironically, there's a song called "Stop singing, moron." SUPER HI-5 has the same problem. It's a straight-out punk band that sounds pretty good, but the singer sounds like he's whining with novocaine in his mouth. Then this metal-sounding guy joins in. Not a winning combination. There is a song called "Sid and Tonic." It's not all that good, but it's a good title. The song "Nice and Easy" is annoying, whiny and wussy, and I'm not listening to the last three tracks. This is pissing me off. (BC)
(Fast Music, 368 Broadway #511, New York, NY 10013)

MIDTOWN - "The Sacrifice Of Life" CD

Five songs of clean, mid-tempo pop punk with emo leanings. Somewhere in between BIG DRILL CAR and everyone who is trying to be like later JAWBREAKER. The CD never really takes you anywhere and left me tired after a couple of songs. Though I could see this being a big hit, it just doesn't hit me. (PA)
(Pinball, 977 Valley Rd, D3-329, Gillette, NJ 07933)



MORONIQUE - "Twelve" EP

A decent dose of melodic emo punk a la GAMEFACE and FACE TO FACE. Maybe they should have the word "face" in their band name. Definitely tight, catchy, and done right. Worth tracking down. (RL)
(Punk Bear, PO Box 252, Dumont, NJ 07628)

THE MR. T EXPERIENCE - "Alcatraz" LP

This will be either the second or third time in their history that people will shrug their shoulders and wonder what ever happened to the MR. T EXPERIENCE. I doubt that this record would even be reviewed here without the band's pop punk history, but it doesn't seem to be a bad thing for them. Growing into more of a power pop sound, they have chosen to keep much the same guitar sound as before, while selectively adding piano, organ and a little trumpet. The songwriting still holds traces of the pop that first gained them fame, but they are leaning heavily on straight rock sounds. After a couple listens you should forget what they used to sound like and let it grow on you. Who really wanted another boring pop punk record anyway? (PA)
(Lookout, PO Box 11374, Berkeley, CA 94712-2374)

THE MR. T EXPERIENCE - "Alcatraz" LP

Fuck this. These guys are the FUGAZI of pop-punk. (TH)
(Lookout)

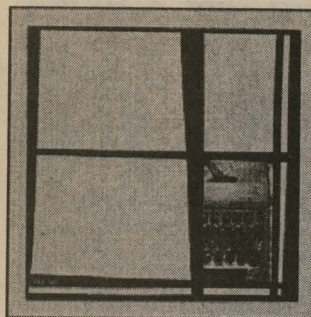
THE MOORAT FINGERS - "Schlitzed" LP

I'm getting off big time this week kiddies... yeah the PER-SUADERS and the MOORAT FINGERS... double orgasmo. Yeah what ever you do... don't stop baby... keep rattlin'-my-brain and ravagin' my soul with that raunchy rock 'n' roll. It's just what the doctor ordered. Lucky for me, I've been hooked on this pill for a while since a friend brought this bad medicine back from Germany a few months back... good thing too, because the *Maximum* copy we received is warped as fuck, only plays about half way through... no es bueno. So if yer partial to mackin'-down on the likes of the BASEBALL FURIES, HENRY FIAT'S OPEN SORE, or the DWARVES you'll wanna pick-up on this one like now! What the hell is a MOORAT FINGER anyway? (DL)
(Into The Vortex, Fehrfeld 26, 28203 Bremen, GERMANY)

THE MOPES - "Accident Waiting To Happen" LP

I always feel weird when I review something I already own. If you aren't hip to the MOPES yet, I'll do you a favor and fill you in: they're Dan Vapid, John Jughead, Dan Lumley and B-Face. Apparently, a few years ago, while Vapid was on tour with B-Face and the QUEERS, the two of them started to work on some songs together, and now they've grabbed Juggy and Lumley. This is their second release, and it's one of the best albums I've heard in a while. They've definitely shown a maturation since their first EP, being that there aren't any songs about apes or hairballs. No, instead, just solid instrumentals and catchy heart felt love songs. It sounds a lot like the less RAMONES influenced tracks off of the RIVERDALES' first album. Their live performance lacks in motion, but makes up with presence. (BM)
(Lookout!)

MUSIC REVIEWS



MY LAI - "Paper Tiger" EP

One sided single, which sucks, as that means you get less. MY LAI are the best thing I know of in Chicago at the moment—awesome stuff. Frenzied, anthemic and riding that line between structure and cacophony. Packaging is ace as well—minimal info, but looks nice and covers the basics. Well done. (TM)
(My Lai, PO Box 470650, Chicago, IL 60647)

NAIVE - "Title In Russian" CD

Other than a scene report mention, this is the first I've heard from NAIVE since MRR put out their LP in '91. Just so you know, NAIVE is a Russian band and that LP was straight up punk with plenty of sneer. This CD has the basic sound, but with a bit less contempt coming through. Most of the lyrics are in Russian, a notable exception is the anti-straight edge song. (TH)
(address in Russian)

NOBODY - CD

These are the dumbest vocals I've ever heard with the possible exception of the STOICS. It sounds like this guy is sucking helium while being anally raped and screaming lyrics like, "Are you horny?" I think he's trying to be Jello Biafra and failing miserably. The drummer is ex-skater Scott Smiley, and is actually the best member of a mediocre band. "Now every pro skater on Beer City is currently or was once in a punk band." I was impressed too. How else would they be on Beer City? So, the vocals suck, the production is pretty bad, and the sound is really low. This should never have been made. I can't get over how bad this guy sings. R. Shively, you suck. Stop singing. If I ever saw this guy I'd kick his "nine-inch dick" with my steel-toed boots, which couldn't possibly make his voice any higher. (BC)
(Beer City)

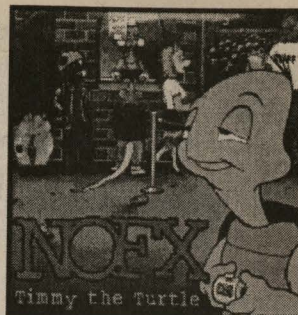
NOISE POLLUTION/PROTESS - split EP

The side from Japan's PROTESS (one song) is about six minutes longer than it probably should have been. Clocking in (roughly) around 7 minutes 45 seconds, this ridiculously long punk rock mini-"Tommy" started to lose me after my attention drifted to daydreams of riding my bicycle around this nice San Francisco summer day. Nonetheless, this is musically somewhere not too far off the path from NEUROSIS meets the GAIA. And I'm totally guessing here, but I wonder if the woman Yumi that sings here is the same Yumi that played guitar in the GAIA? Now Ireland's NOISE POLLUTION, on the other hand, do two relatively well-timed tunes (one is just shy of two minutes, the other is just over two). These are the songs I'd be listening to while cruising the aforementioned bike down Market Street. Some early EXTREME NOISE TERROR, some POISON IDEA at times, package it nicely in a two minute song (hopefully shorter) and I am satisfied. Look around San Francisco at all the speeding SUVs and silly people on cell phones drinking lattes; everyone's in such a fucking hurry these days, time is of the essence and cannot afford to be spent timing an eight-minute EP (or typing a wordy and boring record review, completely devoid of caffeine's loving arms... ah...). The bright sunshiny day is calling me. (PB)

(MCR, 157 Kamiagu Maizuru Kyoto, 624-0913 JAPAN)

NOFX - "Timmy the Turtle/The Plan"

"Timmy" is a whack tune sung with English accents and is good for nothing but the top rate graphics. "The Plan" has that patent NOFX sound and is pretty good. (HM)
(Fat, PO Box 193690, San Francisco, CA 94119-3690)



NUCLEAR SATURDAY - "I Am Jon Stone" CD

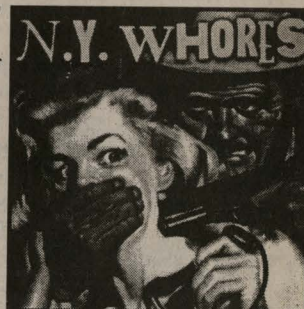
SCREW 32 comes to mind when NS bursts out with tons of hooks and punchy drums. Good production and lots of melody make this a head-bobbin' thumbs up. (HM)
(206, 8314 Greenwood Ave North, Suite 102, Seattle, WA 98103)

NUEVO CATECISMO CATOLICO - "Aun No Habeis Visto Nada" LP

The guitarist's last name is Ibanez, and he plays a Mosrite, but this band is neither bad metal nor RAMONES wannabes. More like a Spanish version of the HELLACOPTERS. (DP)
(No Tomorrow, APDO 1134. 12080 Castellon, SPAIN)

N.Y. WHORES - "Play The Fool" EP

I might like this band more if this record were mixed differently. The vocals are way too clean and in the foreground, and the drums are flat like the skins are too tight or something. The songs are pretty good '77-style punk rock, but it's missing the mark just a little. (DP)
(Rapid Pulse, PO Box 5075, Milford, CT 06460)



ONEXMORE - "They Say That You Sold Out" CD

These Belgian straight-edge kids know how to blast out the catchy positive youth crew. Keeping it alive and meaningful. If you're down with youth crew, you know, in the Netherlands there is a gold rush! (TJ)
(Commitment, Klein Muiden 38, 1393 RL Nigtevecht, the NETHERLANDS)



MUSIC REVIEWS

ONE WAY SYSTEM - "Gutter Box" 3xLP

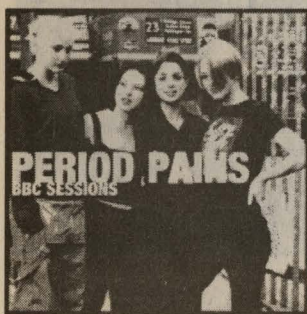
Three records, one a singles collection and the other two being the "Writing on the Wall" and "All Systems Go" LPs. Pretty cool early '80s leather-and-bristles punk from the U.K., which rocks. Pick this up and see where OXYMORON got their sound and keen fashion sense. (RM)
(Get Back, Piazza Maltoni 16 50065 Pontassieve, Firenze, ITALY)

PARANOYA - "Out" EP

Five songs from this West German band with sort of a CHAOS UK-like style, but with a much tougher edge to it. Two songs are in English, but the rest is in German. My favorite song starts off as a German ballad before picking up the pace. This is a pretty good 7". These guys have really ugly punk rock friends though. The inside cover is sick. (SR)
(Na unD?!., F. Surmann, Hohe Strasse 31, 59065, Hamm, GERMA-
NY)

PART-TIME WHORE - "Home" LP

This is all over the map, in a good way. Emo hardcore, arty agit-punk, melodic math-rock, it's all here. It sounds as if it was recorded live at times, and it can be hard to make out exactly what's going on. I'd really like to hear a four-song seven inch of this band, doing their favorite stuff, and recorded in a way that would show them at their best. There are some great moments on this LP, but they get lost in the clamor. It does come with a full lyric fold-out and some neat artwork. On the whole, you can tell a lot of effort and heart went into this release, and I certainly hope to hear more in the future. (AM)
(\$5 ppd: Meat Slap, PO Box 73034, Las Vegas, NV 89170)



PERIOD PAINS "BBC Sessions" EP

Recorded in 1997, the three tracks on this punchy release combine vocals reminiscent of early SIOUXSIE & the BANSHEES with fairly standard powerchord punk. Crusty guitars and fast tempos energize the proceedings, as do the amusing themes on songs like "Homework" and "Daddy I Want a Pony". Might appeal to girl-band aficionados, but for most it's about average.

(SS)

(Damaged Goods, PO Box 671, London E17 6NF, UK)

THE PERSUADERS - LP

Yeah, well maybe I'm just a horny ho, but this is sum good fuckin' music... no not makin' love I said, fuckin'. Sticky, rude, lewd, and crude rock 'n' roll that just don't give a fuck. Lo-brow recordin', savage sand paper vocals that grade, and raw-bluesy-fuzz-o-rific geetar with OBLIVIANS/REATARDS-esqe attitude... yeah stripped down rock 'n' roll that don't tease... just takes it all off. The last track is a tore-up version of the BOYS' "First Time". Yeah, mommies keep your virgins locked up, because this vinyl will make all those nice lil' girls and boys go totally mental and believe me their hips will follow. Whoa... (DL)

(Savage, Margaretav. 26 G, 187 Taby, SWEDEN)

PIMPS - "Wicca Chicka" EP

This record makes me want to become a punk-preying serial killer. I haven't an ounce of tolerance, not an inch of capacity in my world, for total crap garbage like this. Stuff can be shit...and then it can be disturbingly bad shit. Like, the only time I will waste on this is wondering how people could be so fucking into their own bullshit that they think they can interest the rest of us in it. What does it sound like? I told you—shit! Free box, here you come! (RY)
(Rapid Pulse, PO Box 5075 Milford, CT 06460)

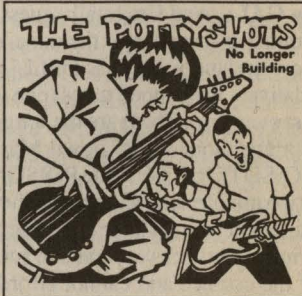


PITBOSS 2000 - "Everyone's A Winner" CD

Well, for those of you that don't know, PITBOSS 2000 are ex-ONE LIFE CREW. So I think you can imagine where things go from here. With songs like "Welfare Driveby", "Bomb Tibet", "Bros Before Hoes", "Fat Pig", "Blow The Ladder" and "Texas Is The Reason Emo Kids Suck", I figured this was about as ridiculous as it comes. They have a statement in the liner notes that says their sole purpose as a band is for "Hardcore Entertainment", and that people shouldn't take themselves so seriously and to be up for some "good natured ribbing, and to engage in some politically incorrect dialogue." Something tells me that if a random person verbally attacked PITBOSS 2000 with some so-called "good natured ribbing", that person would be on the receiving end of some well placed fists. I also believe that people shouldn't take themselves so seriously, but I really don't think that viewing somebody that you don't agree with as a "fag" or a "whore" is really the way to go about it. These guys try so hard to be politically incorrect and controversial, and in the end they come across as a bunch of moronic buffoons. Threatening, controversial or even remotely funny? I don't think so. Shit like this brings to mind a mix of Rush Limbaugh and Andrew Dice Clay set to fast hardcore music. These guys seem to be laying out the bait and most people seem to bite. They obviously thrive on the attention they garner within the hardcore scene. And in the end what should be nothing more than a mere blip on the hardcore screen turns into a mammoth concern not even worth the effort. (RC)
(Use Your Head)

THE POTTYSHOTS - "No Longer Building" EP

Four pretty generic instrumentals. Not quite surf, not quite emo, but with definite influences of both. (CK)
(\$3.50 ppd: Beeshu, 1421 North 69th St, Milwaukee, WI 53213)



MUSIC REVIEWS

POXY - "The Very End" CD

Let me describe what the band looks like from the photos on this CD and I'll let you guess what they sound like. Spiky hair, leather jackets covered in studs with DISCHARGE, MAJOR ACCIDENT and PARTISANS written on the back in white paint. Still not sure? Okay here's some bands they've played shows with: BASTARD SQUAD, AUS-ROTTEN and the CASUALTIES. Eight songs total. Not bad, but pretty generic and predictable. (RM)
(A.D.D., 270 Central St., Hingham, MA 02043)

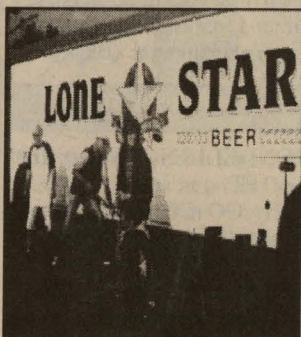


THE PRICKS - "Horror House On Highway Five" EP

This is fast, thrashy, and kinda spooky, like a cross between FYP and the MISFITS. Don't take that as a literal comparison, though, cuz it's apples and oranges. The songs are decent, but there's nothing outstanding about any of it. Save your pennies for pills and glue. (JN)
(Rubber City, PO BOX 8349, Akron, OH. 44320-0349)

PROCESS IS DEAD/A DEATH BETWEEN SEASONS - split 45

Hail brutal noise metal! PROCESS IS DEAD festers from their soft moody build ups to chaotic metalcore explosions. All along, venomous screams take command. ADBS annoys with excessive sound bites before blowing your ears out with their brutality and overdone distortion. That's a good thing. (TJ)
(Hide The Bodies, no address)



THE PUT-DOWNS - "National Band Of Texas" EP

The PUT-DOWNS sound a bit like MR. T EXPERIENCE. Not modern day MTX, but MTX back in '89, when they were destroying posers at the Gilman St. Project. It's mostly their singer, who sounds like Dr. Frank's evil twin. The songs are raw & simple. Poppy, yet not sissified. An extra toot from my horns for their good, old-fashioned, crime-glorifying cover. (JN)
(Turkey Baster, PO Box 222059,

Dallas, TX. 75222)

RADIO BIRDMAN - "Radios On!" LP

Recorded before an invited audience in 1996, this veteran Aussie outfit delivers fourteen songs with great sound, including reprises of their best material. As a band, they've always owed a little to the STOOGES, and two songs here ("Not Right" and "TV Eye") get decent reprises. But it's classic original material like "Burned My Eye" (which rivals the studio version) and "Aloha Steve & Danno" that seem to sustain the most power. Superior proto-punkish outing, even if the mix often drowns Rob Younger's vocals. Get it. (SS)
(no address)

RANDOM CONFLICT - "New World Order" CD

Decent punk—upbeat and energetic. I'm more enthusiastic about the faster stuff (like "1987"—which incidentally made me feel pretty old!!), but it's well done throughout. They espouse their political aspirations in the included info, but spend several songs attacking people in songs like "Whore" and "Heavy Metal Slut". Perhaps tolerance comes with time, eh? (TM)
(\$10 ppd: Random Conflict, PO Box 12262, Huntsville AL, 35815-2262)

RANDY - "You Can't Keep A Good Band Down" CD

A few years ago, RANDY were the band that everyone I know was talking about. Not because they were an amazingly catchy punk band, but because they had a song about the many uses of peanuts. Back with what seems to be their third or fourth album, RANDY have leaped into the forefront the Swedish punk scene. Imagine some of the better parts of NOFX and RANCID with intellectual lyrics about atheism, dismantling governmental structures and being working class. Every song is amazingly catchy with at least one part that will have you singing along. One of the best punk records I've heard in ages. (LH)
(G-7 Welcoming Committee, O ox 3-905 Corydon Ave. Winnipeg, MB R3M-3S3, CANADA)

RAT BASTARDS - "Perpetual Disorder" CD

A new full length album from this band on Beer City Records. 13 new songs, plus five songs off their old 7"s. This Chicago band delivers straight-forward really fast hardcore. It's just pretty average—nothing really stands out to me. The cover is pretty funny though—they put pictures of themselves in a photo of freaks. (SR)
(Beer City, PO Box 26035, Milwaukee, WI 53226-0035)

REALITY - "Young Drunk Punks" CD

A UK band from 1982 or so. Don't let the title fool you, This is not street punk from yesteryear. More of a post punky UK DECAY or MOB type band. A single and an EP with less quality live and demo tracks. Not a bad release, if you can find it in your local shop at a decent price. Not essential but worthwhile. (RL)
(Overground, PO 1NW, Newcastle Upon Tyne, NE99 1NW, UK)

THE REAL KIDS - "No Place Fast" LP

.....well, it looks like Norton is pretty much responsible for digging up the REAL KIDS and brushing them off and getting them ready for their second career.... all the REAL KIDS re-issues have been put out by Norton over the years.... including a live album some years ago..... now this month there are two new slabs for yer pleasure.... this album contains stuff from the unreleased "Outta Place" LP and the TAXI BOYS EP on Bomp..... nice fotos of Hippy Johnny and crew..... a quality job.... the kids are gonna love this..... (SW)
(Norton, Box 646, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276)

MUSIC REVIEWS

THE REAL KIDS - "Better Be Good" LP

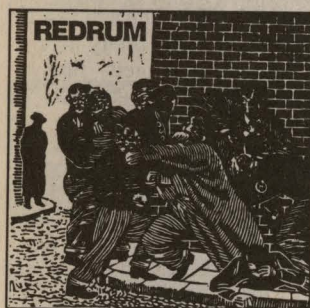
By now I hope you all know that the the first REAL KIDS record is among the best power pop/punk records of the late seventies, and if you don't already own it, or the reissue on Norton, you should. Your opinion on that record is very valuable in judging this here slab of vinyl. These are outtakes from that record, along with the first REAL KIDS seven-inch on Sponge Records and some demos done for Bomp while the boys were self-destructing. None of this lives up to that first record on Red Star. It's all alright, but none of it has the over the top, fuck-you-up energy that I expect from the REAL KIDS, though the Bomp demos are, as far as I can tell, totally unreleased. This is for the completists out there only, of which there are many I'm sure. (ST)

(Norton, PO Box 646, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276)

RED LONDON - "Once Upon A Generation" LP

I don't remember exactly. There's some connection between RED LONDON and RED ALERT other than both being from Sunderland (brothers? third cousins? soulmates in a lonely universe?). At any rate, like their fellow northerners, RED LONDON are back and as good as ever on what turns out to be their final recording. Much more solid production than back in the day. The main archetypes here seem to be a) look back and laugh, b) you can never look back, and c) we're breaking up. It's a shame, as they've got more catchy tunes on this record than most punk bands have in their entire careers. Quintessential skinhead music. (LH)

(Knockout, Postfach 100716, 46527 Dinslaken, GERMANY)



REDRUM - "Sack Of Shit" EP

A 45 with a big hole in the center, and this still has eight songs on it. You tell me what it sounds like. The songs are more complicated than you'd think, being that they're only a minute long—you've got time changes and breakdowns, all very well played, but this still left me less than impressed. I'm not going to run out and buy it, but I will check out their next release. (SS)

(702, PO Box 204, Reno, NV 89504)



RED STARS - "Welcome To The Party/We Lost"

Fuzzy and primitive, with a REAL KIDS sleeve rip off. I'm a little disconcerted by the NATION OF ULYSSES guitar riff holding "Welcome to the Party" together. They really ought to get that propensity to steal looked at. Optionally, they could take the sound to new, undiscovered levels. Sure. (AC)

(Far Out, PO Box 14361, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33302)

THE REFORMED - "The Days Of Our Youth" CD

This is most likely what PRESSURE POINT sounded like early on in their career, and they seem to have a following so... mine as well keep with it. Lyrics? Well, they're not too original. Similar to 95% of the bands in this genre. (NF)

(Elevator Music, PO Box 1502, New Haven CT 06050)

RHYTHM THIEVES - "Blond Rock" CD

I'm not so sure BLUES TRAVELER would appreciate this band stealing their sound and getting it reviewed in MRR. This is for jocks in Birkenstocks—Slovenia must have those too! This is just plain wrong, I gotta make it go away. Kill the Slovenian harmonica boy! All 5'4" of GEORGE THOROGOOD could kick this band's ass in his little high heeled boots no less. I'm not even sure that's a mess I'd want to watch. Yech!!! (RY)

(FV, Statara Distro, Resljeva 26, 1000 Ljubljana, SLOVENIA)

RIISTETYT - "Proloaded Millennium" CD

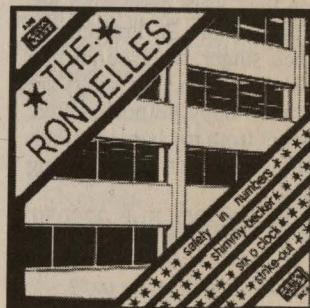
Hmm, this is interesting. I can't quite tell what this is but it seems to be somewhat of a "best of" for this classic Finnish punk band that existed in the early to mid '80s. According to the liner notes there are three songs on this that were recorded in 1999. Those three songs weren't so good, due to the extremely freaky vocals full of echo effects. The rest of it is what you would expect from that time era of Finnish hardcore. Catchy as hell, mid-tempo punk with those mesmerizing Finnish vocals rounding things out. OK class, this is your recommended history lesson for the month. (RC)

(Propaganda, Box 393, 00101 Helsinki, FINLAND)

ROMEOS DEAD/THE BURDENS - split EP

This is a split between two bands that sound as if they'd be more comfortable and current in the late-'70s/early-'80s than now. From their LA punk-of-yesteryear sound, to their fashion boutique-style punk clothes. Please pass me something more substantial. (BG)

(Pelado, 521 W Wilson 6103, Costa Mesa, CA 92627)



THE RONDELLES - "Safety In Numbers" EP

Early GO GO's back when they had songs like "Fun With Ropes" are definitely one of their influences, what else, SLANT 6 maybe? I'm amazed on how many names I can drop. If you do not understand my reviews, learn punk history you asshole! (EC)

(Teenbeat, PO Box 3265, Arlington, VA 22203)

RUPTURE - "Righteous Apes" CD

A collection of RUPTURE tracks from various singles (most of which are near impossible to find). While their newer stuff is shy of being horrible, their earlier stuff was pretty incredible, even when it was trying to piss off all the "PC" punks. 61 songs in all. (MW)

(Yeah Mate, Po Box 17, Victoria Park WA, 6979 AUSTRALIA)

MUSIC

REVIEWS

THE SAINTS - "I'm Stranded" LP

Now here's a blessing. The very first punk album re-released for all you undeserving lil' heathens to sink your sinful teeth into... mmmmm... you'll think you've died and gone to heaven. Australia's seminal buzzsaw punk wonders originally released this awesome wax back in '77 on EMI. It has subsequently been re-released on Triple X, etc. but this temptin' piece of vinyl includes four bonus tracks brothers and sisters. So if you can get a hold of this thing, don't miss out on the SAINTS' sublime brand o' breathless snotty vocals, disdainful caustic lyrics, raw and full-speed guitars, and devastating hooks that sting in all the right places. Man, what can I say that you don't already know? The SAINTS are the answer to your punk rock prayers. Amen. (DL) (no address)

SATANIC SURFERS - "Songs From The Crypt" CD

Here's an idea, not a good one mind you, but an idea. SCREECHING WEASEL, JOHN COUGAR CONCENTRATION CAMP, and SATANIC SURFERS should tour together. This way we could watch as the musicianship progressively grows worse while ironically the bands seem to get better. Kill me now. (JV) (Bad Taste, St. Sodergr, 38,222 23 Lund, SWEDEN)



THE SCONEHEADS - "Larry Grayson Is A Gestapo Agent" EP

The SCONEHEADS were formed in late 1979 in Penrith, Cumbria, England. This little SCONEHEADS EP is excellent primitive guitar chug-punk with the stripped down appeal of the DESPERATE BICYCLES. The songs on this limited record are from the original SCONEHEADS recording sessions on February 28 and March 13, 1981. The tunes have stood

the test of time. You must order this classic early example of British adolescent punk at once! (BR) (North, 26 Hardhorn Way, Poulton-Le-Flyde FY68AE, ENGLAND)

SCREAMINGFATRAT - "Nothing Stands The Pressure Of The Clash City Rockers..." CD

Beautiful swirling chaos. Melody and dissonance dancing wildly in an eternal embrace. This surprisingly amazing CD embodies such grand sentiments, and more. Take the absolute best moments of RITES OF SPRING, DRIVE LIKE JEHU, and HÜSKER DÜ, and you'll start to get the picture. This Japanese band rocks my world like nothing has in a while. After hearing so many boring rehash bands, it reminds you of how refreshing and expressive guitars can be, when put in the right hands. The cover is a great take off from "Black Market Clash", too. I know this is the kind of thing I'd like to hear when the real Armageddon Time comes. Buy this! (BG)

(\$11 ppd: Snuffy Smile, 4 24 4 302 Daizawa, Setagaya, Tokyo, 155 0032 JAPAN)

SET ALPHA SIX - "Thousands Of Feet Above The Earth" CD

This has all the elements of a melodic emo rock band that I should really dig. Loud yet intricate guitars, a singer who can actually sing alright, etc. It is pretty good, but it doesn't fully grab me. Maybe the songwriting isn't quite strong enough, or the production that is just so "now" sounding, that in a few years it'll sound dated... I don't know, it definitely has its moments. (BG) (Pinball, 977 Valley Rd, D3 329, Gillette, NJ 07933)

THE SHITGIVEITS - "Freedom From Reality" CD

Something like twenty songs of fast, thrashy, mid to late eighties punk/hardcore (LIFESSENTENCE comes to mind) with a tinge of metal. After about two songs things start to get a bit boring. (RM) (Industrial Strength, 2824 Regatta Blvd., Richmond, CA 94804)

SHOCKTROOPS - "Fun and Fury" LP

Standard issue street punk, whatever that means at this point, right down to the song titles such as "Outraged", Punx 'n' Skins Won't Take It" and "There's No Retreat". Nothing bad but nothing spectacular either. Actually one or two of the songs that have more of straight up rock 'n' roll feel are really good. Maybe an EP would've been a better call. (RM) (Knockout, Postfach 10 07 16, 42=6527, Dinslaken, GERMANY)

SIDE SIXTY SEVEN - "Inspired" CD

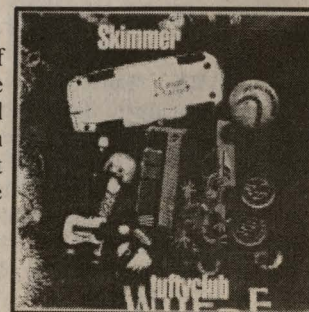
Six songs, living snugly with the brick walls of the melodic hardcore house. As heard on extreme sports videos worldwide! The choruses are less whoa whoa and more from the gut, giving it a slight East Coast hardcore sound. Includes pro-pot and anti-cop lyrics. (TH) (PO Box 2504, Vancouver, BC, V6B 3W7, CANADA)

SKELLET - "City Life/On The Line"

I got this EP dumped on me to review at the last minute, and one would expect the dregs of the record review septic tank handed to them at the dawning of the deadlines. Sweden's SKELLET take the better elements of POISON IDEA, SCARED OF CHAKA and TURBONEGRO and rock it in a fuzzed-out feedback fashion (say that three times fast)! These two songs kick your ass a million ways to Tuesday! Fuck yeah! Only two songs, though. What the fuck?!?! (PB) (007, 532 East 14th #15, New York, NY 10009)

SKIMMER - "Tuftyclub" EP

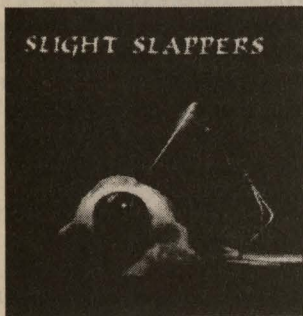
Another 7" in the long line of SKIMMER records. Pop punk done in a basic way, but done well. Nasal vocals, three chords and all, much like their other releases. If you liked it before, then you'll like it this time around as well. (PA) (Crackle, PO Box 7, Otley, LS21 1YB, ENGLAND)



MUSIC REVIEWS

SLEAZY ARSE - "Songs Of Hate" CD

I wonder why Ray assigns me all the melodic hardcore? He's the one who actually goes to the Warped tour! These Frenchmen don't ever slow down and partake in some power harmonizing - up there with Florida's QUIT. At their best, this band is SQUEEZE on 78 rpm. (TH) (Spliff, 8 Rue de la Treille, 6300 Clermont Ferrard, FRANCE)



SLIGHT SLAPPERS/LEBENSREFORM - split 5"

Death to the bourgeois five inch pressing pigs!!!
You are making records the kids cannot play! I love an odd-sized record as much as the next record geek, but most record players won't even play this record. Which is a shame, because this is one of the best SLIGHT SLAPPERS songs I've heard. When the arty get spastic, they sound like this... good

stuff. The LEBENSREFORM side has got weirdo keyboard noises, but is no slouch in the hit-you-in-the-face with a wall-of-fucking-sound department, either. If you have a fancy record player, get this. Is it too literary to say the packaging reminded me of Bataille's *Story Of The Eye*? (ST)

(Stickfigure, PO Box 55462, Atlanta, GA 30308)

SPOILED ROTTEN - "Kung-Fu Leather Jacket" CD

...how do I describe this? It's good and up tempo, but not incredibly fast (maybe it's because of the cold medicine I just took). It's fun, but not frantic. Poppy, but not a direct rip off of any one specific band. Great harmonies and poor production (the cracks and hisses get on my nerves after a while). I like this, but it doesn't quite rock me to the point where I want to move. (BM)

(Amp, Kenilworth Ave S. Hamilton, Ontario, CANADA L8K-2S9)

THE STATIKS - "Bombshell Baby" EP

I must have been pretty fucked up when I saw them live recently cause this doesn't sound like what I remember...anyhow, musically, I pick up a big BRUISERS influence, but only if Al Barr didn't have that "whiskey and smokes" voice. I like this. A very solid debut record. The only thing that I question is the band's name. I mean, it's kinda like starting a band called WINGHER. Hmmm. Good stuff nonetheless. (NF)

(\$3.50 ppd: Last Year, 413 Hensley St, Lititz, PA 17543)

STENMARK - "Earn Money Or Die" EP

Heavy punk from the Czech Republic. I hear some NECROS and NEGATIVE APPROACH here, with a slightly higher metal quotient. Definitely '80s HC inspired. The accompanying booklet is very well put together and thoughtful. Also, unlike the aforementioned bands, STENMARK are sociopolitical. If you like old style HC with a political slant, check this out. (BG)

(Badman c/o Martin Cesky, Nebrehovice 7, 386 01 Strakonice, CZECH REPUBLIC)

THE STERNS - "Error Their Way Through It..." CD

Whiney-nasally vocals dominate this spirited pop punk CD. Bouncy bass lines and slightly sloppy drums give this some rough edges to escape a total SCREECHING WEASEL rip off. (HM) (\$6 ppd: Eric Rogers, 1 Carleton Sq Apt #8, Bradford, MA 01835)

SUBWAY THUGS - "Cheers To You" EP

Catchy oi from Vancouver with extremely gruff vocals. This one's on a nice looking picture disk with a band photo on one side and a cartoon of themselves on the other. Although this EP sounds good and is pretty catchy, I don't find it very original at all. Of course, there's a song about lost friends, then another one about getting drunk with your mates. "We're here to drink and you might think that we're all dinks." (SR)

(Oink!, PO Box 27813, Washington, DC 20038-7813)

TELL-TALE HEARTS - "Live Vol. 2—Later That Same Night In Springfield" LP

Sixties nostalgia has reached the point where it's collapsed back on itself like a dying star, sucking in light and life. Not an easy record to review, I guess. A 1985 set played by a 1965-styled band, released three months before 2000... you figure it out, I haven't eaten dinner yet. I liked the TELL-TALE HEARTS once and have even seen 'em live, and they really know (or knew) how to tear it up in front of a crowd. You'd never know it from this LP, though you can make out a few bright spots behind the wall of murrk. Limited to 500, which is plenty enough to supply the people who need a copy. Great liner notes from TELL-TALE HEART Ray Brandes, though. (JH)

(Corduoy, 41 Fellows St., Kew Victoria, 3101 AUSTRALIA)

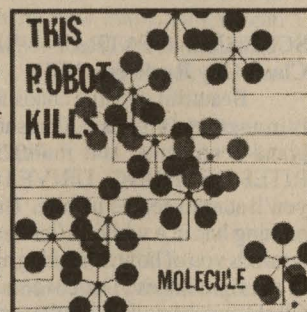
TEMPLARS/WODNES: THE GNAS - split EP

Alright, first off, I think that the TEMPLARS rule! But the song here just doesn't meet their lofty standards. The chorus is pretty flat and takes the song's energy away. Far from what I expect from them nowadays. WODNES: THE GNAS (wild name!) sure are trying to sound like the TEMPLARS. Right down to the vocals, leads, even the recording and mix (except the guitar sound is more fuzzy than twangy). After the first two minutes I decided that I liked the song despite the unoriginality. But it just kept on going and going. Very few punk or oi bands can write a four-minute tune that kicks ass. (NF) (Haunted Town, 1658 N. Milwaukee Ave. #169, Chicago, IL 60647)

THIS ROBOT KILLS - "Molecule" EP

The English are trapped in the bodies of these Americans and it expresses itself in wired-tight bursts of scraping guitar and sudden vocal outbursts that summon the forgotten ghosts of indie-UK singles from the '70s that I am shit-positive these Michigan folks have never heard. Okay, I will wager that "Hex Enduction Hour" has spent some time rotating in the brains of these guys/gals which is nothing but points in the paint for me. If people referred to this stuff as "emo" I'd probably listen to more "emo". Arty in all the right ways. (RW)

(Outer Universe Research, 1257 Ameluxen, Hacienda Heights, CA 91745)



MUSIC

REVIEWS

TIME FLIES - LP

How you feel about this band depends on your solution for the equation "SHEER TERROR + (x) = CHAIN OF STRENGTH", where x = BL'AST. I know, it's a tough one, especially for a drop out like me, but my new method for reviewing bands involves a strict mathematical analysis of the T-shirts displayed in their photographs (this only after careful study of the thanks list). Despite this mental legwork, I was unable to form a cohesive opinion without listening to the actual vinyl, so I reluctantly threw it on. Time apparently hasn't flown very quickly for these chaps, as they seem firmly rooted in musical styles from over a decade ago, but we won't hold that against them. Tightly played, upbeat hardcore, that owes a lot to the sounds of GORILLA BISCUITS, CHAIN OF STRENGTH, and even some lighter fare like RITES OF SPRING, but sounds more than anyone else like MAJORITY OF ONE, who I'd forgotten about completely 'til I listened to this. Not bad at all, if you can ignore my lame attempts at cynical-rock-critic humor. (AM)

(Indecision, PO Box 5781, Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

TOMMYROT - "Just Tommyrot" CD

Very weird deadpan "heavy" pop-punk with a monotone singer, straitjacketed by-the-numbers playing and a bunch of guys that look like they're at least in their '30s if not in their '40s. I don't really know what to make of this, not that the songs are that bad. Let's just say that the performance (and this is an understatement) is somewhat eh... "stilted". The weirdest being the song "Just," where the singer deadpans about "someday I'll make thirty bucks or so..." and "...it's not much but it gets me food". Certainly this song could be a scathing indictment of being homeless, but it just comes off being outright bizarre. Of course, if it was a joke, then we could all laugh it off, but the scary thing is that it isn't. Actually, the whole CD abounds with moments like that, also the hackneyed guitar riffs contribute. Pure genius or just misplaced intentions, judge for yourself. (JY)

(AnswerC, 510 Highland Ave, Milford, MI 48381)

THE TONE - "Wide Eyes And Nonsense" LP

Hmmm... at times this '77 style punk band from England almost sound like HARD SKIN or, dare I say, the CLASH. Well, this singles collection is pretty damned flawless. Those of you who, like me, have got all the singles, already knew that the TONE are London's best kept secret. If you're new to the name, imagine the best retro punk record since "And Out Come The Wolves". I'll admit it; I like that RANCID album and I love the TONE. (LH)

(Broken Rekids, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146)

TOXIC NARCOTIC - '89-'99 LP

TOXIC NARCOTIC is Boston's longest standing DIY punk band, and they're good. Fast as fuck hardcore music with a street punk/oi mentality. Lyrics like "Anarchist or Nihilist, all junkie punks are hypocrites to feed the rich just for a fix" from "Junkie Bastard" or "War for race church and state or just for hate/ Annihilate oppress enslave pollute and waste/Rape and burn with no concern till all is spent/All races creed religious sect or government /PEOPLE SUCK" from "People Suck" or "Lies, implications, and rumors" from "L.I.A.R." (BC)

(Rodent Popsicle, PO Box 335, Newton Centre, MA 02459)

THE TREBLEMAKERS - "Versus The Doomsday Device!" LP

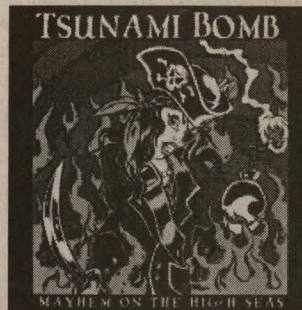
What sort of instromancy determines which surf records get picked for review and which don't is something that is as much beyond me as it is to anyone else out there who cares. I just do my job, OK? If you're sick of surf instros, stop your whining and get on to the next review, capiche? The TREBLEMAKERS take an approach not unlike the BOMBORAS. Not only is the sound clearer (at the expense of some atmosphere) than on their first (?) LP of a couple years ago on Primitive, but the addition of an organist makes the comparison hard to resist. The songs are all solid compositions with enough variety to maintain interest (including some well-placed fuzz). (DD)

(Dionysus, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507)

TSUNAMI BOMB - "Mayhem On The High Seas" EP

Wow, this sounds straight out of "Hell Comes To Your House", 45 GRAVE, when the girl sings, SUPERHEROINES when the guy sings. Horror Punk except for the last song, which is horrifying in another way, sounds like that ska band from Orange county with the blond chick, shit I cannot remember the name, well that's good isn't it? (EC)

(Checkmate, PO Box, Berkeley, CA 94704)



22 JACKS - "Going North" CD

Hey, here's the latest from Steve Soto and company. There's some life here and a lot of tuneful punk. But you constantly find yourself thinking, "this really isn't as good as WAX, much less the ADOLESCENTS". I mean, they've even got Ed Stasium on the board. It's totally competent pop punk... SoCal style. (LH)

(Side One Dummy, 6201 Sunset Blvd Ste 211, Hollywood, CA 90028)

ÜMLAUT - "Finland" EP

This 6" is included in *Inside Front #12*. Check this: "Ümlaut is a transient band and can be found in various squats and shelters throughout Finland." Long live Scandinavian hardcore! Or is it? You decide. Full heavy assault, including the friendly plagiarizing of and subsequent destruction of the "Paint It Black" guitar line. The lyrics and liner notes alternate between classic anti-system wailing to a more self-aware, comic recognition of the limits of that very approach. It's unrelaxing, snide, good. (AC)

(CrimethInc. Intl. Workers Conspiracy, 2695 Rangewood Dr, Atlanta, GA 30345)



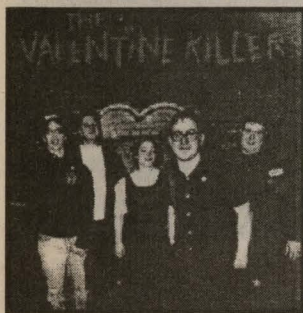
MUSIC REVIEWS

THE UNDISPUTED HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONS - CD

The faster, harder parts of MONSTER TRUCK DRIVER charge Jay Bradley's new band. Still plenty of power and spunk. Hook filled, yet very straightforward Beer City punk rock. (TJ)
(\$10 ppd: Beer City, PO Box 26035, Milwaukee, WI 53226)

THE URCHIN - "Fragile Songs in Lukewarm Dreams" CD

Crunchy pop punk, not unlike their recent split with the THUMBS or most of the other pop punk on Snuffy Smile. Strongly influenced by SNUFF and JAWBREAKER, though getting a little faster at times. They do a decent PEGBOY cover along with 14 originals. (PA)
(Snuffy Smile, 4-24-4-302, Daizawa, Setagaya-Ku, Tokyo, 155-0032, JAPAN)



VALENTINE KILLERS - "Methanol" EP

Fast, tough. Simple, like a Chuck Taylor high-top sneaker to the ass. VALENTINE KILLERS hail from the not-so-mean streets of Olympia, Washington, but fortunately for us they owe more to Southern Comfort and Old Granddad than SLEATER KINNEY and KICKING GIANT. A nice two-guitar wrestling match backs up the gravely-voiced bandleader. It's been a pretty slim month for quality releases (at least from my corner of the breakfast table), but as long as records like this creep in it's not an utter loss. (JH)
(Mortville, PO Box 4263, Austin, TX 78765)

VECTORS - "Some Raging Rock-n-Roll II" 10"

Don't try this at home. This will overtake your weakling soul. Must...obey...VECTORS. This is the goddamn shit I live for. Ggrrrr! Grunt grunt. I'm gonna go get this record, and eat steak tonight, drink something cheap, and scratch myself. I might let you join me, or you might need to clear the fuck out! The VECTORS rock-n-RULE! This even sounds great on MRR's most fucked turntable. Wanna go for a joyride, neighbor? (RY)
(Mans Ruin)



VENDETTAS - "Halloween" EP

Four songs from this SUBSONICS related crew, ranging from deranged cuteness to soulful rocking, with a pop-up gatefold jacket for good measure. Quite pleasing. (DD)
(Worrybird, PO Box 95485, Atlanta, GA 30347)

VICTIMS OF GREED/SCUM NOISE - split EP

SCUM NOISE from Brazil is very politically charged like bands similar to AUS-ROTTEN, but I was still able to hear a death metal influence as well. VICTIMS OF GREED is the highlight of this split. Combining elements of ENEMY SOIL and BATTLE OF DISARM, VICTIMS OF GREED make this a must listen. (JV)
(F.F.T., Asahi Plaza Umeda, 704, 4-11, Tsuruno-Cho, Kita-Ku, 530-0014 Osaka, JAPAN)

VITAMIN X - "Once Upon A Time" EP

With tons of breakdowns, pick slides and finger pointing choruses, VITAMIN X's second EP is a lot more solid than their debut from a couple of years back. While some songs are stronger than others, this EP is rad fast youth crew that takes its inspiration more from STRAIGHT AHEAD and UP-FRONT than the slower '88 bands.

There's a booming youth crew scene in Holland right now and Commitment Records is its headquarters. Write 'em and get a catalog if '80s youth crew is your thing. (MW)
(Commitment, Klein Muiden 38, 1393 RL Nigtevecht, The NETHERLANDS)



WHITE FLAG/BABY DEMONS - split EP

BABY DEMONS do psych garage pop and WHITE FLAG is only good when Kim Shattuck is involved. Not for me. (RL)
(Just For Fun, PO Box 2032, 612 02 Finspang, SWEDEN)



WIND OF PAIN - "Worldmachine" LP

Straight ahead fast and crusty punk rock from Finland. They occasionally go into these slower mid-tempo streaks, but I preferred the faster stuff. This is pretty basic and has those bleak political lyrics that tell you to "stand up and fight". But in reality, most people would prefer just to "sit down and listen." (RC)
(Malarie, PO Box 10, 60-170 Poznan 27 POLAND)

WISIGOTH - "Aversion Du Schizoice" CDEP

If this had been released on vinyl it might have made a top ten or two, but instead we have a CD that only I get to listen to. WISIGOTH is a great live band, evidenced by their shows at Gilman and Radio Free Records in the Bay Area. Musically they are LESSER OF TWO meets OJOROJO. The production here needs help, but it still demands your attention. (JV)
(Gobelin, PO BOX 893, Sherbrooke, QC, J1H 511, CANADA)

MUSIC REVIEWS

WONKY MONKEYS - "Blood Save Your Soul" CD

Goofball French joke-boogie-punk with side-splitting undecipherable accented English ("...c'mon everybody, weere dee wonkee monkees and itz time to take de error (?) train...."). Energetic and over the top in a BAD MANNERS meets REZILLOS type way. Not particularly original, but extremely engaging in its enthusiasm. Makes unexpected use of horns, harmonicas, accordions, generally an everything-and-the-kitchen-sink approach here. Pretty damn cool. Touches of ska, garage, blues-rock, everything one can expect and more. Continental party music with the dashing "Cyril" as your host. (JY) (Shark Attack, BP 171 75563 Paris Cedex 12, FRANCE)

THE WORKIN STIFFS - "Through Thick And Thin" CD EP

This one is a no-brainer. Five originals, one cover (WEIRDOS), all exactly what you expect from one of the finest streetpunk bands alive. I listen to this daily, it fuckin rips. Now buy it shithead. The end. (NF) (TKO, 4104 24th St. #103, San Francisco, CA 94114)

W.O.R.M. - "Mullet In The Head" CD

Nice cover concept, featuring the dodgiest wigs I've ever seen. This band don't know if they want to be a serious pop-punk band or humorous like WAT TYLER. Unfortunately they're nowhere near as funny as the TYLERS but their music is upbeat and catchy, along the lines of SCREECHING WEASEL, but with northern English accents. Some of the lyrics did bring a grin to my face, and some of the music had me tapping my feet enthusiastically, but there's 21 songs on here and sorry to say the quality's not consistent. Still, as English pop-punk bands go, they're not bad. They're not SNUFF or even GOOBER PATROL, but they're not bad. (AM) (S.I.D., 71 South Crescent, Duckmanton, Chesterfield, Derbyshire S44 5EQ, UK)

YARDBIRDS - "For Your Love" LP

Reviewing this thing is like reviewing the SEX PISTOLS record... what can I say? This was the post-Eric Clapton record by these mid-'60s proto-psych punks that really started the train rolling; the guitars got louder and the songs are almost all untouchable classics. Name a current garage band that can play stuff this wild and can also sing in non-wuss harmony... I'm waiting. (RW) (Get Back, Srl Piazza Maltoni 16, 50065, Pontassieve, ITALY)

THE YOUNG HASSELHOFFS - "Foibles And Follies" EP

So, about a month ago I met these three nerdy guys at a record shop, we got to talking and they tell me they're in a band that was playing that very same night. They invite me and I go, simply because, well, I'm a nerd and have nothing better to do than watch three other nerds jump around on stage. Turns out they are the YOUNG HASSELHOFFS, a band I have only heard mediocre things about. I prepare myself for boredom, but I'm suddenly surprised... these guys rock! Sure, it's not original, and yeah, they are poppy like the QUEERS and MTX, but clones? Hardly. They have more of a KUNG-FU MONKEYS, Mutant Pop sound than Lookout! circa '96. Time passes and here I am, all doped up on cold medicine, reviewing that very same EP! That's incredible!! And so are these guys! Special thanks to Jason Baywatch for the BORIS THE SPRINKLER badge. (BM) (Far Out, PO Box 14361, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33312)



ZYMOTICS - "(Eddie's) Random Bombing" EP

Apparently the name of this snotty Japanese outfit has changed, (if I'm to understand the note inside correctly) and they are now BOU SOU NEZUMI. Ultra-'77 nasal SEX PISTOLS-type fodder. Good sense of humor. Pretty cool and amusing. "Break The Radio" is the best! Would be quite at home on a mixed tape for the car, with BUZZCOCKS, REZILLOS, NINA HAGEN, X-RAY SPEX... I'd throw on some MISSING PERSONS for good measure. Ooooh, I'm getting in the mood (and you have to be in *that* mood)! (RY) (Answer, Hase Bld. No. 2B1.5-49 Osu 3 Naka-ku Nagoya-City, Aichi 460, JAPAN)



V/A - "Anti The New Japan—U.S. Security Threat" EP

Four band sampler of Japanese hardcore with a pointed political bend against the proposed "Japanese-American Defense Cooperation" bill. Listening provided by ARGUE DAMNATION, YOUTH STRIKE CHORD, VICTIMS OF GREED and ABSENT. Standout would be the YOUTH STRIKE CHORD, who've unfortunately already broken up (or at least that's what I've heard). Wish the sampler had more background on the info, I had some trouble understanding the info that was provided, and it left me with more questions than anything else. (TM) (F.F.T., Asahi Plaza Umeda 1212,4-11, Tsuruno-Cho, Kita-Ku, 530-0014, Osaka, JAPAN)



MUSIC REVIEWS

V/A - "Back To Rockaway Beach 3" CD

Another limp compilation to throw on the fire, not as limp as I would have expected from the title, but still this is doin' nothing for me. Here you got 29 bands you never heard of from all over the world (most of which we'll fall thankfully back into obscurity where they belong). It's a pretty dismal mix of punk rock/pop punk with a few bands venturing into the harder-edged nether regions. This is a shitload to stomach in one sitting, that's for sure. OK, I didn't vomit through a few: DURANGO, PURE MANIA, SPACE COWBOYS, JERKS, UP-SKIRTS. (DL)

(Amp, 92 Kenilworth Ave South Hamilton, Ontario, CANADA L8K-2S9)

V/A - "The Bad Vibrations" LP

This is a collection of songs from some obscure '60s garage bands. Sure, this was DIY, but I don't think this music is all that different from what was popular during that period aside from the lo-fi-ness. Where's the anger? Where's the rebellion? The WANTED, MERSEY BEATS, BOYS NEXT DOOR, MIXED EMOTIONS, SANDMEN, ABSTRACT SOUND, MONACLES, DISCIPLES, DISTANT SOUNDS, NEW CHAINS. (DP)

(no address)



V/A - "Bandana Thrash, Vol. 1" flexi EP

Four bands on the forefront of the early eighties hardcore revival here... if you haven't encountered this yet it's sort of a cross between the SUICIDAL Cyco scene, complete with baseball hat flipped up, and the North of England dole thrash of HERESY, ELECTROHIPPIES, etc. Most of these bands are from Japan (CRUCIAL SECTION, FLASH GOR-

DON, and L.I.E.) where they don't do things by half measures, leaving only WHAT HAPPENS NEXT? to represent the USA, although they have the pedigree to measure up. If you like raw, unpolished hardcore, what are you waiting for? Skate over to the record store and stir up a pit. And don't expect this stuff to go away anytime soon—Max is already planning volume two. (AM)

(625, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142-3413)

V/A - "Beer City Underground Invasion, Vol. 2" CD

The majority of the songs here, like most of the releases on this label, are straight-ahead thrash, others have more of a pogo punk thing going on and one or two have more of a snotty or garagey sound. The best cuts here appear courtesy of the DAGGERS (catchy, mid-tempo pogo punk), the MISCREANT'S (fast, but still catchy and tuneful, a fine example of skate rock), the SWINES (dead-on ANGRY SAMOANS with a heavier guitar sound) and BURNING KITCHEN (mid-tempo DISCHARGE meets 45 GRAVE=great!). 30 songs with some winners, some losers, but overall a good listen. (RM)

(\$5 ppd.; Beer City, PO Box 26035, Milwaukee, WI 53226-0035)

V/A - "The Best Punk Rock In England, My Friend" CD

The latest in this great series of UK bands. The usual strong dose of Crackle bands, as well as RAGGITY ANNE, SCARPER (whose EP I still need but cannot find, "my" friends), SPY VERSUS SPY, and many other mostly unknown bands. A no-brainer for the pop punkers. (RL)

(Snuffy Smile, 4-24-4-302 Daizawa, Setagaya-Ku, Tokyo 155-0032, JAPAN)

V/A - "Down In Front—Outtakes & Unreleased—24 Songs" 4xEP

"Down In Front" contains recordings by eight bands Aaron Cometbus played drums for over the years, each with one side of a single. Eight distinct personalities, but with one signature percussive thread sewing them together. No CRIMPSHRINE, of course, so stop drooling on yourself. The acoustic "Beastly Bit" (this is great) and "Reach For the Bottle" on the PINHEAD GUNPOWDER side should appease this faction. The SHOTWELL COHO songs aren't their best, but they are as perceptive as I've come to expect. I was impressed with the REDMOND SHOOTING STARS 7", released a couple of years back, and was happy to get these extra tracks—they're split with two songs of pure SWEET BABY brilliance. (You'd get a kick out of watching me try to explain SWEET BABY to Sean from Connecticut. How many times can he call me a hippie in one day? Hippie, what?) I'd never heard of MUNDI, another Olympia project, but "Stab You in the Eye" is a nice piece of work. Also didn't know about the COSMETIC PUFFS (spunky and lo-fi, tinny boombox pop). EFS is a crappy fuckin' recording of goof, sincerity, and sludge, and CLEVELAND BOUND DEATH SENTENCE just... is. The packaging is sloppy/pristine, with individual AC copy art sleeves and no extraneous bullshit. You can file it with your Cometbus back issues and they won't complain. Despite my doubts about such self-centered projects in theory, Aaron handles his creative (and personal, it seems) history with sentiment and care—an unpopular attitude which helped make his shit so popular. 1020 made—you know if you want this, so I'll shut up. I already ordered mine. (AC)

(9 ppd; No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604-4636)

V/A - "Free Flight: Unreleased Dove Recording Studio Cuts 1964-1969" CD

An interesting collection from Minnesota's Dove Recording Studio. The studio was infamous for recording the NOVAS' "The Crusher". As the story goes, bands recorded with them, then left with the tapes due to some type of disagreement. That seemed to happen a lot back then. Here's the collection of what was left. Some cool tracks from MIKE WAGGONER & the BOPS, the MAGPIES, the MERCYMEN, the UNDERBEATS, the NITE CAPS, the LANCERS, the F.B.I. IDIOTS, MARCIA & the LYNCHMEN, SIR LAURENCE & THE CRESCENTS and more. (CK)

(Get Hip)

MUSIC REVIEWS



V/A - "Fuck You Up And Get High—A DWARVES Tribute" EP

Many bands I've never heard of, mostly from the Midwest and Canada, tributing the beloved DWARVES. Not a bad job on most accounts. JOHNNY MOTEL & the FAST FUCKS, the BUMP-N-UGLIES, MR TWISTAL, the MOTHERFUCKIN' GERIATRIX, UNHOLY DEATH, HYBRID MUTANTS, TEEVIE, the GC5, PLAN III, PALLBEARERS, CRYPT 33, PA, and GHF. Not a tribute I'd rather listen to than "Blood Guts and Pussy" itself, but that's what tributes mean to me most of the time. (RY)

(Transparent, 6759 Transparent Dr. Clarkston, MI 48346)

V/A - "Great Australian Fuckwit" CD

Rude, crude punk rock, RUPTURE being much more so than the more street punk STANLEY KNIFE and BLURTERS. I can, somewhat, appreciate the "fuck you" attitude of RUPTURE. I love the DWARVES "Blood, Guts & Pussy" LP. But, why is it whenever people want to stick it to "PC fascists" they immediately begin yelling faggot (RUPTURE)? I think it has much more to do with homophobia than trying to push buttons. (TH)
(no address)

V/A - "Invasion #4" CD

Wow, 30 songs and only five are more than two minutes long, the maximum time for a punk rock song. Anyway, this here is a Beer City comp with the usual variety of punk and hardcore, some good, some not so good. DISDAIN, JERK CIRCUS, COLLYWOBBLES, SICK PLEASURES, APATHETICS, DIRTY BIRD, RUNAROUNDS, 12 CENT, RAT LOBSTER, many more. (DP)
(Beer City, PO Box 26035, Milwaukee, WI 53226-0035)



V/A - "Killed By 7 Inch, Vol. 8" EP

Another one of those Euro boot singles that no one is permitted to buy. This one features the talents of '70s stalwarts VIBRATORS (rare promo-only song), ALTERNATIVE TV, REVO, MATT GRIM, and DANGEROUS PYJAMAS. All good, find the originals, it's easier. (RW)
(no address)

V/A - "Live At The Boston Arms" EP

The four bands here: THEE HEADCOATS, GUARANTEED UGLY, SOLAR FLARES and THEE HEADCOATEES are captured live in 1998 in North London. Billy and company do a pretty impressive blast of snarly punk rock in "Girl From '62", all other bands here pretty much do their take on the HEADCOATS sound with some slight variation. A fairly accurate recording of an alcohol-induced night on the town here, including the bad sound and general chaotic air. For fans of the HEADCOATS contingent I suppose... (JY)
(Damaged Goods, PO Box 671, London E17 6NE, UK)

V/A - "Loco Diablo Underground Sampler #4" CD

CDs have truly replaced tapes. '80s hardcore demo tapes have been replaced by these things, which pack a bunch of various bands onto a CD with no real thought to style or quality. This thing sucks, there are some good bands trapped on here but I'm not gonna promote this crappy send-us-a-demo sampler scene, these things are just shit landfill made possible by the biggest peacetime economic boom in American history. The insert is all ads.... (RW)
(Loco Diablo, PO Box 332, Thomasboro, IL 61878)

V/A - "Mandatory Marathon" EP

Originally this was released as the "Mandatory Marathon" four-cassette box set, which apparently was limited to 300 copies. It sounds like this EP was pressed right off of those cassettes, after maybe they were soaked in a bucket of water. This EP totally sounds like an old worn-out tape! There is some crazy shit here! And I think the majority, if not all of it, is exclusive to this comp. You get tracks by CHARLES BRONSON, CAPITALIST CASUALTIES, the GOOCH, GASPARILLA, DAY PARADE, CAPTAIN 3 LEG, the GAIA, the PERVATRONs, PALATKA, GOB, LACERATION and LAST REMAINING PINNACLE. And try as I might, I could not figure out what the back-masked sample was at the end. Everyone buy this and report back to me. (PB)

(Amendment, 580 Nansemond Crescent, Portsmouth, VA 23707)



MUSIC REVIEWS

V/A - "No Hesitation To Resist" 10"

The cover of this one is a classic. A shitty cartoon of a bunch of punk kids fleeing a nuclear explosion while they're beaten by cops and Nazi skins. Awesome. Pretty solid crustcore comp here, with some stand out performances by BATTLE OF DISARM, VICTIMS OF GREED and BEYOND DESCRIPTION. This is really a no-brainer. You like NAU-SEA? You like this. (ST)

(\$10: Forest, c/o Hideyuki Okahara, Ceramica 2 #301, 2-1-37 Minami, Kokubunji, Tokyo 185-0021 JAPAN)

V/A - "No Time To Kill" LP

Holy shit, a decent compilation. This is probably due to the fact that this was put out on LP and CD (as opposed to CD only). What you've got here is six bands who straddle that SoCal and mid '90s East Bay hardcore sound on side A. Those bands are: KID DYNAMITE, AFI, ELECTRIC SUMMER, AT THE DRIVE IN (who have a definite DC feel also), the FORCE, and GOOD RIDDANCE. The B side to this record is more punky, with tracks by: CIGAR, the CRIMINALS, KILL YOUR IDOLS, FRANTICS, the GAIN, and F-MINUS. Overall, a winner. (JF) (Checkmate, PO Box 4099, Berkeley, CA 94704)

V/A - "Nothing To Prove" CD

Oh my God, that band CHESTER are back again. I feel like I'm worshipping them from afar. They seem to be growing and evolving right before my eyes through records and compilations. Again, they become the hi-lite for me with their insane pop slop punk. Oh my God, ANAL BEARD are on this. Funny as fuck—I was sure they were just a joke band created to play gigs with J CHURCH and WAT TYLER. Who would've suspected a band whose drummer has a huge W.A.S.P. tattoo would ever record. Pretty hit-or-miss punk comp as punk comps go. Most bands featured are certainly worth a listen if not exactly... memorable? Still, worth it for CHESTER and ANAL BEARD alone and that's no joke. (LH)

(Life Automate, 10 Hodcombe Close, Eastbourne East Sussex, BN23 8JA, UK)

V/A - "Oi! Oi! That's Yer Lot, Vol. 4" LP

This is the final installment in this series, put out by a label that has re-issued records and produced compilations of some of the finest oi and punk rock around... This one in particular is a damn good record. Standouts include the BUSINESS, the WARRIORS, the OPPRESSED and the STRIKE. (NF) (Get Back)

V/A - "Punch Drunk" CD

A strong street punk comp from TKO, with single tracks from prior releases such as UPSETS, DROPKICK MURPHYS, BELTONES, and on and on. A good sampler if you don't have every TKO release. (RL)

(TKO, PO Box 103, 4104 24th St, San Francisco, CA 94114)

V/A - "Rip Off Records: The Early Ones" LP

One stop shopping for the first seven Rip Off Records singles... with liner notes. I wasn't aware these were all out of print—a number of these are frequent used bin residents in Frisco. Not a crappy song in the bunch and the rock and roll is raw enough to not get fucked by the remastering it was subjected to. Bands: MAKERS, RIP OFFS, CRYIN' OUT LOUDS, SPOILED BRATS, STATICS, and TEENGENERATE. (TH) (Rip Off, 581 Maple Ave, San Bruno, CA 94066)

V/A - "Sabre Records Story" CD

Here's a steamy little compilation, that comes with a tell-all booklet about Sabre Records - a slice of late '50s and '60s Detroit Rock n' roll dance history, featuring THUNDER ROCKS, LOW ROCKS, FRED FARRAH, and THE VALIANTS. Picture hot sweaty gyratin' teens, jumpin' and a twistin' like there's no tomorrow. Yeah, 27 ass shakin' tracks with heavy doses of good ol' nasty tenor sax and locomotive rhythm pumpin' up the rear...now go find a partner and do some heavy petting. (DL)

(Get Hip, PO Box 666, Cannonsburg, PA 15317)

V/A - "Screaming Giant Pizza Comp" CD

Twelve bands with two songs each should be enough for anyone to tell these are mediocre punk/ska bands at best. It's really subtle to me, but this is some sorta Christian band comp. The only band possibly worth naming is OFFICER NEGATIVE LIVE. (HM)

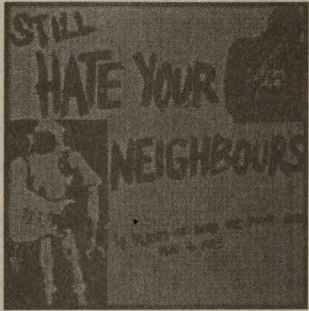
(Giant, PO Box 101, Dana Point, CA 92629)

MUSIC

REVIEWS

V/A - "Songs About Chicks" CD

Ha, ha, ha... hmmm. A pop punk compilation about girls. Isn't all pop punk about girls? Aren't all pop punk bands about getting girls? Isn't this comp totally redundant? Doesn't it all seem boring? Loads of jump-up-and-down pop punk bands that appeal equally to baggy pants skate-loving teen girls as they do to creepy "older" guys that hang around public toilets. If you told me that this was all one band and not a compilation at all, I would have little problem agreeing. (LH)
(Tank, PO Box 40009, New Bedford, MA 02744)



V/A - "Still Hate Your Neighbours" EP

It says here that this is "4 blasts of dumb NZ punk rock 1980 to 1983". The four bands here including the GORDONS, NO TAG, FLESH D-VICE and BORED GAMES. Seems to me a somewhat arbitrary selection of NZ bands, some of which (esp. the GORDONS) would be hard-pressed to be called "dumb

NZ punk rock". And, except for the GORDON's great "Adult and Children" here, I see no outstanding reason for the inclusion of the other tunes, all which are good but not especially classic. Certainly, the mod-pop BORED GAMES track would not qualify as "punk rock". This is a rather pathetic attempt to do some sort of NZ "Killed By Death," but it fails rather miserably in the process. I don't even think these tunes are that hard to find. (JY)
(no address)

V/A - "60s Beat Italiano Vol. 1" CD

I was saying something about '60s nostalgia, wasn't I? One of the most pleasantly "listenable" releases to land in my bin for a while, "60s Beat Italiano" collects ace tracks from twenty-something Italian beat, garage and borderline psych bands that deserved much more than they probably got—NOI TRE, HUGU HUGU (who turn in a killer cover of "Somebody To Love" in Italiano), I RAGAZZI DEL SOLE, LA SETTA, the NIGHT BIRDS, GLI EVANGELISTI, I BISONTI, I CINQUE MONELLI, the RED ROOSTERS—among others. Lyrically I've no idea what they're on about, but it's probably firmly in the broken-hearts-and-crushed-gonads vein so popular at the time. Right up there with the best '60s compilations I've ever suffered through, and I've suffered through more than my fair share of 'em. (JH)
(Get Hip, PO Box 666, Canonsburg, PA 15317)

V/A - "The Spirit Lives On: A Tribute to Raybeez and Warzone" CD

As the title says, this is a tribute to Raybeez (the vocalist for WARZONE) who past away in 1997. This comp has 27 bands doing 27 WARZONE covers... some of the bands are BREAKDOWN, COLD AS LIFE, NEXT STEP UP, PITBOSS 2000, etc... plus it includes one WARZONE track that was originally released on a comp EP back in 1993. I personally would rather listen to the first WARZONE EP than covers of later WARZONE tracks, but this was a nice memorial. In addition, if Raybeez had such a positive impact on these bands, why are most of them so damn negative? (MW)
(Hatecore, PMB 287, 1075 Broadfripple Ave., Indianapolis, IN 46220)

V/A - "This Is Mod" 2xLP

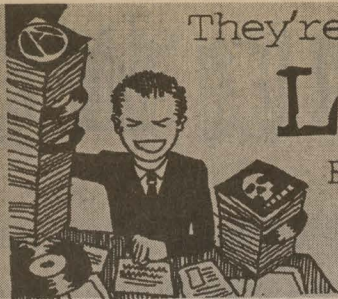
Although unlikely to appeal to those with resolutely punkish tastes, this comp fills a huge gap, offering up a selection of clearly recorded mod tunes from circa 1979—most of them incredibly catchy mid-speed guitar pop morsels. The most notable of the twenty trax include the CIGARETTES ("Can't Sleep at Night"—a classic that bridges slow, incisive punk with mod), the DEADBEATS (guitars reminiscent of '60s punk meld with mod pop-punk in this lo-fi tune - and let's not forget the great hand-claps!), the invincible NIPS (their best tune, "Nobody to Love," imports late-'70s punk energy into a great pop tune), and the SUSSED ("I've Got Me Parka", the funniest song here, tells of giving up your leather jacket for a mod parka). Predictably, a WHO influence permeates many songs, but it's still a strong batch that might make you want to invest in a Vespa. (SS)
(Runt IIc, PO Box 2947, San Francisco, CA 94126)

V/A - "Underground Invasion Volume 3" CD

This CD features 30 bands, and most of them sound like either ACCUSTOMED TO NOTHING or OPPRESSED LOGIC, or somewhere in between. Bands that appear are: HUTUS, AUTHORITY ABUSE, the ASSMEN, MINIMUM WAGE, LETDOWNS, and WHITE PIGS. It seems to be priced right. (JV)
(\$5 ppd: Beer City, PO BOX 26035, Milwaukee, WI)

V/A - "You'll Never Eat Fast Food Again" CD

A comp with tracks from recent Drive Thru Records releases, and there have been some pretty good ones lately; LAST SUMMER, ALLISTER, FENIX TX (formerly RIVER PHENIX), etc... Some bonus unreleased tracks too. Fans of Fat and Dr. Strange will like this. (RL)
(Drive Thru, PO Box 55234, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413)



They're working hard for your favorite band it's the

Label Spotlight

Featuring;

S.O.A. RECORDS

Paolo has been a friend of mine for so long, it's stupid to avoid saying it. I've been helping his label too, making the web page, programming work (www.mywebpages.com/soa), or writing the distribution catalogue during the years. So why this interview? It's not getting some easy propaganda for a label I like and I'm near to, it's an occasion to underline the meaning of a HC label in Italy. The thing seems to be attractive to me, and I'm ignorant on many of the aspects of an HC label life, with the exception of noting that Paolo's house is full of records and he produces something new on a regular basis. But what's more beyond this? What's the reasons that bring those records into our hands?

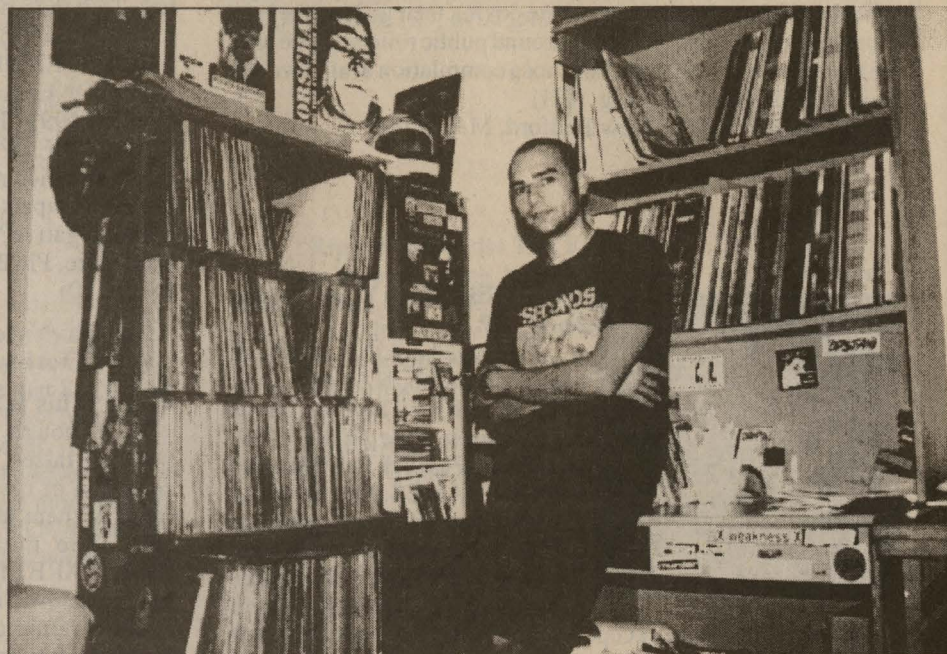
S.O.A. has been active for the last 10 years, produced over 50 records and saw many things for sure. It has some stories in common with many different realities around in Europe and in the States maybe. It's what I want to talk about without extolling or falling in the advertising type interview, trying to confront Paolo, criticizing him if necessary on all aspects of the life of who spend half his time searching for bands to produce and the other half to make parcels to let records go around. And all this it seems to be made just for passion not to get rich...

MRR: How did you approach the wonderful world of HC music?

Paolo: I used to be a metalhead back in 80's, and the step from Nuclear Assault to S.O.D. or from Metallica to Misfits was pretty simple at that time. Metal music was still ok (even if I started selling the collection in order to pay new HC/punk records) but punk/HC ideals seemed to be more attractive to me. I still dig lots of old and modern metal if you care, and I obviously have a bunch of regrets for selling the metal collection... Anyway I started buying the '88 albums by C.O.C., Suicidal and D.R.I., which to be honest were pretty lame, but I knew that this was my music. The first pogo experience I had was a Died Pretty gig. Rome did not offer many events, so the first HC gig was a legendary Youth Of Today/Lethal Aggression in Florence, April 89. After this event I started hanging around at gigs and getting in a crew of HC dudes. Then the next step was a HC/thrash zine that consisted of handmade writings with only Italian bands interviewed on it. After 6-7 months I started S.O.A. with Massimo and another guy (who mysteriously married last year...).

MRR: You listen to HC, you listen to punk and grind... do these labels make a sense?

Paolo: You forgot Oi! and sXe... Hmmm I dunno, being 26, almost 27, makes you think that it doesn't matter how you label yourself or what you listen to. It's pretty common to think that sXedgers are all middle class and crusty punks have dreadlocks and stink. You know, you've to know people, and for me it doesn't matter if you smoke or not, I've to know you before judging if I like you. As for music labels I listen only to



kinds of "punk deviances" so probably it still makes a sense...

MRR: How did you get the idea of starting a record label?

Paolo: I used to have a tape label that issued almost 40 different tapes. I guess that they were pretty ok, since everyone sold hundreds. The one that I love the most is a double tape compilation with over 30 different bands all in the grind vein whose benefits went to A.L.F. It was well done, with a booklet and it featured many "in" bands of that time. I was introduced to the vinyl world from a friend of mine who had a 7" out with his diy HC band (and now he's a judge) and he took me to the pressing plant to know some prices. I had to borrow some bucks from parents at that time cos I was

just 18 and had no money. I started and I still have not finished. It was a natural thing, I could say an evolution. A zine, the tape label, the vinyl label.

MRR: How's the cost for manufacturing a 7", LP & CD? Also bands costs, studio, etc...

Paolo: Usually a 7" has a cost of 1.25 \$ after paying the pressing plant, the cover, the free copies to the band and some copies free for promo. A LP or CD is around 3 \$. I do not succeed in paying studio expenses to every band, unfortunately.

MRR: Usually there's a big difference between CD and LP price. Since production costs are more or less the same, what do you think about their selling prices? Is it just a politics from the multinationals?

Paolo: When I started, CDs were getting the first steps in the HC world and I remember being

totally against the CD thing. In fact I just bought a CD player in 93. Now I listen mostly to CDs cos it's pretty simple to put it on and do your own business for an hour. Not to mention my record player really sucks bad. Would you figure a label owner that mostly does vinyl has a record player that works once a week???

What I can see is the increasing use of CD in the young scene (as the sXe..., which is not that young but do count on youngsters) and the vinyl still going ok in the punk scene. Not to mention that the 7" is still going well in every field. Probably this price politic started from the multinationals and the HC labels follow the prices trend. S.O.A. LP's and CD's have almost the same price.

MRR: How you consider a record collector inside the punk movement while you listen to people spreading the word of anti consumerism and diy?

Paolo: Once upon a time I was very enthusiastic about the whole collection thing. Now I just try to complete the collection of Italian records. However I wouldn't pay 250 deutsche marks for a Deepwound 7", I think. All is pretty simple: being the HC/punk panorama very different, you've people yelling at me cos I release 6 records in a year, they spread the word of diy, and, maybe are the ones who spend 100 \$ on an Indigesti/Wretched split 7". Who's in the right? It's a total different approach on HC/punk. Who's to blame ???

MRR: If I should say something bad about your label, it is the roughness of the layout of your releases. It's true your prices are so low and so must be your gain... But maybe you

could spend a bit more on a sleeve or an inner full colors sheet and let the customer pay a bit more, or maybe the customer doesn't care and prefer the low price?

Paolo: As far as I learnt in these years, for the kind of thing I produce, it doesn't matter how you make the cover or present the record. You can do it xeroxed or printed with gold and silver writings, probably the result it's the same. The provenience of the band can make the difference. My US releases didn't have a better cover than the Italians, but just for being US they sold 4 times more...

Then I have this low price policy that really makes a sense for me. I can't sell records for that

regarding gig structures, distribution, record shops? What's the difference between our, the European and the American ones?

Paolo: The Italian situation is pretty tragic. Usually there's no place to play and the ones we have are not that good. Underground life is pretty active but I must say that the Italian scene is completely cut off the rest of civilized musical world. Foreign bands are no more touring here for lack of places and lack of bucks mostly. It's pretty complex to say...

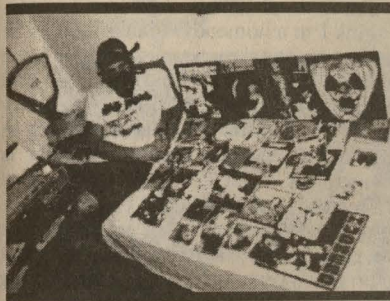
MRR: What you think about Italian bands?

Paolo: 15 years ago we had the best bands around and now Italian bands get no recognition at all. I

to arrive and go...

MRR: I have the impression that US labels get the distribution through subsidiaries of some multinationals. And I really believe they snub foreign labels. Do they really dislike our music, or maybe they have already plenty of US bands?

Paolo: Probably all these reasons are true. What's the deal of listening to some German bands that are just NY clones when you're American? Euro releases do not do well over there, but it's an European failure to mostly get passively inspired by US bands. Why should I listen to Italian youth crew if I'm from Boston or New Jersey? Well, probably they should try some Euro stuff if only



"I do not see myself doing this at 35, cos I will be an asshole, jaded, depressed, I won't communicate to the youngsters, I really will hate the kids and the new things around...I think it's passion that fuels S.O.A, cause I hardly make a living off it"

prices if I do expensive layouts. Not to mention that I really think that I had a progress in my records, lookwise. Probably if I should change for something it should be the quality of the recordings...

MRR: It seems that here in Rome people do not have many bucks in their pockets, while if you go to the north kids are more willing to spend tons on records. How does this affect your activity?

Paolo: In the north of Italy people have more to spend on records, not to mention that if you live in the north you can have more gigs around. Rome suffers from avarice, yes, it is to be said. Usually HC kids are, for the most, are around for a couple of years buying a couple of 7"s once and then... At the same time they probably listen to gabber and some more things. It's a city that offers many things and very few stop at a certain kind of music/lifestyle. Best thing for HC labels now is Belgium and obviously Germany. People that started step by step as me, now have shops and people working for them... What should I do?? Since I did not have the guts to move my ass from my scummy city I try to have a good mail-order...

MRR: Once you tried to be part of a HC record store/label company. Except for the debts what's left from that experience? Is there a possibility for a shop like that to survive in Italy?

Paolo: I did not have any debts, cos I was just the 5% in this activity... Anyway I lost some 13000 \$ in it, and I worked for 8 months without getting anything. The two guys who had the big slice of it put 150000 \$ each and 5-6 years without getting a cent... It wasn't a proper HC/punk thing to be honest cos they also did some ska and other kinds of music. It did not work because above all they were not the right people probably. I went into this company when it was dying and I did not realize it. I should try the big step at that time cos many bad events happened around here and I had to start a serious thing. It did not work at all. Now there is a new shop with another guy with my help too.

MRR: How do you see the Italian situation

must say that Italian bands for the most part do not move their asses to have any contacts with the rest of the world, maybe with the exception of the sXe scene which is more "international", a network of so called friends... Some cool speedcore bands such as the Cripple Bastards are getting some recognition cos they really are in it, making friends worldwide, writing to people, to labels, etc etc, but most of Italian bands just play locally... We've some bands that are influenced by this and by that, but we've no more the Italian tradition at all. I occasionally see some very good Italian bands, but I must admit that I do not travel as much as I used to years ago, so what I see more is the local situation. There's no interest in the new names, people prefer to buy the new Agathocles split or the new Morning Again album... Buying the single of the local band is a thing that not everyone does here...

MRR: How do you work with the distribution of your records?

Paolo: It's mostly a trade-thing with other labels. Big distro are not interested in my stuff and occasionally someone may take them on consignment... It's pretty depressing. Once you didn't have this big bang of labels, people active in the scene were making the distribution of records, not putting out records. It seems that making records is the next big thing here. And now trading seems the only way to let records go around... In the USA you can put out records and giving them to someone who distribute them, not here.

MRR: As for trading, how can you trust someone that could be just a rip off? Do you always trust people? And what about people, are they always trusting? Is it worse outside of Europe?

Paolo: The main problem with trading is probably the postal system which is pretty fucked up here, not the labels. Occasionally I get some troubles from rip-offs... People must trust me, cos a rip off couldn't do this for 10 years. I can be slow sometimes, not to mention that keeping in print 50 titles is not that easy, but I really try to do my best. It's not a country thing. You can have the lazy guy in New Zealand or in Poland. USA trades are the worst cos it takes forever for parcels

they found them around...

About the multinational thing: I dunno exactly, cos I'm not American. But probably if you get big, multinationals have some interests in you. Then you decide what to do. I should have the chance to judge sincerely.

MRR: Since the HC world is pretty huge, with who you find more comfortable in human relations?

Paolo: Pretty sad question because with the years I totally close myself as a shell and I really avoid any personal contacts with people. I dunno maybe it's due to becoming old... or maybe because when I wake up I see records and I see records when I go to sleep, I do not see the point of talking about records and shit to other people in the meantime. It's a strange question cos obviously there's not a precise kind of musical people that I find better than others. It depends on people not on music...

I must admit the best friends can be related to 90/91 Italian youth crew, or at least the friendship that lasted for so long. "Commercially wise" what's going on the best here is grind/ultracore/fast stuff in general, which is the stuff I really promoted from the very beginning. Italian bands are usually cool, maybe because it must be some honorable thing to be on such an historical label... ha ha ha... Foreign band can be usually enthusiastic if they are not that known. Bigger bands do not spend a stamp for an answer generally. In fact I also stopped to write everywhere to bands that probably do not deserve.

MRR: Do you think that it could be possible to make money from an activity at your level? Do you know people that succeed in it?

Paolo: Yes, I know people that make some earnings on it. It depends on your country, if it has a strong youth so called "alternative culture" you can go on... About my level, and not about Revelation, I still believe it's not a longstanding activity. I do not see myself doing this at 35, cos I will be an asshole jaded and depressed, I won't communicate to the youngsters, I really will hate the kids and the new things around... I think it's passion that fuels S.O.A., cos I hardly make a living out of it.

MRR: If I remember, ten years ago you thought that at 25 you'd have already quit for so long...

Paolo: Ok, I'll properly answer the next MRR interview in ten years, in a cool article called "What's punk of yesterday are doing today???"...

MRR: How do you work for letting people know about your records?

Paolo: Some ads around on cool zines and tons of flyer. Italy wise I think I'm pretty dead cos there's no specialized press about what I do.

MRR: Should a record need more promotion as biography, photo sessions, more ads, free records, paying some musical reviewers...

Paolo: I do not think it's necessary when you press 1000 copies of a 7". Moreover I do not have that many bucks to invest on this shit. I'd probably do it, but I guess if I have some spare bucks I'd do another 7" instead of making some disgusting free photos... If you look at the roughness when I started, I guess is a big step ahead that now I did some posters, stickers, cool layouts, decent record sleeves etc etc, so what I should I do more?

MRR: Do you think that well distributed zines as MRR, HeartattaCk, Profane Existence could be a good information vehicle to know what's happening around? In which way? What's about the Italian situation? Don't you think that they reflect that much an "American way" conditioning our culture a bit? Don't we need something similar but at a European level or maybe here in Italy, or it could close us in the ghetto?

Paolo: I do not think that MRR can affect that much our "scene". I mean that I really care about the MRR review of a S.O.A. release, cos you know, I've been reading it for so long and it made me know so many cool things... but those 100 copies sold in Italy can't be a big impact. Moreover I really think the youngsters don't know what MRR is. Same for other papers. A good review can be useful for other countries, just to be a bit more known, or let occasional customer know that there's out another cool record. Local press can affect very much the local musical panorama, but as I said before being the local press non HC exposing... It doesn't matter to me if the latest trend is Hellcopters. And of course the local press try to pump up the latest US and maybe UK "in" things, obviously not Cracked Cop Skulls or Ten Yard Fight.

MRR: How you could describe the concept of "scene"? Do you think you've some duty toward the "scene"?

Paolo: Hmmm, damn hard matter here. What is the "scene" ??? Heresy said it's a network of friends and probably it's right, speaking about the HC one. I guess it had a big place in my heart sometime ago. Probably when you grow and you find yourself in a middle of "6 years less than you" guys, yes, you still keep on doing gigs, distro, zines etc etc, but the concept of "scene" probably lose his value. I do not know if it's a

youth thing cos I'm still here and I'm losing my youth on the road... At the same time I could wonder where are all those others that started with me and were bond to the crew, to the scene, loyal to the grave and so on...

MRR: What were the main obstacles you found during these years of S.O.A.?

Paolo: Financial problems of course. I still have obviously and I do not wanna ask money to anyone. Anger when someone that should be on my side criticize my activity fancying that I hit the road with my Ferrari... At some point I also thought of quitting, but it's a thing that I really love even if I must say you don't get many gratifications.

MRR: An activity in HC lasted for 10 years... do you wanna make a point about it? How do you judge what you did until now? What's make you proud and what make you ashamed?

Paolo: I do not think of being proud of a certain thing as well as being ashamed. I could be happy of lasting so long and being a little brick of HC history if it will be one. I must be proud of 10 years of activity. I can't judge sincerely all these years... Probably I've been pretty naive sometimes... letting things go along, doing them without a particular effort sometime.

If I knew the local situation before probably I moved somewhere else!

MRR: At the beginning there was grindcore and straight edge 88, then emo came, Ebullition, the vegan metal straight edge all together with others sub-labels. Some have got some luck, others didn't, some new will arrive and some others will disappear. What's the influence of these matters on your activity? And then, if the music you like disappears, will you continue to put out records anyway in order to pay home bills? Or maybe you thing that there'll be always some music you like?

Paolo: Until now I did not have any problems having the music I like on my label. It was one of my fear ten years ago, but I lived the 88 revival and today HC bands sounds something like Kreator in 87. Not to mention that a Power Violence bands are like Terrorizer on acid... It's a circle...

I do not see me making techno records or pop. Probably because I was always used to do what I liked the most. So I really have no clue about what to do after the passion is gone or HC will be no more. My wet dream was, and probably still is, to open a vegan bar or restaurant, a so damn hard thing here cos it's a mess legally, financially etc...

MRR: What's your future projects for S.O.A.?

Paolo: In this year and half I've put out some 15 different titles. I think I'd like to make the point of the situation and spread the records in a proper way. Making 15 records is cool but being the thing based mostly on trade it's not that simple to

get rid of all those records. I'd like the bands to be happy of what I'm trying to do. Anyway I've some foreign name in the cylinder which are Dudman, Konstrukt, Motorsaegenservice again, hopefully Insane in the Brain... I guess S.O.A. will be at 53 of catalogue for June. I'm doing a printed zine here in Italian, since HC has no exposure I'm trying to spread it as the best I can. It's called Manowar as a tribute to the metal days. I'd like to play more outside with my bands. I've been roadieing quite a lot with some other bands, but my own bands didn't get things together that much, maybe for the exception of Comrades who went 1 week with Drop Dead.

MRR: What's more in your life beside the label ??

Paolo: I live alone with my girlfriend, which is an activity that most of Italians at 26 can't understand. I think I'm a homeboy. I really love to be on my own with no many people around. Home is taking lots of time cos it must be clean and prepared junk food sucks bad. Rome it's pretty stressing city so I try not to move that much in order to avoid heartattack. What I really like is going away to eat. Yeah, eating it's such a great passion. Being sXe and antisocial I really dislike hanging at pub and recently I'm getting mad at going to gigs... The two bands I have do not require too much time, but I really love playing with them. Especially live.

I guess most of my day roles around the label "job".

MRR: What you think about pasta cooked outside Italy and here in local squats ?

Paolo: I guess the question is due to the vegan book on my website... Foreigners usually really do not know how to cook a real pasta and incredibly love the shit they prepare. In the squats it's the norm to serve a depressive dish of horrible pasta to touring bands that should need some fresh stuff instead, more healthy, instead. They really have no respect usually, or simply they do not think about it. Sometime you find some other squats as the almighty El Paso where you can eat pasta, a second dish if you eat meat and also vegetables... I think most foreign punk bands know about it.

MRR: Is it true that you wanna quit and become a priest ???

Paolo: Why??? Girls love me... I'd rather become a rabbi, maybe...

MRR: After all these questions do you need to add something more ?

Paolo: I guess I should say thanx to a bunch of friends who always helped me making the gfx of the records for free, selling the records, reviewing them, helping me with some advises. Probably this is the network of friends I was talking about... and of course thanx to Massimo for the interest and to MRR.

"I must be proud of certain things, for lasting so long, ten years and for being a little brick of HC history."



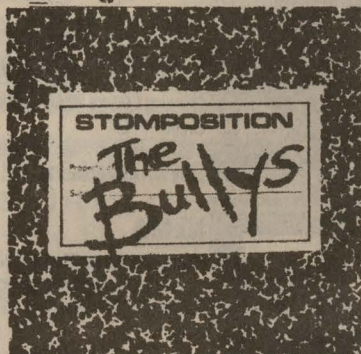
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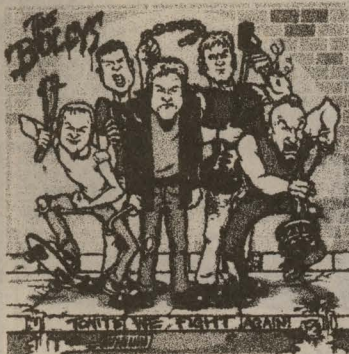


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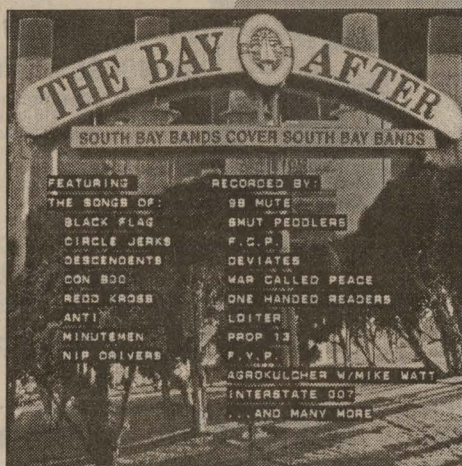
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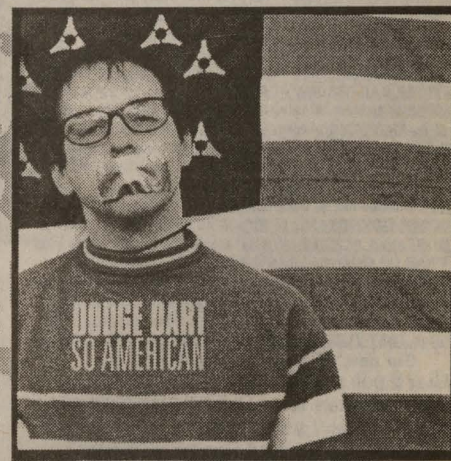
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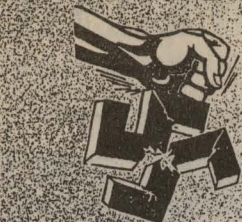


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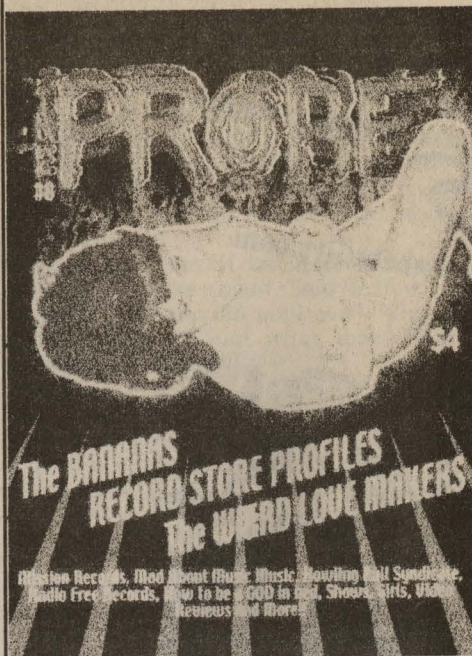
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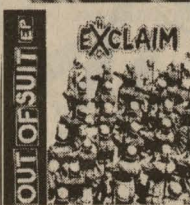


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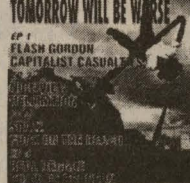
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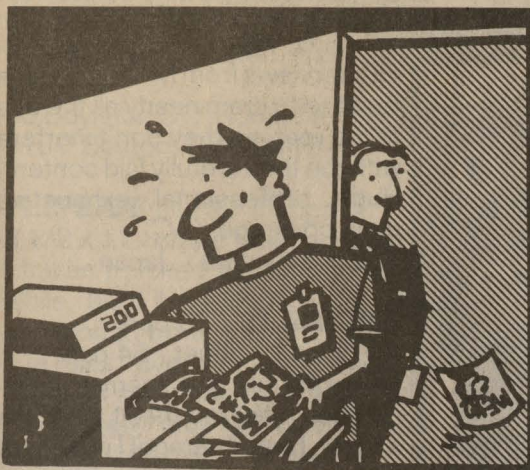
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FANZINE REVIEWS



Reviews by: (AR) Aragorn, (LB) Lily Boe, (BC) Brianna Chesser, (KC) Karoline Collins, (JC) Jeremy Cool, (MD) Mikel Delgado, (RD) Raphael DiDonato, (NF) Neale Fishback, (GF) Gardner Fusuhara, (HH) Harald Hartmann, (MJ) Mary Jane, (KC) Karoline Collins, (AM) Allan McNaughton, (JM) Jeff Mason, (JL) Jennifer L. Mushnick, (CR) Casey Ress, (DS) Denise Scilingo, (SS) Sean Sullivan.

Please send your zine in for review. Write down any information you want included in the review; method of printing, number of pages, issue number and post paid price. If you want us to include a foreign post paid price, tell us. If you accept trades, tell us. The only information we will include is what you provide us. It's very simple. Hey! Count the pages! You count the pages! Not us, you!

Specific criticisms aside, it should be understood that any independent release deserves credit for all the time and money going into it.

AMUSING YOURSELF TO DEATH #15 / \$3 ppd, \$4 Canada/Mexico, \$5 world

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - offset - 60 pgs

I was pretty amused when I got this to review because I had just mail ordered it and received it recently myself. Pretty similar to *Zine World* (see review for ARGtUP) but not quite as large. There is an interesting article about zines and prisoners, a whole lot of zine reviews and info for zine folk. (DS)

PO Box 91934 / Santa Barbara, CA 93190

ATR #2 / \$1 ppd

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - offset - 64 pgs

While not as good as issue one (there just isn't as much content in this one) this is still one of the best theory zines going. The story about (Eric?) getting gay bashed is truly moving and while parts of this could have used some serious editing (the conversation between Kim and Eric is way too long), I was still really inspired by the level of sincerity and hardwork that permeates this zine. (SS)

118 Raritan Ave / Highland Park, NJ 08904

BEERCAN FANZINE # 3 / \$1 ppd

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 30 pgs

Standard music zine format here. Letters to the editor, reviews, ads and interviews with The Sinisters, Muteants, Bulemics, Rev Norb, The Randumbs and a few more. There's also a trivia contest that's impossi-

ble (for me at least). Not bad. (NF)
PO Box 14371 / Portland OR 97293

BEER POWERED BICYCLE #7 /

stamps or trade

5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 32 pgs

One-draft-only personal zine; beer, shows, some comics, a little social commentary, Portland, etc. (Almost) all type-written; pasted kinda sloppy. Is it bad when jock-types call the outcasts fags, but not when you call yuppies that? I think if I was 20 instead of 27, I'd be more into this, but the asking price seems fair. (JM)
PO Box 40001 / Portland, OR 97240

BREATHING ICED-TEA MIX #6 / 2 stamps or \$1 ppd

5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 22 pgs

A few weeks out of the editor's life laid down for us. Yeah, if you are prone to depression, swilling coffee and beer will fuck you up. (That thing about the sugar in alcohol is true.) I thought the writing straddled the line between clever and trying too hard. Sean writes about stuff like his job, partying and which girl does he like. I liked the map of his town. He just moved out on his own, so if it sounds like you might relate, invest the 2 stamps. (JM)
139 N Main St / Ambler, PA 19002

BURN COLLECTOR #10 / \$1 ppd

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 36 pgs

First off, I really do like Al's writing, he's got a definite skill, one that he uses well in his two short stories here,

but this issue crosses the blurry line between a fanzine and an independent press publication. This zine has absolutely nothing to do with

punk, uses none of the standard devices used by fanzines, (ie, cut and paste, DIY graphics, etc.), and reads more like a creative writing journal than a zine. The shift that began with *Cometbus* has brought us to "zines" like *Burn Collector*. I make no judgment as to whether this is a bad or a good thing, but it is an

interesting trend to see in the little world of zines. Having said that, whatever this is, it really is fantastic—just not really a zine, if you ask me. (CR)

Stickfigure / PO Box 55462 / Atlanta, GA 30308

CARRY NO BANNERS #1 / \$2 ppd or trade

11 x 17 - copied - 18 pgs

This is a really good anarcho-punk zine out of Sweden. The four articles were well-written pieces on censorship of pornography, especially in comics, Cuba and Ché Guevara, the Beatles sucking and cops sucking. While this is far from virgin territory, all contained information I



hadn't already read, and I read a fuck of a lot. The next issue promises hardcore reviews and interviews, and if they are half as well thought out and researched as the articles in #1, they should be worth reading. Buy this (even though capitalism sucks)! (BC)

Karl Backman / Perjansvägen 1 / 903 55 Umeå / Sweden

CHUMPIRE #119 / 55¢ in stamps or trade

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 16 pgs
Read about Greg's trip to Argentina. I did, and it was great! I don't think I've ever read much about Argentina, and if you like Greg's writing, you're in for a treat — 16 pages this time! What kind of one pager is that?! (GF)

PO Box 680 / Conneaut Lake, PA 16316-0680

COMPLETE CONTROL #4 / 55¢

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 28 pgs
Cool personal zine with a slant on politics in every day life. There's a lot on the gentrification of the Richmond area, reminding me of what's going on in many other parts of the country, including our fair city of San Francisco. Be warned, Richmond, it only gets worse. There's also a piece that's an analysis of the mistreatment of prostitutes, and the editor's job history. It's rounded out by a critical mass story. Cool stuff. (MD)
PO Box 5021 / Richmond, VA 23220

DEVOLUTION one stamp

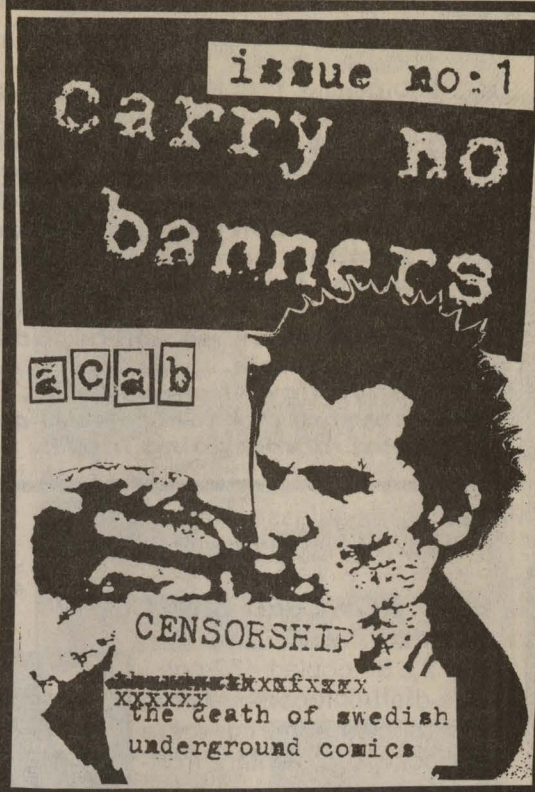
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 16 pgs
OK, I got this zine, took one look at the cover with the mohawked punks kissing on the cover, and got ready to be disappointed. But, ah-ha, this turned out to be a real decent fanzine. Reflections on public transportation, the history of the New Jersey punk scene since 1995, a crappy job, failed relationships, and reviews of live shows. The only downfall is the ridiculously small type. I thought about enlarging it on a copier, but instead just pulled it so close to my face that I got paper cuts on my eyeballs (ow). For a stamp, it's worth it. (CR)

950 Main St Box 11881 / Worcester, MA 01610-1477

DIG IT #17 / \$4 ppd

11 x 8 - offset - 44 pgs - French

Always one of my favorite French zines,



this zine has that snot nosed 77 attitude. There is an interview with The Dum Dum Boys, an in-depth article on Mr. Rhythm, Andre Williams, another article on the Dictators plus really cool reviews and lots of gossip. (HH)

32 rue Pharaon / 31000 Toulouse / France



DOLL #146

7 x 10 1/2 - offset - 170 pgs - Japanese

The current issue of this ultra-com-

posed Japanese fan eztravaganzine showcases the Misfits, Cap. Casualties, the Boys, Lunachicks, Gyogun Rend's and heaps of other bands, with additional translated interviews from MRR. One nice touch is to cram nearly all the ads at the rear, so they don't interfere with the the carefully laid content. Huge, professional, exhaustive punk coverage. (AC)
Koenji Minami 3 / Japan

ENGINE #5 / \$3 ppd

8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 64 pgs

I thought this guy seemed familiar, then I realized that it's MRR's ex-own Matt Average! I never got to meet him, and I regret it now, because this zine makes him seem like such a sincere and intelligent person. I really don't know how to express how well written and perfectly laid out this is, so I'll supply the facts: it falls more to the hardcore side of things, and has lengthy interviews that get really in depth with Los Crudos, Spazz, Devoid of Faith, Opstand, Scatha, and a hell of a lot more. I just can't wait

to get the time to be able to sit down and read every single column and interview... (RD)

PO Box 64666 / Los Angeles, CA 90064

EPI-LOGUE #1 / \$1 ppd

7 x 8 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs

If you want to read more about the end of Epicenter, this is what you need. I really don't know how people not here feel about this, but since I know Gordon, and knew about epicenter, I was intrigued. This has some fun little memorabilia, as well as Gordon's take on "what went wrong", something well worth looking at, if only to further our knowledge of; what is this scene about? What are we trying to do? Some smart takes on the politics of scene politics. (GF)

740A 14th St #207 / San Francisco, CA 94114

FIXATION #3 / \$1 ppd

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs

This zine hails from Albany, NY and features entertaining articles on a variety of topics like scoliosis, first hand accounts of the Columbine High massacre, being out as a lesbi-

FANZINE REVIEWS

an at sixteen, commentary on the 1950s, personal tidbits, and a story by Aaron Cometbus. It also includes reviews and band pictures. An interesting, readable zine. Thumbs up. (JL)

80 Boylston St / Room T911 Box 316 / Boston, MA 02116

FLIPSIDE #119 / \$5 ppd

8 1/2 x 11 - offset - fat pages bro I haven't picked Flipside up in a while, but I'll be checking it out more often from now on. This issue rules - every time I flip it open I land on another cool article that I'd missed. Interviews with the Loudmouths, Raw Power, photographer Justice Howard, Daniel Johnston, Davie Allan, and Ricanstruction among others, as well as some great columns, including Retodded on major labels and one on the Big Boys, with which I agree wholeheartedly. Not to mention Narduar vs. Rob Zombie, and a wealth of well-informed reviews. (AM)
PO Box 60790 / Pasadena, CA 91116

FLYING LESSON #3 / \$1ppd

5 1/2 x 5 - copied - 52 pgs
Good small personal zine with stories on travel, loneliness, and other subjects that mark the life of young punks. I like the way that there is no real separation between subjects, and that the theme is loose and fluid. Cool layout, too. Definitely one of the more interesting zines I've gotten in a while. (CR)
PO Box 954 / Bloomington, IN 47402

FOOD GEEK #1 / \$1 ppd

4 1/4 x 5 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs
Oh my. I love this 'zine. A little pocket sized gem chock full of stories & artwork about (you guessed it!) FOOD! 'Ode to an Aging Stove' recounts the author's love for a 1950's electric range that "oozed the confidence of a '57 Chevy and with just as much chrome." Recipes for pico de gallo, tofu spam, and charred paper towels will tempt your tastebuds...and put a smile on your face! Throw in a pinch of 'zine reviews (food related, of course), a dash of 'Dream Food Dates', a cup of chili warnings, a splash of 'Food in Japanese Music' and you've got

yourself a mighty tasty read. Get yours today! (KC)

PO Box 481051 / Los Angeles, CA 90048



FSHUT STONCA #6 / \$3 ppd

8 x 6 - offset - 64 pgs - Polish
This small, but tightly put together zine concentrates solely on the Polish scene. There are interviews with Rumor, Tomahawk and other not so famous Polish bands. There is also an article on the environment plus record reviews and ads. This looks like a great place for those interested to check out the scene in Poland. (HH)
Rafat Grodzicki / Skoneczna 79 / 38200 Jasko / Poland



GAME OF THE ARSEHOLES #1 / free

8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 4 pgs
For being more of a newsletter this is a pretty nice looking product. It is "old

school" punk rock. It goes so far as to thank Felix for staying true to the faith... But the best part is a great listing of the best records of the nineties. Brief but quality. (AR)

9 Fenwick Rd / Whippany, NJ 07981

GRINNER #7 / 25p + SASE

England, \$2 ppd other or trade
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs
I can't remember if there was ever a serious side to this zine (doubtful), but it's just pure looniness now. If you want a whirlwind ride through the minds of some very silly Brits in a goofy handwritten style with tangents that lead nowhere, then how could you do better than *Grinner*? Well you can't, mate. (GF)

75 Winsover Rd / Spalding / Lincs / PE11 1EQ / England

HAND OF DOOM #1 / stamp (or trade)

8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 18 pgs
One half is this guy's radio playlist, and the other half is reviews. The editor kinda refuses to deal with anything outside of the black metal/gore/grind realm, and he wins points for quoting "Fast Times At Ridgmont High."

PO Box 14157 / Cleveland, OH 44114

HOLIDAYS IN THE SUN #2 / \$2 ppd

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - offset - 36 pgs
I have to say that this is one of the most interesting zines I have read in a while. The subtitle of this zine is "A zine about surviving exposure to the mainstream", and its focus is on writers/zine editors who interact with the mainstream publishing or corporate world. These days people in the underground are so easily branded as "sell-outs", so it is nice to hear their side of what happens in their mainstream world dealings. I think a lot what is in this zine would surprise people who so easily judge. It includes an interview with one of my favorite people, Paul Lukas of *Beer Frame*, a story about the editor's own book deal and a frightening article about Barbara from *Plotz* meeting with a newspaper reporter. The zine is also on a

web site which I didn't get to check out. www.yip.org/jim (DS)
10 Trellanock Ave / Toronto, Ont,
M1C 5B5 / Canada

I CAN'T BELIEVE #4 / \$2 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 48 pgs
I enjoyed the visual layout of this zine and its pictures. There is music-related stuff like interviews with Sunny Day Real Estate, The Locust, Samuel, Very Secretary, and Cross my Heart, plus record/CD reviews. Non music stuff includes an article about hating everyone, economic sanctions in Iraq, feminism, veganism, and Baltimore Food Not Bombs. A lot of the articles and opinions are the standard coverage of the same old issues and causes but this zine is obviously put together with a lot of care and thoughtfulness. I was really impressed with the effort put into creating this. A good read. (JL)
PO Box 4501 / Highland Park, NJ 08904

IMPACT PRESS #22 / \$2 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 48 pgs
This is free in central Florida, and if you're picking it up there, it's pretty good. The highlight was the piece on corporate/government plans to insure American businesses best poised to strip mine the moon, Mars, etc. There's a number of similar style lefty articles in here, most of which are kind of superficially tackled. Well, what do you expect when this is published bimonthly and everything is cross referenced to a web page? I also liked the attacks on Christianity (keep 'em comin', I can't ever get enough) and the piece on Iraqi sanctions. Still, this kind of gives me the creeps, the same way melodic, say-nothing "punk" bands playing \$12 all ages shows do - it's more like a gentle nudge than a kick in the ass. I guess if you're stuck in Orlando... (JM)

PMB 361 / 10151 University Blvd / Orlando, FL 32817

THE INNER SWINE vol. 5, #3 / \$2 or trade
5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 64 pgs
I found the most telling line in this densely-packed publication to be the editor's comment as to how he'd sent out nearly 500 fiction submissions and been accepted seven

times. If you're looking for a jaded, opinionated, aiming-for-humor-lit-mag, put together by a Jersey City drunkard, this is it. It reminded me of *QECE*, except thematically it's all "I hate these people... these people are stupid... I got drunk..." etc. A play, poetry and essays. I guess this is kinda good cuz usually I really hate things like this, but I thought this was tolerable. (JM)
293 Griffith St #9 / Jersey City, NJ 07307

INSIDE FRONT #12 / \$4 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 136 pgs
It's official, I live under a rock. That's the only way that I could have missed a zine this good for eleven issues. The kids at Crimethinc are putting out an amazingly insightful political zine that still manages to cover music. And when I say cover politics I don't just mean "free Mumia, support Chiapas etc etc" I mean helping kids develop the skills and knowledge history they need to think about these issues on their own. This is the best zine I've gotten for review in recent memory, and the fact that it comes with an Umlaut 6" is all the more reason to get it. Buy this today. (SS)



2695 Rangewood Dr / Atlanta, GA 30345

JANK: HOOKIE AND BABA
THE WILD YEARS #19 / 55¢
5 1/2 x 11 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs
A collection of comic strips that detail the ongoing "adventures" of, near as I can tell, a robot butt and a monkey. Another comic in the "it's-funny-if-it-doesn't-make-any-sense" category.

While I may not have thought it was all that great, someone else might find it mildly amusing, maybe. (CR)
PO Box 791 / Berkeley, CA 94701

JERSEY BEAT #65 / \$3 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 132 pgs
This zine revolves around music and it's filled with reviews and interviews with Indecision, Shades Apart, Bouncing Souls, Inspector 7, Lillingtons, and Teen Idols. Also there is an article about the dementia of the Warped Tour and why it's bad news, the W.E. Fest, the South by Southwest Conference, how Rad-ish survived the music industry, and a Jersey ska report. I was prepared to dislike the zine after a really lame



article about The Offs' tour diary where they played shows at nudie bars and made all sorts of really gross comments about jerking off and "boobs"

but I thought the rest of the zine was packed with information and put together well. Lots of music and scene info, lots of reviews, lots of pictures of men with shaved heads playing music, you get the picture. (JL)
418 Gregory Ave / Weehawken, NJ 07087

K, L, OR M #1 / stamp or trade
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 2 pgs
This is basically some random thoughts and copied photos from a fifteen year old kid with the same zip code as me. He seems pretty cool, especially considering he lives in a lame-ass neighborhood. His phone number is included, and my friend and I called him, but he never called us back. We felt like losers. So write, don't call. (BC)
118 Granville Way / San Francisco, CA 94127

MANTIS #4 / US 2 stamps, other \$1
4 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 55 pgs
Cute little zine about daily life in

Ohio. Nothing terribly deep, but I enjoyed reading about these two people and what they think/do. Those kids...so optimistic! (GF)
38227 Wilson Ave / Willoughby,
OH 44094-7826

THE NEUS SUBJEX #24 #25 / free

8 1/2 x 14 - copied - 2 pgs
This is a newsletter. It also clearly comes from the mind of a madman. The font is so small that the text and the smudges all blend together. It doesn't matter though. This is show reviews, record reviews and a smarmy attitude. (AR)
PO Box 18051 / Fairfield, OH 45018-0051

NOSEBLEED #19 / \$2 ppd

8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 31 pgs
I've noticed that plenty of zines out there put together shitty interviews with popular bands and plop their names on the cover so the retards buy em. But here, the interviews with the US Bombs and Dropkick Murphys are outstanding. Very rare now-a-days. Aside from that, there's the normal reviews, news, a few rants and a couple more interviews. Overall, better than most. (NF)

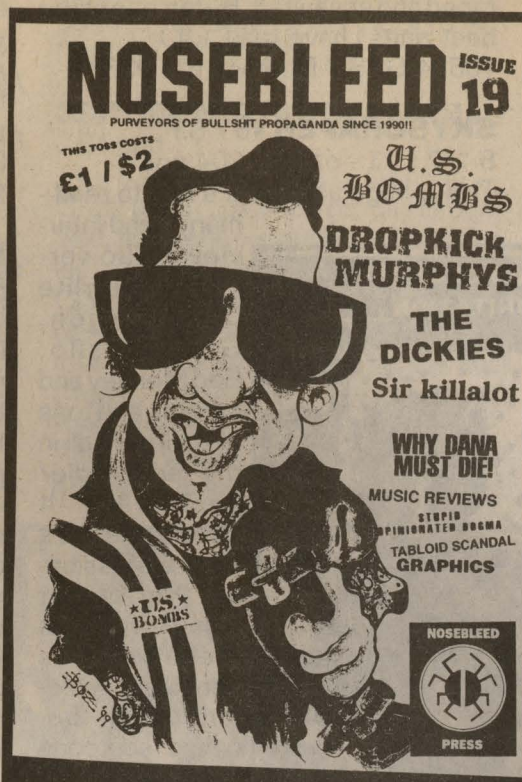
55 Fontenoi St Phibsboro / Dublin 7 / Ireland 01 8302956

OX FANZINE #35 / 6.90 DM

8 1/2 - offset - 130 pgs
Another zine that looks really cool, but it's in a language that's foreign to me. I wish I could read it though, for it's packed with all kinds of stuff. MRR type layout, with columns, reviews, interviews with the likes of Electric Frankenstein, Sick Of It All, Kill Holiday, Dropkick Murphys, US Bombs, LA Donnas and more. If I could speak German, I'm sure that I'd get this regularly. (NF)
PO Box 143445 / 45264 Essen / Germany

QUADROCEPTIVE INFINITATION #5 / \$1 ppd

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 36 pgs
Well I think there is a good zine buried somewhere in the 36 pgs and I think it would like to break free. The editor has such enthusiasm for zines that he is almost like an overactive puppy. The main problem with QI is



that the editor feels he must write EVERY thought that goes through his 18 year old brain. For example, does the world really need a 2 page article about how nothing eventful happened one day. This ain't Seinfeld kid, we don't care. But I do think there is a good zine in there, it just needs some editing. It's a personal zine about his love of pop punk and zines. Also includes a lengthy interview with Josh Rutledge of Now Wave and Pee Pee zines. (DS)
RR #1 Box 1168 / Nescopeck, PA 18635

A READER'S GUIDE TO THE UNDERGROUND PRESS #11 / \$3 ppd US, Canada, Mexico ; \$7 world

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - offset - 120 pgs
This zine use to be called *Zine World*, now it has this huge name which reminds me of *A Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature*, but I am a librarian so the rest of the world might not make this association. Beside the name change I still think ARGttUP is still a great zine. Not only does it included a massive amount of zine

reviews but has columns, news and contact information for the alternatively minded. This zine gets so much flack for giving bad reviews that it makes reading the letter section a lot of fun. As a zine reviewer I see a lot of crap, and crap should not be encouraged. I am often inspired by their reviewers. I also like how they list the time the reviewer spent on the zine. A very telling sign indeed. Order your copy today! (DS)

PMB# 2386 / 537 Jones St / San Francisco, CA 94102

REPORTER #1-3 / \$3 ppd

8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - offset - 28 pgs
Reporter is a sleeper comic series in a film noir style. It's set in the 1940s and has writers, gangsters and bank robbers. The simple black and white drawings have a Dick Tracy feel to them. While the three I read were strange and slow-moving, they were very intriguing. Issue #2 is based on screenplay by Noel Coward, but I don't know if the film has ever been made. These are slow but cool, and I want to know

where the story is going. (BC)
PO Box 10952 / Portland, OR 97296-0952

REFLECTIONS #12 / \$?

8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 80 pgs
Pretty run of the mill straight edge zine with run of the mill straight edge interviews with In My Eyes, Good Clean Fun, Gameface, and, since this is the 7 Seconds tribute issue, Kevin Seconds. The

GCF interview is great, but that's cause they're great. I just wish that a zine from the Netherlands would interview more European bands instead of talking to everyone that every state side zine interviews. (SS)

RDe Nijverheid 30 / 7681 MD Vroomshoop / The Netherlands

RETROGRESSION August 99 / free

10 x 15 - offset - 8 pgs
It seems that this has been around



for awhile and I have totally missed the boat on this one. This is a hard-core product that actually has a focus on content. The columnists are articulate and interesting. The editor seems intelligent. The reviews are lengthy and opinionated. This is a nice product. (AR)

PO Box 815 / Norton, MA 02766

THE RIGHT PATH #7/8 / \$1 ppd

8 1/2 x 11 - offset/copied - 16/20 pgs

Josh states straight off that he wants to make a living off this, and he talks incessantly about advertising. Well Josh, you've got an awful long way to go. This zine has almost no content, the interviews are pretty boring, and I hate to see anyone say they purposefully got fired from their job because they want to live off the scene. Bad idea. (SS)
49 Wilcox St / Rochester, NY 14607

SHUT YOUR FUCKING MOUTH #2 / \$1

8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 52 pgs

Maybe I would feel different if I lived there and had a sense of where this was coming from but I felt uninspired with this. The columns are wishy-washy. The editor has great intentions but what are intentions worth anyway? The quality is high but it feels unfocused and searching... Searching is great but why put out yet another zine? (AR)

526 Queen Ave N / Minneapolis, MN 55405

SILENT WITNESS #2 / \$1 ppd

5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 24 pgs

This is a really intense and amazing zine about this woman's deeply personal experiences and her process of dealing with them. This was not a cheezy emo zine - it is totally unpretentious and genuinely insightful without trying to be. She used writing as a therapeutic tool and much of the zine reads like a journal or diary but doesn't feel creepy or voyeuristic like some zines do. There is also writing about her involvement with an organization that provides advocacy for women who have been

raped and assaulted. By far, one of the best zines I have read. (JL)

10584 GSS / Durham, NH 03824

SKYSCRAPER #6 / \$3

8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 204 pgs

This is huge and there's lots to read -

many band interviews (Lowercase, Starlite Desperation, Godheadsilo, Red Monkey and others), and tons of reviews - all in the emo/indie/punk vein. It looks great. It's very professional. My major complaint is that the interviews need serious editing! Just because someone in a band is talking does not mean every word

is interesting! Every band interview is 8-12 pages long and there's just lots of excessive rambling, to the point where I lost interest and moved on to the next overly-long interview. The other thing is that this zine is very boy focused - mostly boy writers and boy bands - and the columns were dull. It would be great to see one of these slick emo-ish zines that is out these days develop into

something truly awesome - it seems the energy and potential is there, but it hasn't happened yet. (MD)
PO Box 4432 / Boulder, CO 80306

SLUG & LETTUCE

#60 / 55¢ ppd

11 x 17 - offset - 16 pgs

Most folks probably know this already, a free newspaper style zine that is a real labor of love. I haven't seen it in a long time, but it used to come out of NYC and it appears that Christine has moved to Richmond, VA but continues to wage her war from there. The first page has her musings and then

there are columns, tons of band photographs, and exhaustive zine and music reviews. Euro-anarcho-DIY style to it, really great and worthy of your respect! (MJ)

PO Box 26632 / Richmond, VA 23261-6632

SO FUCKIN' WHAT #8 / \$2 ppd

8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 26 pgs

Upstate NY represents. This issue is all columns, reviews, and some political pieces that go along with the anarcho-crust style the zine cultivates. As columns go, I've seen much worse, and the reviews have some character too, as they cover mostly their genre and area. My only complaint is that the music reviews are much more lengthy than the zine reviews - don't zines merit the same attention, especially the ones you're so stoked on? This publication will mainly be of interest to the upstate kids. A sticky note attached to the cover informs me that this issue comes with a So Fuckin' What 7". (JM)

253 Alexander St / Apt #332 / Rochester, NY 14607-2538

SO WHAT #4 / \$2 ppd

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 28 pgs

This is a zine from the Denver area and they seem pretty proud of it. They even had an article about why the Denver scene doesn't suck. Ya gotta give them credit for not taking

the easy road and complaining that their scene sucks like so many other zines. I was kind of lukewarm about this zine. I thought the photo story of Sleeping Beauty was clever and I liked the story about the editor's trip to the Zine Conference. Other pieces in the zine I could do without. And no, there is not anything about the shootings in case you were wondering. (DS)

8133 S Fillmore Wy / Littleton, CO 80122

SPAGHETTI DINNER & DANCING

#13 / 2 stamps

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 16 pgs

Fairly well written zine about camp-



ing and nature and other stuff I know nothing about. I don't know why some zinesters have such an aversion to capitalization, but at least this has paragraph breaks. (SS)
PO Box 2536 / Missoula, MT 59806

SPANK #11 / \$3 ppd

8 1/2 - offset - 73 pgs

Another *MRR* type zine, but much more slick. Besides the normal reviews and columns, there's interviews with No Motiv, Moral Crux, Stiff Pole Records and a few more. This is nothing original, but still a good zine. (NF)

1004 Rose Ave. / Des Moines IA 50315-3000

SPEED DEMON #10 / \$5 ppd

8 1/2 x 11 1/2 - copied - 82 pgs - Italian

Speed Demon offers the targeted reader a very comprehensive, if not entirely original, glimpse into queer perspectives on punk, politics and the arts. With a sharp eye, reviewers tear open the Olympia-pop phenomenon and other "queer and queer-friendly music stuff," as well as an impressive roster of books and zines orbiting queerness. A Kathy Acker interview, conducted by Kathleen Hanna, and pertinent x-Yugoslavian articles are translated into Italian, and homosexuality in jail is discussed, among many other topics. This is not visually stunning, but is still eye-catching if just for the informative riches inside. (AC)

PO Box 44/A / P.zza San Babila 4/D / 20122 Milano / Italy

SUBDRIVE #2 / free

Fairly skimpy little zine with interviews with The Scofflaws, Youth Brigade, and others. There's nothing really wrong with this magazine, it's just the kind that reviews the Warped Tour and uses the term "mosh" a lot.

PO Box 757 / New Hyde Park, NY 11040

TAKE A STAND #2 / \$1 ppd

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 28 pgs

Short and to the point, this has an interview with Olympia's Old Time Relijun and a bunch of little stories, many of which concerning driving or traveling. Looks nice, some of the

stories are interesting. (AM)

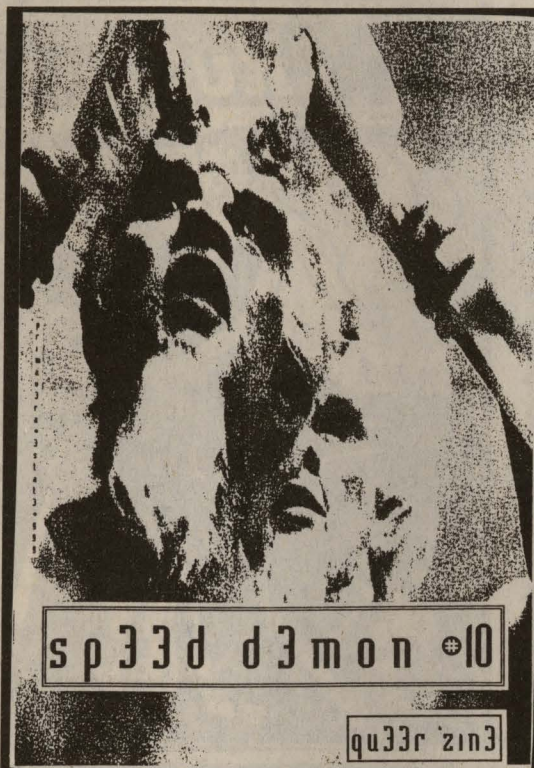
0615 SW Palatine Hill Rd #1074 / Portland, OR 97219

3RD GENERATION NATION #16 / \$4 ppd

11 x 8 - offset - 72 pgs - German

Great punk rock zine from das Bruderland, this issue covers Boris The Sprinkler, The Holsteins, Vice Squad and Citadel Records. There are loads of new record reviews, gig reviews and lots of interesting gossip. Contact these punkers by e-mail: RealShock@aol.com (HH)

Ralf Hunebeck / Muhlenfeld 59 / 45472 Mulheim / Germany

**TRUST #77 / \$4 ppd**

11 x 8 - offset - 64 pgs - German

The usual good solid punk from *Trust*, this issue having interviews with Hellworms, Dropkick Murphys, Sabeth, and Agent Orange. There are also columns, plenty of reviews and a great gig listing. (HH)

Dolf Hermannstadter / Postfach 110762 / 28207 Bremen / Germany

THE TROUBLE WITH NORMAL

#41 / \$1 ppd

5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 52 pgs

This zine claims to have a theme for this issue though I can't seem to identify it. I guess the theme might be

show reviews that read like journal entries or sex and relationships. There is some advice from the author, Boone, about respecting your partner's boundaries and needs. Also, articles on monogamy and media coverage of shootings in offices and schools, and interviews with The Bangs and the filmmaker Sarah Jacobson. A mixed bag, but mostly interesting stuff. (JL)

PO Box 329 / Colombia, MO 65205

UNDER THE VOLCANO #51 / \$3

8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 78 pgs

Man, I remember reviewing this mag a long time ago... I gave it a glowing review, convincing myself it had to be a fluke. Well, here they are three years later, and they're still putting out issues that fucking kill! Aside from the columns that somehow steer clear of being generic (hell, don't ask me how they do it!), they've got interviews with Mustard Plug, the head honcho at Relapse Records, Teen Idols, Vision of Disorder, and a whole bunch of other random shit to round it out, all with a great color cover. Chalk another one up for Long Island! (RD)

PO Box 236 / Nesconset, NY 11767

UNSHAVEN CHI #1 / \$2

8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 32 pgs

These are pretty funny comics, although most of the jokes are aimed at someone about 15 years older than me (that'd be mid-thirties). This issue focuses on cereal ads from the late sixties and early seventies, before I was born. I understood some of the jokes with the help of the foot notes, which teach way too much about breakfast cereal mascots. So if you were born in '79, didn't have a TV growing up, and ate your mom's home made granola, most of this will be over your head, but it's still pretty entertaining. (BC)

PO Box 7273 / York, PA 17404

THE USUAL FARE #3 / \$2 ppd

8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 12 pgs

Not really aptly named. This zine is a fun read in places, particularly the smaller pieces that incorporate graphics in a humorous, yet political

way. The bulk of the writing, however, is self-described confessional purging, and to be honest, I could have done with less of that. Its cut-and-paste layout looks nice, and is actually pretty refreshing. It also comes with a separate 12 page booklet about DIY screenprinting. Not bad, but the long-winded and overly-clever style of writing lost me I'm afraid. (AM)

610 Bathurst St / Ottawa / Ontario / K1G 0X8 / Canada

WE DARE BE FREE #5 / \$1.50 ppd

11 x 17 - offset - 20 pgs

Being from New England, I appreciate any punk stuff that comes from there (well, pretty much). This anarchist newspaper has a lot of news from all over, contact addresses, and starts off with a reprint of a Kropotkin essay. So it's your basic anarchist stuff, and I think you are either down with this style or you are not. It's super punk and must be great if you live in New England for the contacts alone. (MJ)

PO Box 230685 / Boston, MA 02123

WINOS & ME #3 / booze trade cardboard - stapled - 4 layers

The editor, Vinnie La Russa, discusses his experiences drinking bad sulfitic wine, sometimes from small boxes and vomiting in scenic spots around Tulsa and SF. In his travels, Vinnie meets faded old punks and world-worn ex-train hoppers bursting with stewed Great Depression-era nostalgia. Fantastic and touching. (AC)

21st St. Shelter / San Francisco, CA 94147

WRECKED FANZINE #1 / \$1 and a stamp

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 22 pgs

This looks like crap, but that's OK cause the editor isn't trying to make it look good. There's some reviews, poetry, art, columns and interviews with DRI, Fear, Tom from Dead Beat Records and a few local bands. The one with Fear is pretty funny cause one of the dudes asks the interview kid if he has any beer, the kid says no and the band hits the bricks. Pretty funny. (NF)

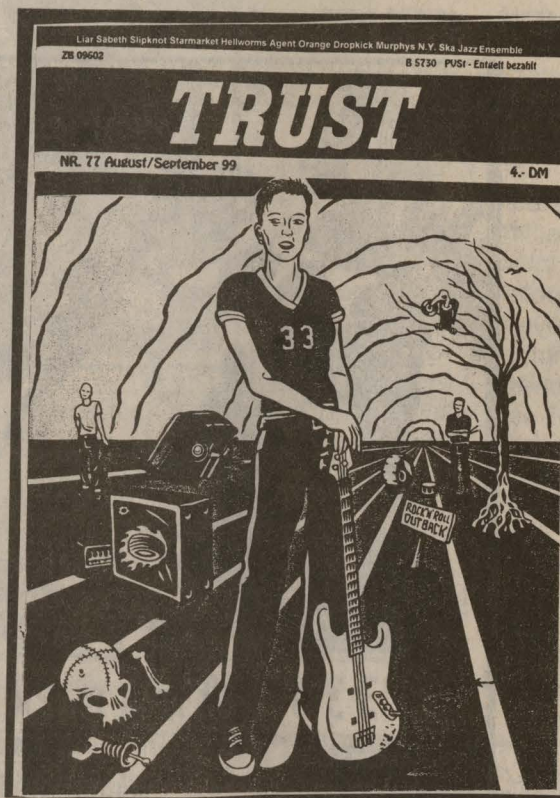
3701 S Watson Rd Box #121 / Buckeye AZ 85326

MORE LISTINGS

BIKE MESSENGER NEWSLETTER #1 / free

A one page bike messenger zine with information on bicycling in DC and New York, book review, and other bike messenger information.

c/o Carl (os) Kosinski / 5470 West Military Dr. #2715 / San Antonio, TX 78242



HAPPY NOT STUPID #10 / \$2

To me, this is the kind of zine grown-ups make, d-u-l-l. Half of this is diary entries about married adult life. Dan Quayle quotes, reviews, and other random neatly, computerly laid out bits make up the rest.

PO Box 8145 / Reno, NV 89507

HOOF SIP #49 / \$1.50

Well they said it was the boring issue and they aren't kidding. Stanley Kublick and a lot of zine and record reviews.

PO Box 7636 / Bloomfield Hills, MI 48302-7636

KEEP THE FAITH #2 / \$?

It looks like the mail is finally flowing back out of Novi Sad—I hope that means conditions are improving...KTF is an oi/streetpunk zine in Serbo-Croatian, with interviews with the 4 Skins, Bomb Squadron, the Warriors, and others, along with record and live show reviews. Miljan Bosancic / Narodnog Fronta 78 / 21000 Novi Sad / Yugoslavia

LOLLIPOP #48 / \$5 ppd

A corporate rock mag, which I assume was inadvertently sent to this address. Covers some of the bigger punk bands. Die.

PO Box 441493 / Boston, MA 02144

OINTMENT #5 / 50 cents + stamp ppd

Grrl powered zine, poetry, fiction, lists, reviews.

Wright I 0416 / University Park / Carbondale, IL 62901

PARANOIA #95 / 2,50 DM

This German language zine has a classic euro-layout, complete with local listings (Book Your Own Fucking Austria! info enclosed) and predominantly US punk rock coverage. Interviews with Good Riddance, UK Subs, H2O, and Anarcrust. They oughta just move to San Francisco for easier access.

Paranoia / Postfach 310 / A-10 13 Vienna / Austria

PLANET CHOCKO #6 /

\$1?

Interviews with Hepcat, Dropkick Murphys, Furious George, Ten Foot Pole, plus reviews and photos.

PO Box 1160 / Maywood, NJ 07607

UNSPEAKABLE THOUGHTS

#1 / free

Flimsy first issue with sparse layout, too many fonts, and interviews with the Generiks, Snapcase, and Dickie Staboner.

PO Box 35254 / Phoenix, AZ 85069

Gordon Edgar, long-time Epicenter worker, decided to turn his experiences working at the punk record store into a fanzine entitled *Epi-logue*. Detailing the failures (and successes) of Epicenter's legendary nine years as a not-for-profit, volunteer-run community space. The following interview was conducted with Gordon a little late to make the special Epicenter issue of MRR, but it's still interesting and relevant. Interview by Casey R.

MRR: What prompted you to write a fanzine about the closing of Epicenter?

GE: At first, when I heard Epicenter was closing, I just wanted to do something for the closing night event; something tangible to give to people to commemorate the nine years Epicenter existed. I had lots of old fliers and pictures, because I worked there from 1991-96, and I found a short essay I had written about Epicenter when I left. I decided to expand that as a building block for people to think structurally about why Epicenter had the problems it did. It became a combination nostalgia and criticism zine.

MRR: What did you take away from that experience (working at Epicenter)?

GE: The first thing was meeting so many great people. That sounds kind of shallow at first, but a lot of different people came through those doors—a lot of people with different interests, different lefty politics, and different backgrounds were able to connect for the first time. You shouldn't underestimate the power of a place where people can get to know each other in a big, expensive city. So I take a lot of memories and friendships with me from my time at Epicenter. On the other hand, I also take a lot of experience in how *not* to run a collective, which is mostly what I tried to get across in my zine.

MRR: What did you/do you hope will come out of the fanzine?

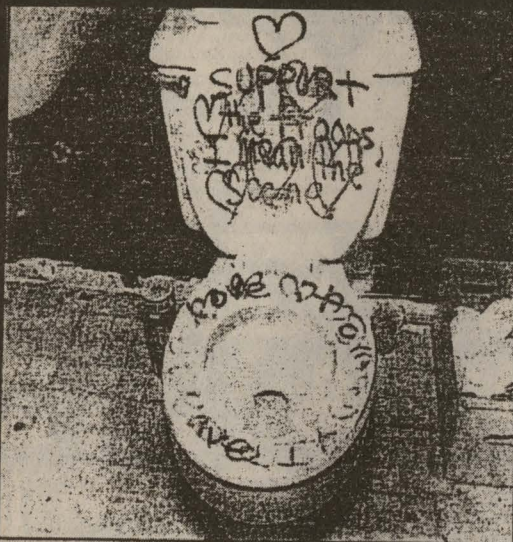
GE: Mostly, I wanted to start a

productive discussion about Epicenter and alternative spaces and leave out a discussion of individual personalities. Certainly, I drew on a lot of discussions with ex-Epicenter workers and friends. I also

EPI-LOGUE

The Zine of Epicenter Zone's Demise

wanted to get over some of the bitterness that I've seen from a lot of ex-workers, so there can be a place to talk about the good and bad things we got out of trying to



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create a space like Epicenter. The way it burned people out was evident in the fact that so few older workers showed up for the closing party. There were maybe eight people from my time period, a time when literally hundreds worked there for some period of time. We hung out in the back room and discussed our health problems. I also hope it can provoke discussion in other similar groups out there and give people starting such projects something to think about.

MRR: What sort of reaction have you received? What sort of plans do you have for any future issues?

GE: Well, because MRR lost the

first copy I sent to you, and it hasn't been reviewed yet, it hasn't been seen too much beyond the Bay Area (ha ha). The reaction has been very positive, even from the people I thought might be critical of the zine not being scathing enough.

I think people concentrated a little on the parts they liked, either the fliers and graphics or the long essay. Many people said they would have contributed if they had had the chance, and actually I felt funny doing this zine on my own. Ideally, I would have done this in a collective manner and had a lot of different people write about their feelings/thoughts. Unfortunately, I was out of town until three days before the closing party and didn't have time to organize it. As it was, I got food poisoning, worked every day including overtime, and barely finished it at all before the party started.

I will coordinate putting out another issue with other people's writing if there is interest. It seems like another issue will happen, but probably not till the new year because I have too much going on right now. I've definitely said my bit.

MRR: Much of your zine revolves around the failings of Epicenter as a political entity, and subsequently, the failing of punk as a progressive political movement. What do you feel can or should be done to politicize the punk rock community?

GE: Well I think that's the wrong question. I was totally inspired to become political through punk rock, but I don't know if politicizing the punk community as a whole is either possible or a good organizing goal. Organizing around "Punk" identity seems like a dubious project at best. I saw many people leave Epicenter because identifying around a musical subculture was too restraining for them. I guess I want people to think bigger than just "punk".

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PUNK AS FUCK

When I talk in my zine about Epicenter being a punk community center there were two things behind it that I might not have made clear. The first is that I felt like that would be a compromise, but maybe an achievable goal, given the history of the space. The second was that I kind of view punk as a possible entryway into becoming aware of the forces that control and shape society. There aren't that many around and punk is very valuable because of that. But it is one that only speaks to certain types of people. I'm not using that as a code for race here—because certainly many punks of color helped make Epicenter and are involved in punk scenes everywhere—but it is certainly a youth culture and requires listening to a certain type of music.

Personally, I feel like I got many of my political ideas through music, but developed my political analysis through working with primarily political, not punk, groups. I missed working with people who had the riot/smash/direct action punk politics as a first reaction, but it also gave me a little perspective. Subcultural organizing has to see the bigger picture to avoid becoming isolated and reactionary.

MRR: If one were interested in starting an Epicenter-type place, what one piece of advice would you offer them to try and ensure its success?

GE: Figure out, at least on a basic level, what you are trying to accomplish. Your structure and the way you operate should go from there.

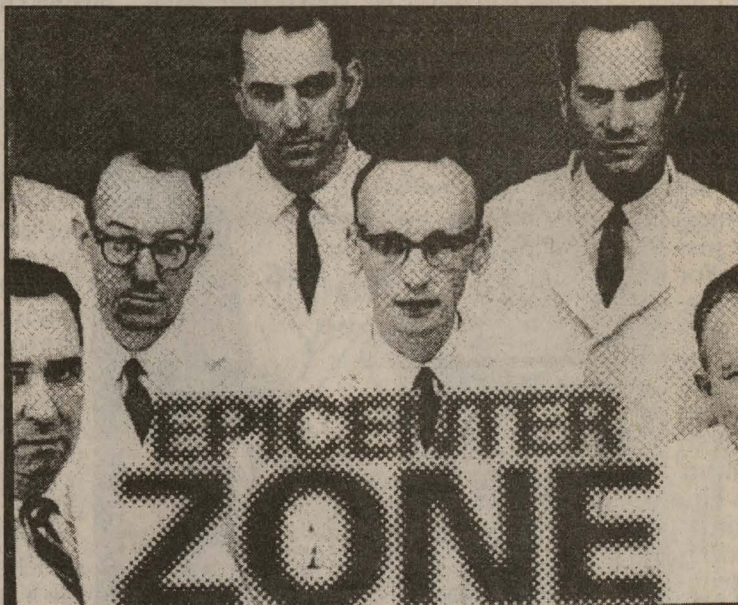
and all the Q-Tip events. Creating, at times, that elusive feeling that everyone participating was working together, creating movement and a Movement. It's kind of piecemeal. Some days I came home from Epicenter feeling great; some days wondering why I was wasting my time.

It was also a success in giving people on the outside inspiration to start their own projects based on what they felt Epicenter to be. Individually, a lot of people grew a lot during their tour of duty at Epicenter, most of them for the better.

I actually had an amazing ex-Epicenter day a few weeks ago. I hung out with one ex-worker after she got off work, met another for drinks and then went to go see The Strike and Songs For Emma play, seeing another 10-15 ex-workers. I was amazed again at how many great people

came through that place, how much they've accomplished individually, and wondered again at why Epicenter wasn't a stronger, more functional, oppositional community in the Bay Area. That seems to be the important question, as we try to build political spaces and movements in this country.

Epi-logue is available for \$1 ppd from Gordon at 740A 14th St. #207, San Francisco, CA 94114



But stay flexible, fun, and inclusive. Avoid isolation, and don't be afraid to think big. No problem, eh? Go out there and do it.

MRR: A good deal of your fanzine details the failings/problems of Epicenter's existence. What do you feel were its successes?

GE: Bringing people together at various times. Some great political events, as an anti-Gulf War staging area for instance, and social events like say, the first Bikini Kill show



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- 1 Austin, TX @ Emo's
- 2 Ft Worth, TX @ The Wreck Room
- 3 Denton, TX @ The 4D
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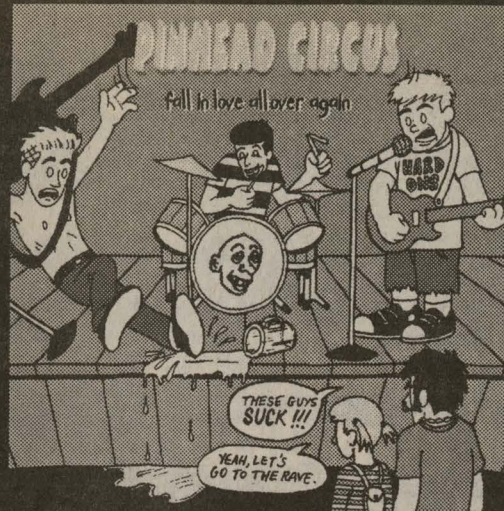
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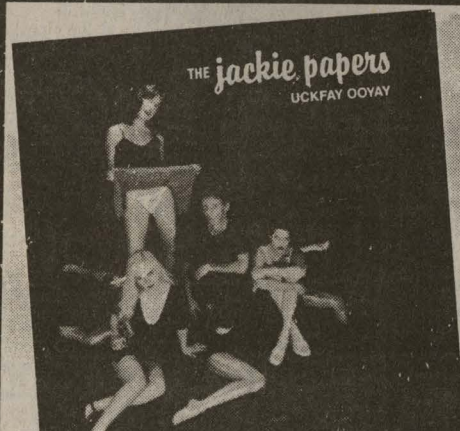
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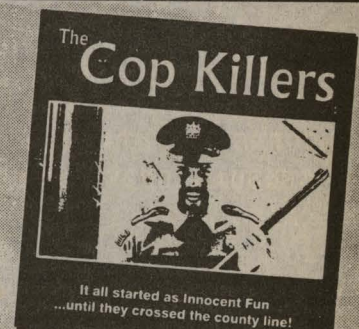
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Attention Classifieds Readers: When responding to these ads remember that the world of MRR readers is not a punk rock utopia where everyone is looking out for everyone else and we're all cool... Be careful what you tell people and be careful who you send money to. There are people out there in punkland who will try to rip you off, exploit you or manipulate you. I can't tell you how scared I feel when I see an ad that begins "16 year old girl running away from home needs places to crash..."

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WORLDWIDE PUNKROCK for sale. 2000 items: 7"/12"/Albums. I've got mega-rare stuff as well as usual stuff. Also got indie/mod/powerpop records. The list is full of Killed By Death, Back To Front, Bloodstains stuff like: Anarchy, Briard, Shit Dogs, Rattus, Eat, Bastards, Victims, Razar, Glueams, Fresh Color, Nabat, Kriminella Gitarrer, Paraf, Stalin, Friction, Liket Lever, Chain Gang + much more. Trades welcome! Send 3 IRC's or \$2 for complete list to: Ingo Eitelbach, PO Box 1319, 23833 Bad Oldesloe, GERMANY. Fax: +49-4531-67733 (Tel: 67438). Email: 101603.2202@compuserve.com <http://ourworld.compuserve.com/homepages/IngoE>

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VIDEOS!! Madball, AF, S.O.I.A., Skarhead, Crown of Thornz, Slapshot, Rest in Pieces, Sheer Terror, Underdog, Murphy's Law, Snapcase, Warzone, Killing Time, Breakdown, Burn, Hatebreed, Biohazard, Wrecking Crew, H2O, Bruisers, Into Another, Die 116, Cromags, Nausea, Turmoil, 7 Seconds, Token Entry, Vision, Bad Brains, C.O.C., Buzzoven, Mucho Mas! \$1 or 3 stamps for list to: Jaybird, POB 417, Mt. Prospect, IL 60056

VIDEOS!! Nick Cave, Babes in Toyland, Antiseen, Tortoise, Skinny Puppy, Blast, Quicksand, Fugazi, Minor Threat, Nashville Pussy, Verbal Assault, Rollins, Samhain, Misfits, Mudhoney, Rancid, Operation Ivy, SNFU, Suicidal Tendencies, Alice Donut, Tool, Gorilla Biscuits, Sepultura, Napalm Death, Slayer, Prong, Born Against, Jane's Addiction, Beastie Boys, Mucho Mas! \$1 or 3 stamps for list to: Jaybird, POB 417 Mt. Prospect, Illinois, 60056

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CRUSTY RECORDS is starting Volume Two and is now accepting submissions. If you're punk and so's your music, send us something. The deadline is Jan. 15, 2000. Crusty Comp Volume One available now. Only \$5.00 ppd. Send to Crusty Records, PO Box 591895 Commercial Dr., Vancouver, BC, V5N 4A6.

WANTED (Original 1st pressings only, m-/m- condition preferred): Nubs - I Don't Need 7" (wp \$200), Hollywood Squares - Hillside Strangler 7" (wp \$250), Tape-worm - Break My Face (wp \$300), Helen Keller Band - Surfin' With Steve 7" (wp \$150), Child Molesters - Wholesale Murder 7" (wp \$200), Horrorcomic - I Don't Mind 7" (wp \$150), Antisocial - Traffic Lights 7" (wp \$400), Nothing - Scream And Cry 7" (wp \$250), Revenge - Our Generation 7" (wp \$250), etc. 70's and early 80's punk rock obscurities from around the world!!! I buy or trade so write, call, or send fax/email to: A.A.R. c/o Jukka W-M. Sateri, P.O. Box 174, FIN-11101, Riihimäki, Finland. Fax ++358 19 721328, tel ++358 40 5481267, email jukka.sateri@aar.inet.fi

ANYONE WITH CD-BURNER who wants to trade discs, write or email me for details or list. joeyfumes@aol.com or Joey Fumes PO Box 177 Cypress, CA 90630

MEGA-RARE Finnish punk rock obscurities for sale or trade: Briard - all 7's & Lp, Destro - Saoja 7", Rattus - Khomelini Rock 7", Stalin - Chaos 7", Neuroosi - Rock Against Seija Isonsaari 7" (Rarest European punk single, 10 exist!!!), Kasvain - Onko Suomi Usatnutt 7", Nauta - Onko Suomi Vapaa Maa 7", 000 - Oodeja Simasuille 7" & Lp, Taavi & Rytmiyhä - Aanilevyko 7" etc...almost all early Finnpunk wonders available so check my wants ad and offer trade (prefer) or send serious money offers!!! (Massive catalogue for \$2 bills / 3 x IRC. No email lists yet!) Write, call, or send fax/email to: A.A.R. c/o Jukka W-M. Sateri, P.O. Box 174, FIN-11101, Riihimäki, Finland. Fax ++358 19 721328, tel ++358 40 5481267, email jukka.sateri@aar.inet.fi

VIDEOS-PAL (UK etc.) & NTSC (USA etc.) Trade/sale. Thousands of shows/promos/tv clips. Stuff like Jockney Rejects, Propagandhi, Business, Screeching Weasel, Exploited, Poison Idea, DK's, Blitz, Queens, Conflict, GG, Dickies, Descendants, Operation Ivy, Disorder, Ruts, Misfits, Subhumans, Snuff, Gin Goblins. SAE (UK) 2 IRC's (overseas) or decent trades list: Dave, 50a Great King St, Edinburgh, Scotland. E-mail: gingoblin@easynet.co.uk

GET DEAD WITH the Human Flys, 13 song CD of wild surf-punk available for \$6 ppd. from Larvae Records, 2128 Englewood Ave. Durham, NC 27705. Checks/money orders payable to Cade Jameson.

FOR TRADE (all originals, no bullshit!): maggots - Tammy Wynette 7", Absentees - Tryin' To Mess With Me 7", Fresh Color - Source 7" and Punk Partout 12", Drones - Be My Baby 7", Bastards - Danger 7", Rocks - You're So Boring 7", Checkmate - Only Fools 7", Paere Punk Lp, Stalin - Satanism 7", Brulbajz - Dodens Apostlar 7", Electrochoc - 3 Minutes 7", etc. Tons more all around the world!!! I trade or sell. (Catalogue with +4,000 punk items for \$2 bills / 3 x IRC. No email lists yet!) Write, call, or send fax/email to: A.A.R. c/o Jukka W-M. Sateri, P.O. Box 174, FIN-11101, Riihimäki, Finland. Fax ++358 19 721328, tel ++358 40 5481267, email jukka.sateri@aar.inet.fi

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL *classifieds*

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OII! A mug's down and about and could use some friends. I have a few years to the pad right now but a tad bit shy on penpals. If you're straight edge, punk, or hardcore, get at me - simple as that. Female correspondence is accepted! Rob Spitznogle, 43687 ESP, PO Box 1989, Ely, Nv., 89301

MORE THAN 2000 punk/harcorde/pow-erpop-vinyl titles in stock. 1st and 2nd hand stuff from the whole wide world, for fair prices. Lots of '70s -punk-originals, KBD/BTF/Bloodstains stuff etc. Get our huge list for \$2 (overseas), or \$1 (Europe), or send some IRC's. Bands/labels/distros please get in touch! We're searching for distros who'll spread our own vinyl-releases. Please ask for our wholesale list! Sounds of Subterranea, c/o Stefan, Westring 61, 34127 Kassel, Germany. Tel/ Fax: ++49 561 8900267.

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CRAMPS VIDEO COMPILATION #2 - Bizarre Festival 1992, Inner Tube 1981, Urgh! outtakes, After Hours, Night After Night 1992, The Tube, Conan O'Brien, more! 2 hours. TDK-EHG \$20 money order. Jim Russo, 7314 Rockwell #2, Philadelphia, PA 19111 American format only!!

SEX PISTOLS COMPILATION: John Lydon Late, Late Show 1997, MTV Studios, Letterman 1996, Phoenix Festival 1996, CNBC Time & Again feature. 2 hours. TDK-EHG \$20 money order. Jim Russo, 7314 Rockwell #2, Philadelphia, PA 19111. American video format only!!

MOVED AGAIN! Wanted to inform those out there that Kristopher Jolly, 25 year old punk rocker, would love to hear from other punks. Tell me about yourself, your thoughts, the way you feel, or at least as though you need to talk to someone. I'm lonely, I'm pathetic, I need to hear from others! 3114 School St., Des Moines, Iowa, 50311 (new location).

BRIAN BAKER DISTRO list #666 out now. Disaffect, Gism, Icons, Civil D, Nausea, S.O.B., Crass bands, Antisect, Kuro, etc...two dollar rare/live/demo tapes + patches, shirts, 7"s. SASE to Matt 950 Main St-Box 1881, Worc., MA 01610-1477.

NEW MODEL ARMY. Looking for rarities. Especially looking for the "Vengeance" single with the techno remix that came out some time around 1995. Sparx, 895 Vallejo St., San Francisco, CA, 94133. (415) 391-9026. Thanks.

DOA! We have copies of this rare and out of print classic punk film, featuring bands such as The Dead Boys, The Sex Pistols, Sham 69, Gen X, and a lot more! Don't settle for a shitty copy of this movie - get the real deal! Only \$15 bucks each! Send well concealed cash to: Retribution, PO Box 3506, Columbus, Ohio, 43210.

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STACEY (25 from KS) Met you at the Old Barn Punk Fest in JM Falls, WI on the last night at bar. Wish I had an address. Really want to talk again. Please respond. I miss you! Write/call Chad (from Milw): N 929 Hwy. I / Random Lake, WI 53075 / (920) 994-4915.

STAY ALL OVER THE WORLD FOR FREE. The World for Free was started by a touring band to help with accommodations in people's houses. Since then it's grown to over 250 members. You don't have to be in a band! If you like people more than hotels, find out about THE WORLD FOR FREE. For information write to: THE WORLD FOR FREE, PO Box 137-M, Prince Street Station, New York NY 10012, USA. Email: twff@juno.com or via the web: <http://pw1.netcom.com/~mykelb/twffhome.html>

RECORDS FOR SALE from 77 to present day stuff by GBH/Germs/ Doom/Ent/Crude SS/Concrete Sox/ Disclose / Ramones / Patrisans/Vice Squad/Anti-Pasti/Crust/Oi/Punk/ HC from all round the world \$1 for catalogue to Destroy P.O. Box 1122 Bristol/ BS99 2 HX / United Kingdom

FOR TRADE: Stalin, Comes, Gauze, Lipcream, Swankys...etc. 300 items Obscure Japanese Punk/HC records. Want: World Punk/HC. Send your want/trade list to - Sumiko Iwamoto, A-207 Keieifu Hights, 3-47-1 Fuda Chofu, Tokyo 182-0024, Japan.

NEW TRADE/SALE LIST with about 5000 HC+Punk records on the net with trade. Japan HC, Euro- or Scandinavian, Powerviolence, SE NYHC and also KBD/Bloodstains raries, bands like GISM/Gauze/Spazz/Mob47/Nubs/MD/ SOA/Stalin/Nukketeattri/TK/Rattus/ Septic Death and more. Albert Lubbing/ Erasmusstr. 1,10553 Berlin/Germany/ homepage:<http://t-online.de/home/luebbing-goss/>

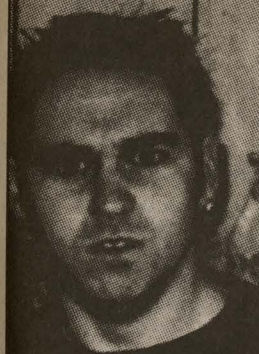
WICCA CHICCA The Pimps second 7" includes Nose Pain, Cruisin for Creation, and Dying Nation \$4 ppd. and \$21 gets you ten. Send to Rapid Pulse, PO Box 5075, Milford CT 06460. Also for the same price My Dad Smokes Crack 7" with songs like "Strap on Sally" and "K-9 Christ" to Scott Chandler, 8461 Quincy St., Norfolk VA 23503.

Sidecar

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

SIDECAR - "All Those Opposed" CD

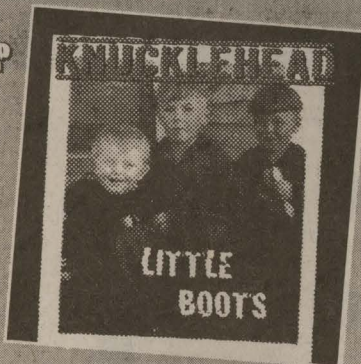
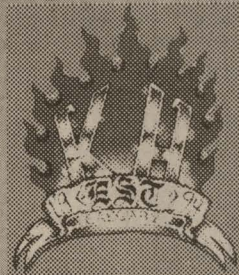
Take two things that I hate and then put them together (no not carnies and Taco Bell); skate punk and emo. It's emotional skate punk. Not my cup of tea, but since for some reason or another I'm in a good mood, I'll let them off easy. Hell, I'll even give them some song titles for their next album (chances are I'll review that one too, since if memory serves, I reviewed their last one): "Fractured; My Heart and My Skull", "I Cried for You and My Skinned Knee". (BM) (Fast, #68 Broadway #511, New York, NY 10013)



401 Broadway #2011 NY, NY 10013 <http://fastmusic.com/label>

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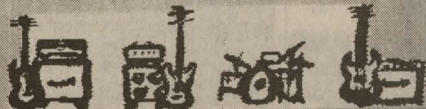
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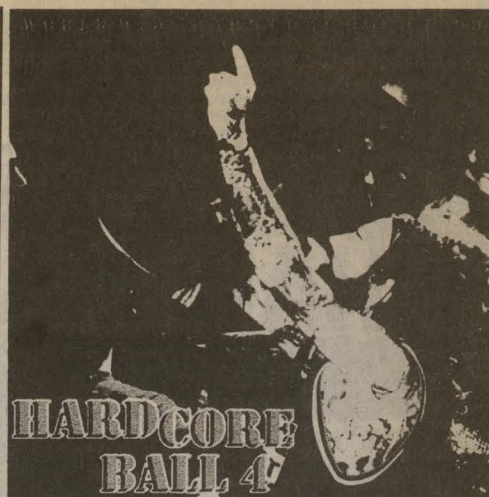
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 Setting Fire to...
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 Volume 1
 Volume 4
 13
 Hollow Victory

Can't quite get my head around this one - lots of bass (no guitar!), Lydia sings/speaks, distortion, keyboards (!)... Older single back in stock - Six songs from 1992 - same frenzied, sweeping Japanese hardcore you know them for. In the vein of any humorous, quick and tuneful band - snide humor with catchy, upbeat and quick songwriting. Go! Limited Quantity - the insane 8 fold package - think Gatefold X 2 - their best on a double LP with cardboard galore. An old school flavor - cool breaks, harsh vocals and choruses to sing along... political hardcore in the classic sense. Another great pairing - Florida's heaviest and the graphic legend. Half hour of bludgeoning hardcore, ace package. More of the searing hardcore they do - doesn't explode with speed, but it's never mellow or pretty. Nice cover. The infamous and now long out of print 12 reissued as a European 10. Poster, sticker and more - they still rule. Recorded back a while ago (1991) - finally released - Five songs from this German infantry outfit - funny layout... Forty song CD - humor, powerviolence and irreverence. Samples, high/low vocals and brutal guitars. Great stuff. This is the best thing I've heard this month - totally abrasive, somewhat amusing, and ultimately unfriendly. The collection CD back in stock - when it's Despire You, and it's a 62 song discography, you know you need it. Their second full length on vinyl - new layout, same insane noisecore - they're the hugest sounding US band again... Working the 'several people scream, guitars walk like crazy, drummer goes nuts' angle - charismatic Japanese HC. Just a restock, but want to keep giving this props - blazing stuff from these Reno kids - ferocious, intricate hardcore. Members of Hellchild/Multiplex - awesome Japanese hardcore with some crazy packaging (a la Disc Axis) - cool. Gotta give credit - Ken knows how to pick them. A hundred paces, ten sounds, four people and one new ideology. Great to put this on, and not be surprised. One of the best around does it again - no filler, no fat, and not slow. Amazing stuff - their latest, and perhaps last. Color gatefold package, questioning and prodding music and life again. Another scorching platter from these Germans - it's about a thousand MPH, gasoline vocals and entirely in German... Great CD - dual vocals, and the kind of politics that still keep me going - insightful, incendiary and inspirational. Great stuff - neat packaging, and some totally ferocious hardcore - several people screaming the whole time. Ace. Ferocious stuff - they've managed to destroy much better bands year after year at Fiesta Grande - grt people too... Little slower (only 6 songs!) - still raw, multiple vocalists and Japanese. Great that they spell Vacuum as I used to! Doing what no one else would (could?) do - they're making about the strangest hardcore I know. Definitely unique. Noisy, raw and almost unintelligible. Two vocalists, a drummer on crack and 10 songs on an EP. Goddamn. Great one sided single - impressive packaging and three more of the streamline blasts they're known for. Great. Much anticipated full length - and worth the wait. Spiteful, uncompromising and abrasive hardcore. Straight ahead... About everything you'd need, and cheap too! The 'Erode' LP, Embraced EP and various comp / split materials... 61 Songs from Australia's finest - it's a singles collection, so there's some great material here - check MRR=CIA. It's made it onto vinyl - awesome latest full length from these Aussies - not pretty, not nice, and back to their roots. The rare talent of adding tunes to raw punk - catchy as hell, anthemic choruses and it's raw as fuck. From Japan. Another four songs from these Bay Area standouts. Songs are fast and abrasive, yet stick with you. More fuel!! Crazy packaging from Neurosis side project - one sided, etched vinyl and a hand screened cover. Interesting/Unique. Whoa. This has the hugest production. The Arizona desert, continuing to bake desperation and spite to a crisp. Benefit Double LP for PE - Damad/Brother Inferior/Doom (UK)/React/Sein' Red/Hellkrusher etc. Last chance on these - tracked some down, but the label is gone, and it's long out of print. Move quick! Max pulls it off again - Flash Gordon, Lie, Crucial Section and What Happens Next? Doing the flipped up hat stuff... Check this one - C Bronson / C Casualties/ Gob/ GAIA/ Capt 3 Leg / Laceration / Palatka and 4 more. Whoa. One of the better noise/hardcore bands in the US right now - 7 Ft Spleen work the distortion well - great split. Amazing packaging - El Grito comes through with the goods. Texas / California hardcore - noise, attitude, etc etc. The infamous split - these being the last available copies anywhere. Reviving the heights (depth?) of the eighties... Check this lineup - Dahmer/Demon System 13/Dudman (Japan)/C Bastards/Italy/Turnut (Ger)/Ruudo, Whoa. England's finest 'pure' hardcore get to it again - They don't waste time, effort or energy. Raw, basic and harsh. Managed to get this in quantity - great 'side' project from Spazz/Fuckface personnel - 80's skatecore revived again

Slap A Ham
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 A-Zap
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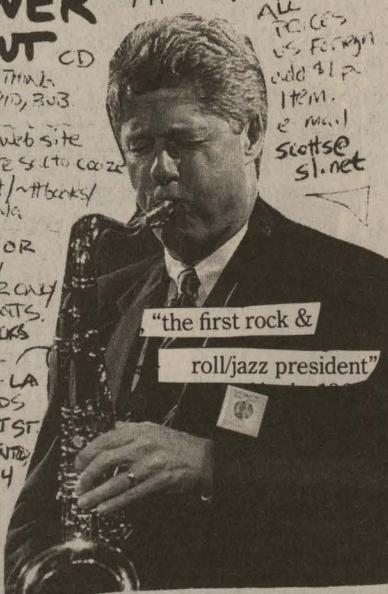
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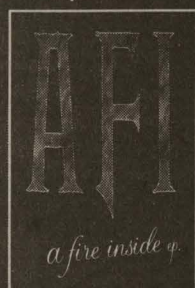
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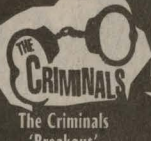
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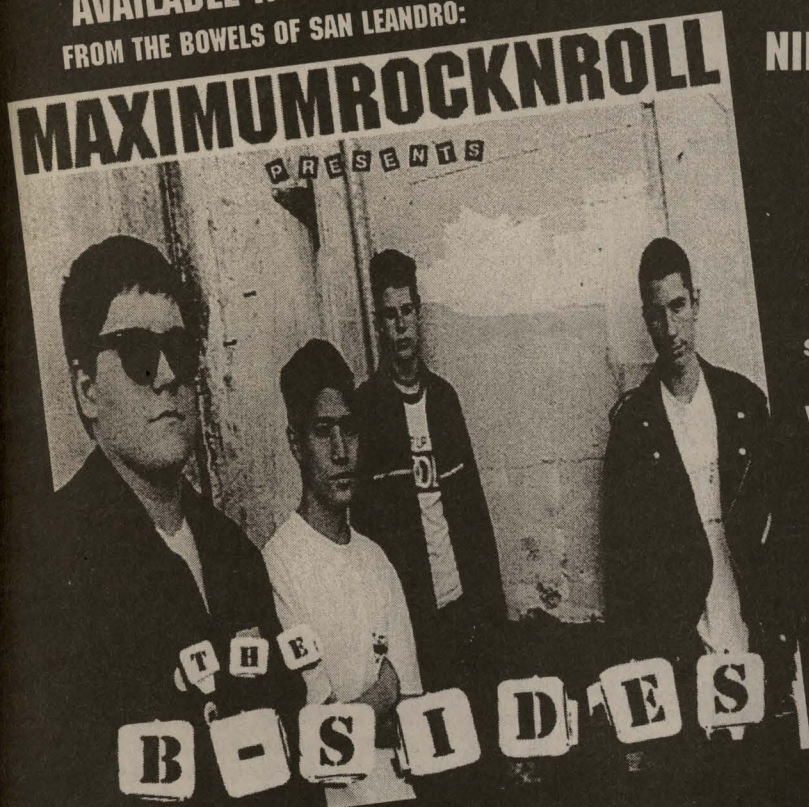
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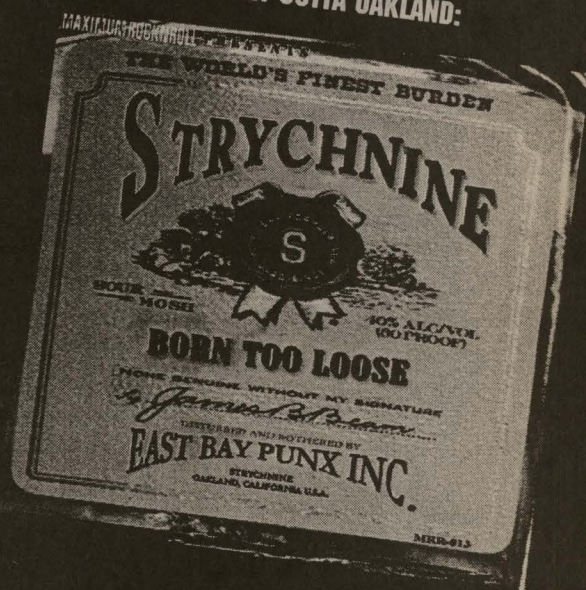
Once I figured out this was played on 45, not 33 as the record says, this record sounded a lot better. Of course, it wouldn't be Maximum without a little misinformation. The B-SIDES play snotty, sloppy, fun-filled punk rock similar to Wimpy-era QUEERS stuff. This release is way better than the last couple of MRR releases, that's for sure. (JF)

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THE TRADITION CONTINUES... BOOK YOUR OWN FUCKIN' LIFE #8

Do-It-Yourself Resource Magazine No. 8, 2000

For 7 years MRR has joined forces with various collectives and put together a resource magazine which many of you have sent in listings for, and many of you have utilized in booking tours, putting together compilations, traveling around the world, or just using to keep in touch.

We will be compiling the resources geographically, trying to give as complete a listing of DIY and related activities as possible. The thoroughness of this project will depend on the response we get from people involved with different projects. Listings in this magazine will be free of charge; all you have to do is get on the web or send in a note with the information requested below. Please, if you're sending in listings of many types, break them down by the categories listed below so the typists won't go crazy trying to sift through a mountain of info, and keep the statements or descriptions concise!! If at all possible, please use BYOFL's web page to submit your listing (remember some libraries and computer stores have net-connected computers).

This year is unique in that we already have a perpetually updated database of listings due to the BYOFL web site. In an effort not to include too many abandoned listings in the print guide (we can't tell any better than you which listings are dead), all listings in the database dated previous to March 1, 1999 will not be included. If you have access to the web, please read the instructions on the BYOFL web site to insure that your listing is accurate and will be printed in issue #8. If you don't have access to the web, then submit your listing as you always have by snail mail.

Listings

BANDS: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Brief Description (40 words or less please!)

DISTRIBUTORS: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Specialty (vinyl, cassettes, CDs, zines, etc.)/Area of Coverage (mailorder, wholesale, gigs, etc.)

LABELS: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Brief Description (40 words or less please!)

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RECORD STORES/BOOKSTORES: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Specialties

ZINES: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Postage Paid Price/Frequency/Size/Description (40 words or less please!)

MISCELLANEOUS: We also ask people to send in tips on hangouts, cheap places to eat, free clinics, bulletin boards, crash pads, etc. These listings could be especially helpful for touring bands.

Ads

Display ads will be sold to help pay for this project (only for the print edition, not the web version). However, to make this resource issue as fair as possible there will be only one size. We are doing this to make ads just as accessible to the small 20 page fanzines as the big record conglomerates! The ad size available is 3 3/4" across by 2" down or 95mm x 51mm (basically, a slightly elongated business card size). The cost for ads is \$25 which will help keep the cover price as low as possible. Please, only one ad per label, zine, promoter, etc.

Deadline: Feb 1, 2000 – Due Out: April 15, 2000

**Submit listings on
the web at:
[http://
www.byofl.org/](http://www.byofl.org/)
(preferred method)**

Send snail mail listings to:
The Amoeba Collective
438 Donohoe St, #3
East Palo Alto, CA 94303-1805

Send all ads to:
MAXIMUMROCKNROLL
PO Box 460760
SF, CA 94146-0760

TOP TEN TIPS FOR SENDING IN LISTINGS!!!

- 1) Use the web submission page if at all possible! This will decrease the chance of inaccuracies or your listing getting lost in the mail.
- 2) If you submitted a listing last year and have access to the web, check your listing for accuracy and that it's dated later than Mar 1, 1999.
- 2) Be brief! We're not editors. If you snail mail them, send them in nice and typed or neatly printed.
- 3) Submit them early. Like now! If you go over to the web site it'll only take you a couple of minutes and you won't have to hunt for a stamp.
- 4) Don't use all uppercase (or all lowercase) letters. It makes it really hard to figure out what is part of a name and what is just a descriptive word (and if you submit it through the web site, we'll have to retype it). And punctuation is good.
- 6) We don't need the address and phone number of every member of your band. Pick one!
- 7) Don't send in 18 listings for all the semi-existent bands you're in—just for the ones that are really active!
- 8) Maybe take responsibility for getting your whole scene's listings done, but....
- 9) Check with people before submitting their info for them. Hassle your friends to get their listings in too (the Internet is your friend).
- 10) No certified/registered mail, please!